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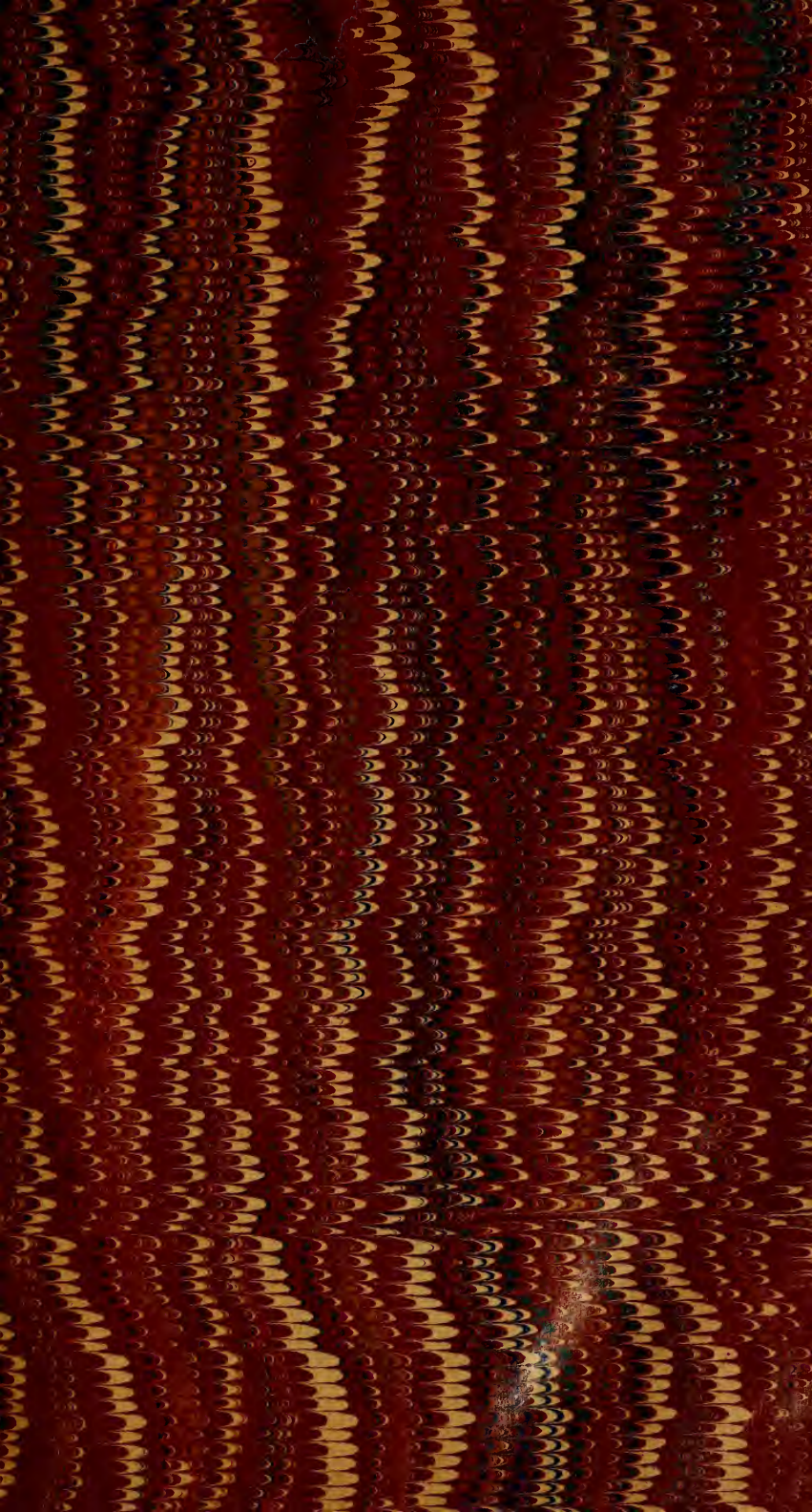

167

MAN.

—A—

Poem in 12 Cantos,

"Ab ovo usque ad mala."

BY FRANZ S. GANTER.

AUTHOR'S EDITION.

NEW ORLEANS:
PRINTED BY THE NEW ORLEANS COMMERCIAL BULLETIN PRINTING CO., 133 GRAVIER ST.

1871.

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THIS WORK

Is respectfully dedicated to WALTER H. ROGERS, Esq., of New Orleans, as a testimonial of the grateful remembrance, in which his kindness will ever be held by

THE AUTHOR.

☞ For Errata see Page 176.

MAN.

CANTO I.

CONTENTS.

Man's Origin, the Earth and the Universe—Scene where the Poem begins—The Parents of Tristian, its Hero—His Family and Infancy—The Fall of Man, and his Condition under it—Departure for America.

Evolved from His life-fraught Infinity
God-ushered Man alights into this earth,
The nursery of his eternal home;
And studying here, in his uncertain term,
Aware or heedless of his furthering in;
Urged by a goad, or by a goal allured
As life is naught to him who has no gust—
What Man may cast, be it in hope or fear
To harvest ere, or after his depart,
He tills the realms of heaven or of hell.
These two antagonistic names, else fixed
Indicative, in both extremes, of all
In stuff or spirit known, now designate,
In unison, the place our tale begins.
Were not its sponsors parted long ago,
To that eternal where, whose counterparts
They feigned to name on earth, we'd make the quest
Whence own these conternames their origin?
Since but the appellation blest by Man
Is there by Nature to his senses owned;
For, as the Sun smiles on her heavenly calm,
So more sublime the storm concerts her murk;
Nor were these names entailed by deities,
Who long have vanished in the Ages' tomb,
For there not Fable reared their dread abodes.
Yet though the Powers in the legend lack,
Behold in sooth their deputies on earth,
Whose best credentials are their own avouch,
Since thence a great part of the Majesty
Which long has daunted Man, and daunts him still
Sprang from those eyry-crags—one South, one East,

Whose pinnacles still pierce the mountain mist,
Mark too, how nigh the latter looms a third,
Its kindred, since from it that Scion sprang
Who, when selected as a planting slip
For Spanish ground, was snatched up as the brand,
Whose lighted fire consumed the Starter's own,
And fused an empire for his goaded foe.
This for our tale of Man's attendant lore:
Profane or holy, this is God's earth all,
And sacred there to Man where he is born.
'Twas in a night when Spring, Earth's waiting-maid,
Through with her decking of the forward vales,
Dispensed her perfume as she clomb those Heights,
Who in return for her voluptuous scent.
On her their bracing pine-aroma blew,
Whereon her russet cheeks yet deeper glowed.
In other climes the shaded air were brisk
Which here is tepid felt, and therefore Night
If she would hear her feathered minstrel sing
Can list but in the vales, since on these Heights
Where so sublimely looms her glorious brow
Her praises are unsung: the more Night joys
In yonder orb, whose human mien reveals
That were not Man, there were no Spheres above,
As she through listless clouds the Orient scaled
Now them illuming, now by them obscured.
The sombre forest of majestic pines
Had on the landscape set its solemn hood:
Calm lay the air as were all motion stayed
And Solitude, sole guardian of this glebe.
At noontide bowered in its gloomiest glen
Had spread herself throughout her black domain:
'Twas as all nature by Remembrance struck
Of how she rose, lay in devotion's trance
And the creative Spirit moved again.
In such an hour, her inspiration feels
The hero's soul: then states and systems fall.
Yearned for by thousands, present now was none
From this celestial moment's fleeting wing
To pluck the pinion of eternity
Save yonder two, and can these know its worth?
But only One, not they themselves could tell
Who knew not what, but only that they felt
As in that hour of ecstasy for them
Prolific Time more joys than seconds teemed,
For they themselves were of the Eden full
Which is by Heav'n but once vouchsafed to Man
Albeit its shadowed semblance may again.
These two, returning from a marriage feast
Broke not this spell, but gliding smoothly in

Dissolved therewith like dewdrops in the brook:
Hand clasped, lost to themselves, to all save Heav'n
They seemed as borne upon the airy web
The Moon on vapor's loom wove with her beams,
And like a lace in heaven knit, their path
Stretched 'tween the breathing, glistening valley mead
And gloomy forest slope; now and again
Bewildered in their beatific maze,
They slacked their dreamy on, and pausing gazed
The one transfigured in the other's soul.
Illumined by that heaven, there she stood
A maid, yet in that prime of womanhood
When Summer curt'sies to retiring Spring.
Her form as compact as the trunk of oak
And limbs as glossy smooth as Sycamore's,
Her breast, as lusty as the mountain doe's
The freshness breathed of that valley mead.
Her mind, as rugged as yond pine-topped crags
Was to emotion tender as the dove's;
Of soul transparent as the forest brook,
Wherein the moon-beams then her image glassed.
She stood the abstract of her native land.
And there more delicate the counter Man
Scarce turned that youth from which the sculptors draw
Their angels' models when they sex them male:
She owned the body's, he the spirit's strength;
Both were fit mates, else they had never met;
By chance their names, which of another Man
The mother and the foster-father bore.
Still on are they impelled, till they emerge
Into the sheen lit glade, where grandly loomed
A solitary pine, whose hoary limbs
Yet swung their reverent canopy as dense
As when they shrined the Druid heathen-rites:
Its blast-firm crown of knotted mistletoe
Securely fenced a hallowed cross-bill's nest,
That bird, vernacular Tradition tells
By heaven inspired, when Man abandoned him
Flocked upon Calvary, to succor him:
They gnawed and tugged, but could not draw the spikes
Yet not desisted till their bills were crooked,
And hence their name. The two proceeded on,
Until their gait, no longer now their own
Brought them beneath that pine-tree's broad expanse
And there they rested. All below, above,
The earth, the heavens and eternity,
That moment, was their own. In that dread spell
If thou, Oh Man! wilt but bethink it full,
Was consummat'd, unwitting to themselves,
A miracle-mistery as wonderful

As the creation of the universe,
For the same Power then was operant
And yet a little time, when 'cross the glade
A raven, by an owl pursued, shot out
The forest's slope and beat into the copse;
Snapped were the cords that had held nature bound
And now the hour, when mortal Man can spy
Into her workshop, had forever lapsed.
That it had lasted! Then could have been learned
Whence the immortal embryo soul comes forth,
What cast, if aught, she from the father's soul—
What from the mother's and her humors takes;
How, by her mind's and body's fitful gusts,
During gestation of so many moons,
She's characterized.—Now to know is lost.
The struggling moon succumbing to the clouds,
The earth too yielded to their allied mist;
The two, already of the change aware,
Felt nature's alteration in their own;
And, guided by their soul's new risen light,
Instead the forest path, the highway sought
And homeward strove, knowing themselves a part
Of what they had been ignorant before.
The mother bore her other growing self,
More weighing on her heart than on her womb.
Until the hour, that first one's counterpart,
When from the tree of life, in fated throes,
The ripened fruit was plucked. Its income cry
Struck on no envious ear, for on this earth,
The space it had to fill, was welcome void—
The next day's sun shone on it at the font,
Whence it, to us, the name of Tristian owns.
Its little life increased, and spring-like bloomed.
As though kind nature, for its growth, distilled
Her very essences, as it was borne,
In summer, by its mother to the fields;
And which she labored, cradled in their green
Beneath the rose' and hazel's canopy;
Whilst, far above, in his momentum swung
The circling eagle from his Alpine home,
And from her blue, the lark, as heaven near,
Unseen, like Conscience, beat her quavering thrill
Into the soul of Man, and clam'rous vied
All creatures, in their several ways for joy,
To own existence in this universe!
Then with ecstatic nature crowed the babe,
As it were conscious of the kindred trait
When, woe the hour! pert Science, overquick
In her unskilled apprenticeship's attempt
To aidant graft her sprout on nature's slip,

Infused a virus where she found no taint,
And made her martyr of the tender babe;
For groping Science oft like blinded creeds
Must needs experiment in sacrifice,
Till Wisdom crowns her with the mastership.
Sore little Tristian sufferd, languished, drooped.
A cankered bud, but still between the rot,
And his sound core of life, she gave to him,
His mother as the warding angel stood:
For during those three years his cradle rocked,
'Tween life and death, in heavier throes of soul,
She every day gave him that life anew,
Which in less labor she had given once.
Then mightst of deepest drop the ocean drain:
But never, Man! exhaust a mother's love.
Kind Nature, ever provident in all,
Has in anticipation of Man's aches,
Endowed him with the fortitude to bear;
And patient Tristian, resigned to pain
Unshrinking bore the scalpel and the probe.
He smiled but once, when, of his age, a girl
A buskin, in her arms, her baby called.
And whilst his life hung on this slender thread,
Whenever Death was from the church-bell moaned
The village echoed: "It is Tristian's knell!"
Then he would closer to her bosom cling,
And whisper: "Mother, it is not for me!"
But hark! Again the iron-tongue wails Death,
And still he is, but he is fatherless!
Ah then his orphaned heart could only feel.
Not know the loss which he learned all too soon
From other children's lips that father called.
Yet all his mother's kin held him their own,
For sure that love divine had winged their feet,
When through the blast and snow they succor called.
Which at the last prevailed. Then most of all,
As she indeed had owned him from his birth,
His aged grandmother took him to her heart:
Thou kind grandmother's heart, that harborst all
A mother's love without her petulance!
O Man, if Heaven's blessed thee in the kind
That thy grandparents dwell amongst thine yet,
Reflect how awful near their journey's close
To that dread Power where thou too must go.
See that thy offspring thy own parents hold
As sainted in their souls; for sure they are
The visible links that bind us to our God.
No callow bird so nestled to its dam,
As Tristian to his grandmother clung,
And as his body waxed, his soul grew there,

Whilst she in him seemed to rejuvenate.
No figured speech it is that she would take
The dainties from her mouth to give to him.
When asked, in sport, by them who had remarked
This rare attachment, which he would save first
If both his mother and his grandam fell
Into the stream? He echoed: "Both at once."
When from its font his life no longer drew,
And they both sat in the wainscotted room,
Wherein the family Spirit was enshrined,
And he the needle threaded to her hand,
A pageant by the window shouting passed:
"Our Science, to the old, can Youth restore!"
Poor Tristian implored in tugs and speech:
"Quick, grandma, come, and be made young again!"
The kind soul sadly smiled, and dried her eyes:
"Fond fool, 'tis but a jesting masquerade."
But his young soul to meditation drooped,
And thence, as sadly he regarded her,
The dreadful thought, like shadow from the cloud
Would dark his soul, that there would be a time,
How soon he durst not cast, when with her soul
He could no more commune; for he knew Death,
And what it meant, in his own father's loss.
As on a holiday, the family
Made pilgrimage to that lone chapled shrine,
Weak Tristian, too feeble to proceed,
Astraddle on his grandam's shoulders rode;
Then from the flowers of the mead they crossed,
She wound a wreath for him. No jeweled crown,
Not the corona seen in the eclipse,
Not this life's honors, nor the fame beyond,
Could ever yield him such beatitude
As, spiritualized in memory,
That wreath affords him through eternity.
But on this earth the only certainty
Is alteration, and a pregnant change
Upon the household on a sudden broke:
The fixed pursuit, coeval with the name
Was sacrificed, the happy homestead sold!
Alas! When Man, first as a stranger steps
Across that threshold, which no more is his;
There is, this side eternity, but one
A heavier pass, and that is to the grave!
Yea then he treads upon his very heart
And, if not then, the wound aches afterwards.
The family disrupted, part staid near
The other sought the other hemisphere,
And with the household's body broke its soul;
For neither of its members knew it more.

Oh, blest with happiness that family,
Whose members, as they are together born,
Abide as one till death! The grief to part,
As ever then the gap of change is veiled,
Was solaced by the hope to meet again.
Some did; but how? Alas! that there are links
Which severed, after break their fragile splints!
Behind his old departed master staid,
A trusty friend, descended from that land,
Which bears its name from being newly found,
Who from his loyalty could not be weaned.
Poor brute, thou sham'st immortal vaunted Man!
Once thy attachment, though on beggar, fixed;
No dainty bits, no mansion tempts thee thence—
While for advancement, or to keep his own,
Man's ready to abjure his cause, himself.
Young Tristian, to console his grieving charge
Showed him the steepled vane upon the church,
As favorably veered the stiff'ning breeze,
Wherewith his master speeded home again:
He stared on vacancy, and moaning howled;
Fond Tristian tried in vain: he could impart
But what the present, not the future, bore:
The brute was to his wound denied the balm
And seeking him, whose absence caused his ache,
Both far and near, wherever both had been,
He roamed a stranger till by grief undone.
Oh Man, remember still, though seeming less,
Upon the test, be some of human kind,
Yet in respect, they're worthier than that brute;
And when thou in that Desperation's strait,
Which narrows as it darks, seest staggering
The victim stricken to his heart by grief,
Pause, for he owns prerogative of speech,
Denied to that doomed brute, and can be saved.
In their new domicile, an alien then,
Was Tristian, and to the Parish school
His mother, with him, his admission sought,
Not in their right, but in the master's grant.
The latter answered, that the younker seemed
As apt to learn, and he could teach one more.
Although the consciousness in Tristian's heart
Lodged deep, that he was but a pensioner;
Yet he soon verified the teacher's ken
When, he beyond his age, attained the head.
As moves the tongue between its counter scales,
So vibrates Man between his gain and loss;
Yet, of the properties he owns within,
There are some things should not be tampered with:
'Twas in a murky winter's afternoon,

When merrily, like cherry blossoms, tripped
The flaky first on Tristian's jocund heart ;
Then, in the given lesson, fell on him
A shadow yet the direr, being cast
From stranger ground. It was when first he read
The fall of Man and utter loss of all
And then he knew, what else he had not known :
That he was wretched ! As he further read
That haply Man might, through the Cross, be saved
Did not illume that shadow from his heart ;
For he, in his bewilderment, but knew
The loss was certain, dubious the hope !
Then, faltering in his answer, was set down
A bench below, where he, in anguish, groped
Between that shadow and his setting down.
He pondered this, and meditated that
Until, he centred on a firm resolve,
Which, when once fixed in heart, with him ne'er fell
Into that gap, between the Yea and Nay :
It was, that he'd retrieve his putting down
And, when his soul was strong, to raise that Fall.
The first part he achieved the following day,
When he was reinstated to the head.
How he fared with the other, how he strove
And what endured, till he the shadow coped,
Shall be, with MAN, the burden of our tale.
At home he counselled, with his mothers both
About that shadow, which they had remarked,
When to the Pastor they directed him—
He, kind old soul, made him his altar boy ;
But did not raise that shadow from his mind.
He bade him seek in Prayer for relief ;
But who can flee from what he bears within ?
Else was he steaded in his fell distress,
When he, the customary Easter eggs,
From his godmother, in his native town,
Went carrying home ! Yea, on that halfway bridge.
In visit, which was foretaste of its bliss,
A flash from Heav'n lighted up unseen
Within his breast assurance he'd have raised,
As Heaven owned, that shadow from his soul.
What imitation to the genuine
So was, to this beatitude, the sheen
In which he walked on Corpus Christi day,
In canopied procession, through the fields,
When as, with chorus and the sky-larks' choir,
The spring wind played upon the forest-lyre,
He, too, was happy, knowing others so ;
But felt, once more, the soul's ecstatic thrill
As, at that time, from other hemisphere,

Where he had planted of his offspring four,
The grandsire home returned. As relic still,
His bench forbidden, in the corner crouched,
Like to a sword which in rebellion quelled,
Hangs in the chamber of that warrior,
Who, with it, no dishonor had exchanged.
Him, would he, would he not, young Tristian made
His Mentor: where he'd go, he'd follow him—
To church—or to the village social inn,
Where he would sit, as of the company,
Yet was his earliest boon not tampered with;
For he, while one, was left to stay a child.
Then he would list: did earth or move or not?
And if it did, what weighed the Prophet's word
That bade the spheres stand still? But most his joy
When on Columbia the question turned;
For she to him the Paradise not lost.
But when he had his ear all to himself
Would Tristian on his grand father urge
To tell him all at once what there he saw
When such an answer palled as afterwards
Was doled out by the emigrants returned
From Eldorado's State, as they explained
That 'tis a marvelous, prodigious land
And they'd have staid, but—then he qualified,
And as he added in Columbia's air,
There was a something uncongenial—
Beneath that cherry tree on yonder hill,
Above the Parish messenger, who had
Embezzled some few florins from its folks,
A white smoke upward curled: he shot himself,
Whereon the old man closed: "'twas that my son
Which, in that country, I could not endure;"
But Tristian marveled, whether he did mean,
That in Columbia a mania raged,
For peculation or for suicide,
Or whether Man there prone to fail in kind
Would thus in wreaking on himself atone?
When his grand father quieted his doubts,
That their solution would unbidden come.
His recreation then, to range the woods
For squirrels' nests, or for the mistletoe,
Wherewith in forest glade, to lime the birds
Along his grandsire's side. Then Tristian
Roamed in such beatific ecstasy,
As in his fancy felt the Patriarchs,
When with the Lord they sensibly communed;
But scarce had he a half score years attained,
When he a second time his father lost
Whose flame of life went out, its liquid spent.

And caused that void which relics' sorrow fills.
As on a shaded plat in woody damp
Where straying sun-beam rarely penetrates
The touch of frost to lifeless pallor nips
The stinted, scent and savor-lacking green ;
So now the struggling up in Tristian,
From whom that shadow never drew its spread,
Was by Death's visitation levelled down:
Then, lonesome, sombre to the stricken boy
The village, footpath, forest, lea and glade,
For Consolation's rest he nowhere found,
Save in those spots now hallowed to his soul
Where with his grandsire he had wandered late.
There in devotion he would stretch him down
And let his grief its flow. Thus, woe-engrossed,
He shunned not comrades, nor by them was shunned :
For, with an open soul for sympathy,
He found himself where'er he met his kind.
Still his contemplative and musing bent
Inclined him from their waste. Yet was there one
Endeared to Tristian in his lonely walks,
Between the village and the gloomy woods;
For of the landscape's gross he was a mark,
And cunning in the sports of field and wood.
Upon the common's sward the village geese
He herded, and his rest there Tristian made,
When from the forest in the beating sun
Upon his aching head, with quivering limbs,
He bore the bundled branches of the pine,
To eke the little purchase for the hearth;
For limited was their domestic store
And as, with heaved off load, the bolster rolled,
He thought, like it, his patience would make soft
The heavy shadow-burden on his soul.
Both seated then upon a bench of sod
Within his hut of branches quaintly reared,
With exultation greater than could kings
Of conquests made, they inventory took
Of all the birds' and squirrels' nests they knew,
In wood and mead, in quarry and in crag.
Then sallying spied the eggs, the callow brood,
And guessed the hour when from their nest they'd fly
But in the cross bill's nook they never pried.
Not homeward winged his geese their flight so swift,
As sped the little herd when he discried
A line of chorused palmers wind along
The forest path into the open road,
Which up the hill led to that chapled shrine,
Where as they passed, with Lazzaroni mien,
He claimed the tribute of their charity,

And for the gift he mumbling feigned them thanks;
But scarce their backs were to his face reversed
When he, with thumb on nose, his cunning praised.
For this he was rebuked by Tristian,
Who got almost to loathe the hypocrite,
But quickly thought, they needed less who gave,
Than they who took, and censured then no more;
Yet was he pat in speech as ever boy,
Had travelled further than his age gave out
And could in pious warmth descant upon
The unctuous and mystic atmosphere,
Which from those Gothic master-pieces breathes,
Those sistered minsters, one of which escaped
Unscathed happily that fall of war,
Which Tristian then feigned he tokened saw
In those dark clouds, which from the westward piled.
When for relief of eye he eastward glanced
There loomed serenely that ancient crag—
How ominous in proof, is elsewhere told;
For he had heard a future conflict's bruit
Between the Teuton and the Latin race,
And thought 'twould break whenever rose that pall.
When past the luncheon, with his comrade shared,
They scoured the common for the gander's quills
Wherewith, in writing, to excel at school.
Poor gooseherd! variegated is the fate
Of Tristian, and, of that field of life,
Which he, in boyish contemplation, tilled,
He barely got the gleaning; oft he thought
What mote his comrade's be, and whether he
Was later shadowed by his family taint
Wherefor correction is no lasting cure.
Yea, earth, not thou the only alchemist!
As thou the worthless pebble canst convert
Into a diamond; so Memory
Endows with preciousness the least event,
When life is burning with the glow of hope.
No lightning thrills the breast that knows no clouds
Yet on young Tristian's crumbling stock of joy
Rank spread the parasitic shoots of woe,
And still resistless as the march of time,
That gloomy thought, his vision shading darked
All he beheld, and often as he mused,
Like blot in nature, ghastly stared his doom.
Yea, then, as worried housewife spies her babe,
So Tristian waited for his sorrow's lull,
That he might snatch a spell to recreate.
God is companion of our solitude,
And conscious, that his love is wisdom's seed,
He, shunning all, sought to commune with Him

Within the gloomiest of the forest depths,
And there, beneath the solemn arcade's muark
Of lowering pines, the light within would shine,
Till from the awful glory it revealed
Of our Creator, he in terror prayed.
Then, buoyed in spirit, he the woodpath sought,
Where, with the doves, across the clearing winged
His upward soul, which to devotion bent,
Where, through the moss the granite crosses peered
Above the everlasting dormitories
Of them, that there by mischief were undone,
For this of good or evil deeds was not
A tell-tale scene, yet do not hence deduce,
Its gloom suggested the intent to crime,
For ere those oceans by the world were scanned,
And yet these mountains were its traffic's route,
The stranger robber tracked his trader-prey,
And reft him here of both his purse and life.
Yet Passion here, as else her victims struck,
And often, in these lonely forest paths
The captor of a female's heart or whim,
As home from church-ale, village fair, or feast
He lead his prize, once more avouched his right.
In deadly conflict 'gainst a rival's heat,
And many a cross denotes the mortal feud,
Between the poacher and the forest-ward,
Where, who sees first, the other slays unwarned.
Then Tristian bending to the highway's light,
Beneath a sapling pine, he feigned as large
As was that bush, which to the Prophet burned,
Bade greetings to the brood he had espied
When with his mother through these wilds he trod.
Ah, it is sweet, to lounge in summer's heat,
Within the silent, song charmed forest glade,
And there to spy, around decaying stumps,
The ripe strawberry glint between the weeds;
'Tis sweet in autumn, there to view again
A flock of finches, like our airy hopes,
Now stretched afar, now near, yet circling still,
Until their glitter those ripe thistles crowns,
When they exult upon the spoil they make,
As on the breeze, they fling the fleecy chaff;
'Tis sweet in summer, ere the thunder breaks
To seek safe refuge 'long the forest's skirt
Within the char-coal burner's hut of sod,
And there, to feign, in storm exulting heart,
That she there treasured, is then too embraced.
Ah, sweet his sheen upon the wakened soul,
As forth the sun on gasping tempest breaks,
And sounds the shepherd's flute as stretched he lies,

Upon the slope of yonder forest cape:
He monarch then, a sceptre then his crook,
His minister his watchful trusty dog,
His hut his palace, which no treason threats,
For type of meekness all his subjects are.
Sweet then to view, how Nature's mantle drips
And how the distant Alps deck forth their walls
In sheeted silver, trophies of the strife,
Wherein the sun was conqueror once more,
Ere like a hero he succumbed to time.
Thus Tristian gladd'ning all that he beheld,
And by kind nature gladdened back again,
Encountered on his homepath through the fields,
An elder buxom lass, who stroked his cheek,
And when he wished there were no useless weeds,
To hurt her soft, plump hands, replied to him,
That they, the lushest green, made cattle yield,
The richest milk; that where they grew not rank,
The soil was sterile, or not well manured,
And as they flowers in the summer throve,
So in the winter the remembered toil
Of weeding gave a relish to the bread.
O happy people! blest your harb'ring land!
Be labor's sweat still held a curse and shunned,
By all the chosen seed to whom it first
Has been denounced, for you it is no part
Of that dire fall, that shadowed Tristian;
For them who retch thereon, and not for you
That libel on the Deity was feigned.
He musing on, then in that chapel paused,
As is the country's ancient pious wont;
And as he knelt, the clatter of the frames
Wherein the images hung on the walls
Struck on his heart, like wind upon that harp,
And echoed mystic tunes till then unknown.
With glance within, and eyes on crucifix,
Then came to him the boyish strange conceit
What warrant for beatitude might be
In the similitude of hair and eyes,
Between the quick and him portrayed in doom?
Whereon he grieved he was not living when
He, face to face, had seen the son of Man,
And could have been of his disciples one,
Or, if not chosen, then, he pondered on,
What efforts, hazards he would have endured
To leave undone that tragedy of Man.
Ah then of all the bliss he knew or hoped
He coveted most that Cyrenean's lot.
Yet had that been, whose lack he thus deplored,
Would he have done, as then in soul he vowed?

What Man, to answer dares? But this is sure:
Had Tristian; as in his best, been there,
No voice the more had clamored: "crucify!"
His promptings thus in chapled solitude;
Else mused he in the congregated throng,
For there he marked one cross of reverence,
But tipped indicative upon the breast
Of Power and of Wealth, while Poverty
And Humbleness a full stretched cross-stroke drew,
As 'twere to grave th'emotion on the heart:
He pondered, whether with our God that Man
Familiar more, and this Man distant more?
Though it offended not his soul, this sight,
Like earth on seed, closed on the thoughts conceived,
Which sprouted afterwards in varied kind.
How opposite to this his ecstasy,
When during passion week within the aisle,
He fervent kissed the prostrate crucifix,
And snatched, from there the breath of angels lips,
Which bore his soul into beatitude!
Thou dream awake! And for the first the best.
When Love sports with the phantasy of Youth
Ah Maiden! only when thou hast inspired
The soul that never felt, art thou of them,
Who are of heaven, ere they part from earth.
What was to him the dogma's catechism,
Of whether wine and bread, or both in one?
Partook with her, the eucharist was blest.
Although to him the wafer was but dough
But on the eve, as in the village inn.
He by his mother sat, her opposite,
He revelled in the blissful memory
Of Christ's last supper, and the wedding feast,
Where son and mother in each other joyed.
Imagination, heavenly thy boons!
When in blest Nature's jocund spring he roamed,
Or led upon the hills his tethered goat,
Whose milk to him, an invalid, was both
Best medicine and wholesom'st nutriment,
And he for his capricious 'pothecary
Sought out the juiciest herbs, the lushest green,
And stript the katkins off the hazel bush;
When he descried a violet scented nook
Embowered 'neath the black thorn's fragrant snow,
His soul would revel in the phantasy,
That it with him his angel had enshrined:
What though he knew the gap between her wealth
And his own poverty, to be so wide,
That he, to cross it, must an ocean span,
And found his bridge upon both hemispheres?

What aim so far, that Youth will not essay ?
Not Man's attempts, but his success is strange,
And Tristian succeeded to his hope ;
For as a soldier wounded to the life,
His body drags up to reviving spring ;
So stricken Tristian struggled for his goal,
And had attained its gate, when to his woe,
That shadow interposed, and he turned back,
Although invited in ; that he should thus
Undo his own fruition seems most strange :
It did not so to him, who did forego
All that can make an Eden of this earth :
For him the Paradise was verily lost,
And then he had not with his shadow coped,
Whose baneful blight he would not, for his life,
Reflect on her he loved more than himself.
Yea Man ! It is not well they every dream,
Were it the happiest, be realized ;
For on thy tree of hope springs many a bud,
More grateful in its blossom than its fruit,
And if it were the sweetest on the stalk.
Concealed from her, to whom he raised his love,
He nursed it more, as mother does that babe,
Which never by its father has been owned.
But with a sorrowful and qualmy breast,
With his grandmother, who had now attained
That age allotted, he to gleaning went ;
Then from her labor, by distress imposed,
Was that great heart of hearts correctly named.
Ah harrowing, to Tristian's filial heart
To see his mother reap for hire, not self—
To know, that he, and his grandmother gleaned
From stranger ground ; ah then he yearning sighed
Not for broad lands, but for a single rod,
However sterile, so it had been theirs :
And yet, though he was seldom Fortune's guest,
Ne'er luxury for Tristian spread her feast
So luscious savory, as was the bread
Baked from the ears with his grandmother gleaned.
At last the often meditated hour,
To part for where their hopes preceded them,
Came fraught with what shall be hereafter told.
Thus Man will wander to a distant strand,
Away from all that is a part of him ;
There may he prosper more than he had hoped,
And full appreciate what he's attained ;
Yet can he never know, conceive or dream
What he has left behind. As jolted down
The country wagon on the village street,
The night was murky and the landscape bleak,

And sympathetic but the Autumn's moan :
The cord that bound them to their native home
Was wound from off their hearts, and Tristian
To all its scenes bade not, but grieved, farewell !

CANTO II.

CONTENTS.

The Balize; Arrival at the Port. Strange and at home in the South; Departure up the River. Death and Solitude; Love-Episode, and the Lovers' Dispersion. Apostrophe to the South.

O Land !Thou Protean name of many sounds!
When thou strik'st on that spirit's instrument
The human heart, how opposite the notes
Thy touch evokes; descending from the thrill
Of eager immigrant, whose soul reflects
Thy welcome back, intensified by hope
Down to the mute of the indifierent crew,
And now ascending from the wonted flat
Of voyage calmly made, unto the "Saved!"
Devoutly whispered from the broken raft
Whereon the wrecked are eddied to shore.
O glorious Land! raised from that wat'ry waste
To be Man's ever habitable earth
In Tristian's heart thy name struck on that chord
As he then fancied, sounded through the ark
And later thrilled Columbus' heart in sooth
When in that isle he found the continent.
Not mere a shift of place to Tristian
It was the land, which Hope had promised him.
Alas! Deluded Man! thou still wilt dream
That all thy pleasures spring but from thy aims
For which thou heedless striv'st, but dar'st not own,
When thou'st attained them, that thy greater joy
Perhaps thy all lay in thy struggles' path!
Yea, legion is the sorrowing travellers' host
Who, at their destination, soon espy
That whence they started, they had better fared!
How often blinded Man abides through life
As they, by drink benumbed, yawn through a show
Whose curtain's rise they sober see no more!
Upon the threshold of that water-aisle
Which stretched enchanted where his heart adored
His sanctuary Tristian surveyed

Exulting in the spectacle he viewed
As Art and Nature with each other vied
To prepossess the comer's wond'ring mind.
Like ogres risen from the caverned deep
With lookout spectral as for th'other world,
And lurid nostrils, that like craters heaved
The Vulcan roused, huge towboats thund'ring hied
To seize the argosies, their prey at bay.
Here like a hero, when his genius
Abides in him no more, the noble stream,
Now in his war with fate, that's lost ere fought,
Undoes, in three, his force, that should be one
Ere 'gainst the blue he hurls his tawny host;
But sundered or united, what's to reck?
In vain he struggles who has run his course.
As the exulting captor bellowed on
His convoy welcome to his sail-furled prize
Whose echo thrilled the heart of Tristian,
He with the Hindoo's awe on Ganges' strand,
In spellbound vision gazed upon the stream
That rolled his massy grandeur through his breast.
What though he knew, that up and down those banks
The Pestilence, like an assassin cloaked,
Prowled in the fail? That brooding in her weeds,
The mossy tresses of those hoary trees,
The stricken Land its human harvest mourned?
He recked not this: to him the world was new.
The city loomed in view, a moment more,
And but for eyes that were observant then,
His lips had touched the ground before his feet.
Thus fair the morn, but foul the evening palled
When of their fast illusions broke the first:
As bad it was, it had not been so dire
Had it too been the last! Columbia!
The bruit is out of thy vernacular,
That Man more savage, beast more gentle grows.
Not thus holds Tristian, but rather deems
The human trait, which makes the stranger friend
Is by thy freedom's sun more cheered than scorched;
Yet it is certain that the prunetree which
To thee transplanted yields but rapid plums,
Of thy exotics's not the only one
Which in thy soil and air degenerates.
The walnut neither is the only fruit
Which, when thou ownst it, is in kernel shrunk;
Nor yet of spirits is the wine the sole
That in the transit turns to worthlessness—
Rare is the household which, when opened once,
Will fit to close against the entered chill:
A sister's love was galled to overflow

In sickness which nigh made her bed of death;
The mother's heart too brittle and too old
To bend, was shivered, and had ceased to beat,
Had not kind Heaven then the crevice filled.
Oh deepest sting in human wretchedness
When Man has heart, but only for its pangs!
Had there been aught, which could intensify
The gloom of Tristian's shadow, this had been
The very cloud, but he ignored his own
In seeking to alleviate the woe
Of those big hearts he loved more than himself.
Alas! he could not minister to their ache.
The thorn, a stranger thrusts into our heart
Will work out of itself, but fest'ring sinks
Beyond our reach, the one lodged by our kin
The deeper, as the nearer, they have been.
As Tristian his recreation sought,
He first was in the landscape's vastness lost;
Finding no rest in its bleak dreariness,
He longed, in vain, for some similitude
Between his new and cherished native home.
He yearned and sought, yet found it but in Man:
How fain, with objects, he'd commune of home!
Alas! the thistlefinch he gazed upon,
Although a pampered pet in gaudy cage
Was loth to drawl his foreign prison song,
As though his faded hue reminded him,
That stranger clime soon ends his minstrel life;
Ah, then they but in concert grieved, until
Young Tristian's melancholy interposed
Between the two expatriated friends.
Then to the field he'd hie to view the flock:
Alas! the shepherd swayed not with a crook,
But whizzing swung instead a knotted whip,
And for the faithful dog, a mangy cur
Would like a stubborn truant skulk behind.
He found no moon and star companioned cote:
The tender lodged within a ribald den.
Last, Tristian within the pine-woods sought
The honest char-coal burner and his hut,
To him more than all pomp and palace dear;
He found the collier on the debris stretched
Of uncharred fallen piles of mole-hill size
Debating whether he could fill his punt
From out the remnants by his fellows left,
Eked out with what he might with safety steal:
The char-coal burner Tristian sought no more.
He spied the pines, if haply he could greet
His sable squirrels, but he glanced in vain
When lo! a country wagon jolted past

And strung behind, like on the gallows hanged
His friends were shot! to market borne for food!
Ah then he knew he was in stranger land;
For naught, that he had treasured in his soul,
Could he companion in his second home
And then his mind was left a dreary dark
Like to a dome when on the ended feast
The last light is extinguished. Tristian
Did not then know, that Nature all abhors
To duplicate herself; that even boons
Would in their repetition pall the taste;
When this he learned, he did forbear for aye
To seek a copy where there can be none.
Then soon he found that in a varied kind,
His new home also charms and beauties owned,
Then of its vast himself became a part:
What though the clime will, with its wasting breath,
Oft cast the stranger on the fever couch?
'Tis sweet when through the open window fans
The blossom scented breeze from orange grove
The convalescent's brow, as of the past
The dream's blest vision still abides through wake,
And through his heart his native pleasures thrill,
Like through that shell before his chamber's hearth,
The echoes rumble from its ocean home.
When by the roused up heart the head is still
Upon the pillow tossed, 'tis sweet to list
In summer's midnight through the tepid air
The Protean bird, that betters what it mocks,
And of all tunes but lovers' accents spares.
'Tis sweet when in the storm or calm of heart
Our soul is ravished, as that evergreen
Its lily censers swings through forest aisle
And with their incense nature sanctifies,
Whilst our fond Fancy ruminates of her
Who, of whatever cluster she be one
In that bouquet is the Magnolia.
Sweet are the fields decked in their snowy fleece,
The carmine cones that glow the Southern heat,
The orange glistening through their leafy veil,
The ripening cane that yields the juicy sweet.
Yet Tristian scarcely had made friends with these,
When fate's behest again bade him to part,
For there, too perpendicular the beams,
Too sudden and too brief his mothers deemed
The struggle with that epidemic fiend
Whose killing breath his victims yellow dyes.
Thus Tristian journeyed with his mothers on,
Who took but sorrow whence they sought for bliss:
Then were those trees the emblems of their hearts,

Who dreamt it not when those their welcome draped;
But now they wandered forth with no regrets,
For soul abhorred, though innocent the spot
Where we've experienced ill. As is the flight
Of geese in winter's night, moaning their honk;
Yea, as those melancholy skelet fowls
Oar through that solitude from swamp to sand,
So was their upward journey desolate.
Nor did the dreary stream's monotony
Illume the sorrow's shade upon their minds:
There loveliness is ever on the wing,
For did it 'light, the ruffian overflow
Would sweep it from those shores. For this so much
More gladsome to the view those sandy cliffs,
That now and then rise on the Eastern bank:
Ah none were then of Man's short sighted race,
Who had foreseen those hills the hot-bed scenes
Of warfare, death, which they were doomed
To soon endure. What mental ear so nice,
That then could list the nearing Future's tongue,
Which spoke the civil war, whose victors' shout
And vanquisheds' wail within those devious glens
Upon the breeze soon quickened and soon died?
Thou, Father named of streams! Thou type of Time,
As here thou cover'st and there disinter'st;
Now mak'st and then undo'st: Although in peace,
Thou more by Man's and Nature's violence
A sepulchre, than yet those ancient streams
Are by the swoop of War, thou needst not more
To envy them their havocs' history:
What though thy magnitude would interpose
Between thee and their boast, that they were swelled
By gore of Man, and dammed up with his corpse?
Thou now outdo'st them in thy lower stretch,
Where through the Ages' catacombs, more fell
Than seen or heard, abroad that nation ghosts
Which, when already quickened in her womb,
Through stumbling was miscarried by Time
In direr throes, than she'd have given birth.—
When sternward stretched that longest eastern arm,
Young Tristian, but for the lack of pines,
Had deemed the land congenial to his own:
Oh that their distination then had been
Those forest bluffs with their salubrious air!
Perhaps they then had realized the bliss
Which sometimes glimmered through their sorrow's pall,
And Tristian had still communed with them
In audible and not in silent thought!
The voyage ended, they in city made
A second venture for a happy home;

Alas! from what they had a pest-house deemed,
They walked into their graves! The elder, hale,
Beheld the setting, not the rising sun;
The younger drooped when scarce the sun was up
And dropped at noon! This seemed not fated death,
But sheerest murder wrought by Pestilence,
That strangles Man with malice of a fiend!
Could Tristian then have had the Father's leave,
He'd have demanded, whether He to Man
Gave life to only gloat in taking it?—
As in the battle's brunt, out from the main,
Those soldiers stand at bay, indifferent
Where from the circling foe, the death shot wings;
So reckless, whether he'd be felled or spared
Stood Tristian. Like a vision in a dream
Recurred to him his mother's promise made,
In earnest moments, that upon her last,
She would reveal to him a mystery,
Which, she not living, must explain itself.
What Tristian, but to know, had given all,
Ay even life, in her oblivious trance,
Was lost and sunk, where not mind's grapples reach,
Into that spirit's vast from where it sprang,
For Tristian in his soul was firm assured
That it was nothing temporal she owned;
But in Imagination's compass, then,
The needle of surmise but trembled faint,
And would not find her pole, until at last,
He feigned that to his shadow it referred,
And in that deeming watched its spread the more.
Beclouded in its dark, now Tristian
Was stricken, desolate, of all bereft!
As severed nerves in wonted motion stir,
His eyes would wander, and his ears still start
For them that were not, and yet needs must be!
Oh sting of Misery, when breathes that thought,
Thus was I yesterday, thus am to day!
Oh Science, thou, almost omnipotent!
How long, ere thy quick searching eye will spy
The hidden and component essences
Of that earth circling pestilence, whose breath
Quells out the spark, fixed in this earthly stock;
That they, disintegrated, when once found,
Can easily be deadened in their mites?
For science, how far worthier is't to know,
How life is to be saved, than speculate
From where, and in what manner, 'tis derived?
Thus Tristian cast, as slow in him revived
The conciousness, by Death's fell stroke benumbed,
That he, on earth, was still a part of it,

And that, however wretched Man may be,
In deeming, or indeed, he need not search,
But only halt, and greater wretch will pass;
And then, as stung by rivalry, he thought:
If others, why can I not bear my load?
In such a contemplating mood he sought,
Beneath the ground, who were his all above.
As in the pellmell of the battle joined,
The flurried soldiers for their comrades fix
What's next to hand, as index where they fell;
So in the havoc of that pestilence,
With twigs which in the cemetery grew,
The token Tristian placed, where they were laid—
Alas! like on that field by Carnage rasped,
Obliterated were the marks he reared,
And now, the monument he had designed,
Must stay the one, erst founded in his heart!
But heavens! what a diff'rent gospel told
That other sacred spot in native land!
Where tended by Remembrance' rev'rent hands,
The marigold, forget-me-not and rue
Bloomed past a score of years, devoted fresh,
As when by Lamentation first bedewed;
Ah there, intact the hallowed bones will rest
Till Earth in her convulsions yield them forth;
But here—Alas! on them their native earth
Had lighter lain, for Progress most profane
When thou outstrid'st the piety in Man!—
The ground, the toiling ancestors enhanced,
Already by their next posterity
Is deemed too precious for their lasting graves,
And now their sacred dust is sold for clay!
O horrors' chaos! Whither tend'st thou Man!
It would not be a madman's vagary,
For Tristian now, within that city lodged,
To feign, that in the four enclosing walls,
In their component bricks were kneaded in
His grandam's and his mother's sacred dust!
But from such wand'ring we will check the mind,
Till in our tale it has more stepsure grown.
As broods forlorn, with drooping wing, the bird,
When Violence its treasured nest destroyed,
So wandered Tristian, not knowing where
His ousted fondness next should find a rest,
When keen Affliction, as by instinct moved,
Lodged his affections in the sympathy
For his adopted land, which was, despite
Its sorrows' yield, deep rooted in his heart,
And now more cherished since he had divined,
In his own shadow, that domestic war,

Which afterwards broke on that Southern land,
So happy in self-laud, it craved for woe!
For, as all creatures in the flesh and blood
Instinctively their species recognize,
So know the offspring of the human heart
Their kindred, unperceived by others' ken,
Its weird precursor had then newly broke
Upon the country in that wrangling, when
That Eldorado for admission sought
Where it the threshold strewed with golden sand.
Scarce had that Warning turned its conjured back,
When, not like brothers, both the North and South,
In emulation vied for better claim
To that vast nature's garden of the West;
But sought, like ruffians wrangling for their spoil,
The one the other to beguile with tricks;
What needs to tell, what all who care, know well?
Then, like an Alps, it weighed upon the breast
Of Tristian, to see the country's hap
Made but a ladder of convenience
For selfish Worthlessness to climb to place,
And when the earnest came, to vault like apes
Upon the side that bragged the richer fruit.
What this to him? He listed but the bruit
That the portentous struggle with the fate
Of Man was fraught for both the hemispheres.
He then believed it, fain would still believe,
Though when it broke, his moan was all forewept,
For it unheeded to the country cried,
But quickly with the with'ring echo hushed,
That all Disruption's threats were but a blind,
A sham, a play upon the stage of Time,
Willed by the country to divert herself!
Yea, Levity is deaf to Earnestness:
It is endured, but not consummate yet,
And what are deemed that epoch's afterpains,
May prove a new one's throes: He then shall speak
When Truth and Reason have the country's ear.
Meanwhile Columbia do not overween,
For on the postroad of Humanity
Relays are scattered at short intervals,
And oft, there is less power in the lead
Than in the less regarded rearward span.
Now was he in that spring of life, wherein
For coming later, ranker sprout those weeds,
Which at all hours require the plucking up,
And though his Shadow as the guardian stood,
That frowned back from him all frivolity,
And buoyed his upward spirit in a sphere,
Pure as the æther warbled in by larks,

Where he of maiden mused, who of her charms,
Would not have made the moon her confidante
Yet matron bosoms, with unstaid desires,
Still inward joy, to own the pulse of life,
For with her love, the angel woman quits;
Howbeit they, who to themselves too good,
To ever prove themselves to others kind;
They, who such insubstantial virtue own,
That it can cast no shadow, overween
To own in Heaven, what they missed on earth;
Yet they who fell, oft in their human touch,
Make somewhat compensation for their blame,
Since, joying in our kind, is bliss divine.
But whether sought by Love, or seeking it,
Like Eve, dames look, and looking are undone:
Yet what one's balm will be another's bane,
And let them heed, who in such fondness dig
They bury not their peace, for oft, alas!
Such pleasure's cradle only proves its grave,
Although, from first to last, 'tis also true,
Not they, alone, are slaves who bear that name.—
How oft, when through his Shadow's thick'ning gloom
He could not peer, did he implore, that she
For whom his heart its first emotions spoke,
Should also be his last! He knew not, love
Was never first, but it was too the last,
And his so near, for her so far, was now
Intensified, not lessened by one mere,
For 'twas his destiny which soon befell,
That he should love in both the hemispheres.
Oh Phantasy, thy dazzling plumage shows
But like a bird's on wing: when locked in hand
Its beauty's lost to sight. Of females all,
A predilection Tristian ever owned
For them who are of goodly height and bulk;
And as he yearned, as did that Indian maid
Who cried to him she loved: "Why catch me not?"
O bourn unseen, between design and chance!
There came a vision in full womanhood,
That owned what nature vaunts and art essays,
To shape that heaven's realm, the female form:
Her brow sublime, like tow'ring mountain shone,
Where under sped her eyes, twin Mercuries
With longing winged, to spy their counter mates;
Her mouth the censer whence that incense heaved
Whereon the raptured soul to heaven rose;
Her stately neck, like templed pillar firm;
Her breast, like to the bow of promise, arched,
Held two Olympian hills, where Fancy drooped,
Herself outdone. Her massive rounded arms,

Like to Bellona's nerved to strike, avouched,
What they embraced, was held in heaven's bounds,
Whilst her soft, tapering cherry-blossom hands,
Quick with the beat of Expectation's pulse,
On sight would gripe into the breast of Man;
Her waist, an armful of deliciousness,
Proclaimed a woman for a god on earth!
And thus, with all her riches bared to view,
As never student by a statue rapt
Stood Tristian then, as trembling he adored
The Maker in his work, his masterpiece!
She parleyed smiling like a sleeping babe
With Tristian, that she was wretched too;
That she had loved but once, and there where too
His fancy rooted grew; that he was dead,
And had been like him, as they had been twins;
Then gentle, like a dove-hen, with desire,
While telling hers, she asked his history;
Besought his sympathy, implored in tears,
That he would not deny her wooing him
To be her friend; then grieved his mother's death
Whom she, if living, had as sister loved.
This was the breeze, that wafted her to port.
Was it deception? Never feign it, Man:
An angel's face can hide no serpent's tongue.
Oh Woman! never from thy friendship springs
The flower, love, for it is love itself.
That word, first whispered to a maiden's breast,
Unfolds it like the breeze the buttoned rose,
But when it first breaks from the woman's lips
It is the belted gale, that strikes the heart,
And with a demon's wrench makes it its own.
Yet in this gush of passion, Tristian
Was wary, for, in his philosophy,
He deemed such joys did on perdition float,
As oil on water. Then she, love's adept
Would tutor him, and by such lips professed,
What recks it, whether wit or study prompts?
Art is but nature from a mediate hand.—
Howbeit they both roamed in tropic clime,
And their affection sprouted like those shoots,
Which from the Banyan tree take root again,
There where the stock is nursed. Not of this earth,
Has monarch ever been so prodigal
As she with matron liberality
Was kind to him with love's prerogatives;
His youth impelled, his conscience interposed,
For 'neath his Shadow 'twas a tyrant grown,
That, once for all, had bidden not to leap
The one impediment, that lay in way.

Then not her leman he, who would not have,
Or have for aye, yet she was all to own,
And though had loved before, was not of those
To whom the lover as an angel came
And as a devil left; nor flower she,
From whom past lovers each have plucked a leaf
And only left for him, who takes for aye,
The cheerless pistil, as it were for seed;
For she, of mind and body, was as fresh
In savor as on nature's pristine stalk.
Yea, Doubt! thou art the condiment of love
When cunningly adapted to the taste,
But something kin to thee at times will dart
Like burning sulphur in the trusting breast.
To jump all hindrance, she impetuous urged
That on clandestine wings, love gladdest flew:
In midnight's thickest pall, he bore his prize
Into the curtained carriage when, land in,
As fast as hoofs could strike; by rail and stream
Confounded was pursuit in zig-zag course;
Then to the port, across the sea! they fled
In his imagination, and—both staid,
For if not honest in his own esteem,
He deemed himself as nothing more than naught.
Last, he enforced the only way, for straight,
By which they could each other own for life:
As 'twere a mandate given from above,
She quaffed his words, and their fulfillment vowed
In glow of heart, and flow of tears, as 'twere
The opened heaven on the pledge had closed;
And yet this promise owned a fickle core!
O Woman! buttressed by the present Man,
Thou'lt stand against the very Hercules;
But he away, thou tumblest of thyself.
She sobbed, implored, and shrieking clasped his knee,
That he'd forgive, and she'd essay once more;
Then wept, as if her heart, dissolved with grief,
Were gushing through her eyes, but could not touch
His resolution bottomed in his soul,
Where never passions' storms and billows stirred;
Anon by woe undone, she swooned in sooth:
As well into a corpse, whose like she was,
Recall the vital spark, as word he passed.
Then, as to self, he minist'ring to her,
Assured her, when revived, that he forgave,
But that on earth, not the cement was owned
To mend her broken vow; yet they'd stay friends,
As then for life, so for eternity.
This is not singular, but strange, O strange!
She, who so burned in passion, that it scorched

Her resolution's wing, when far away,
The fuel that had fed it, with staid heart
And Autumn-mellowed reason, for mere peace
Achieved the feat she then for Eden failed.
Thus they, whose souls were to each other fit,
As are both eyes, yet met in destined shock
So violent, that like colliding stars,
They shot, rebounding to the country's ends;
And now the spray of Minnehaha plays,
Not to her outward, but her inward glance,
As day by day, she there still ruminates
Upon the problem, whether those two hearts
That sundered ache, united had been blest;
Whilst there, where first that roaring welcome hushed,
More than a household's head in panic's pinch,
That he some pennies saved in easier times,
Exulted Tristian—since the mere Event
Is but the stem, and Memory the bloom—
That for this dearth, his shadow made of life,
Instead of yielding to the storms of youth,
He had distilled the only rose it bore,
To be a lasting savor to his soul;
And grateful now its virtue proved itself,
When he had strayed into that baleful air,
Which his grandfather erst could not endure.
Yea, as he queried with himself: "What seeks
An honest Man in this Corruption's mart?"
He prayed in soul, not for a whirlwind, such
As took Elijah up, but for that earth,
Like eggshell crushing, fiery hurricane,
Upon the sun, to speed him whence he was.
Oh wretched South! As thou, enamored erst,
Thy Slavery's fruition magnifiedst,
So when that arbitration willed by thee,
Against thy bias fell, in maudlin thou
Exaggerat'dst thy plight, and fain wouldst shirk
The execution of the stern award.
But now, in sooth, thou'rt stricken to thy core,
And there is none to deign thee sympathy.
The noblest of the earth have in our time
Owned it to Ireland, Poland, all the lands,
E'er doomed through proper fault, or stranger's wrong,
But all the world knows but thy scarlet cap,
That's now the age's badge of happiness,
But mocks, in spirit thee, like France, in blood.
Yet as the trifling crowd in fashion's rout
Eye but the ribbon on the guest enforced,
And will not ken, that he is none of them;
So superficial Man mistakes thy state,
And takes for granted what the label reads;

None save the wronged can feel the libel's sting,
And yet, for centuries, shall Time essay
Ere she a like to thine can fabricate.
Shalt thou have succor? Look, and but despair!
The wronged in Europe are with neighbors blest,
Who keep surveillance on the conqueror,
And force him, either to let go his prey,
Or rule it for its weal, but here, thou know'st:
"The whole unbounded continent is ours."
The world forgets, that to the African
Thou gav'st civilization; neither recks
What he has paid for his, what she for hers,
But has decried, as crime, that slavery,
The only means, whereby his continent
Shall be redeemed; whereas thy sin has been,
That by relaxing hold, as he progressed,
Thou didst not let him go, when civilized.
Seek therefor thy relief in but thyself,
And from that sea of falsehood rescue Truth.
For now by Heavens! didst thou charter own,
Would not oppressors prove who're now oppressed?
Lay hand on heart, and answer to our God!
Though Tristian vouches only for himself,
Yet, that thy penalty thy trespass tops,
He'll testify for thee to all the world.

CANTO III.

CONTENTS.

The Spirit's Advent. The book of Genesis. His Shadow raised from Tristian. There never has been a "Fall of Man."

Thus far, our tale of Man has been of him
An individual, but hence from him,
Like fan from handle, shall our story's theme
Unfolding, through the generation spread;
And as the figures on that ornament
Glint indistinctly through the folded streaks,
So vaguely is the burden of our tale,
Betokened in the leaves that now are turned.
Thou Reader! If thy brain like dainty hand,
Be tender only from the lack of use;
If thou, from nature's, or from habit's stress,
Instead of diving in the depths of thought,
Canst but discreetly in its shallows wade,
The Author warns thee, he shall take his plunge
There, whence the billows common Gossip's shore
But seldom reach. Consider the profound!
Its very density shall buoy thee up,
If thou but once take heart! But if, too gross
Thou to the spirit prove, thou needs must hail
Those cruising, everwary ministers,
Who dare but on the outskirts of the Main
To rescue sinking souls; for he will on
To those arcana with no backward glance.
Now Tristian was in that stage of life,
When Man's allotted years, like summer days
Teem fullest with their time, and on him grew
His shadow still, which in his vigor's prime,
Less formidable, than as erst, now seemed.
From all the offsprings of the human mind,
Or tongue or pen born, he assistance waived:
Philosopher or Prophet, Bard or Seer,
Profane or sacred, all were uninspired
Against his shadow, which them overlapped.
Yet far from him despair, for fixed within

Was confidence of succor, founded on
That visitation erst upon that bridge,
Which vouched to him, his shadow should be raised,
And that, before the chord, which never snaps
Had rushed his life across that cataract
It can ascend no more! Yet knew he too,
That he could not anticipate the time,
Well known to him, of his delivery.
As still it neared, he marked not months and days'
But, heave by heave, his very breath. At last!
When, with no throes, no symptom or portent,
Nor other premonition than that first,
Behold! the spirit from the tree of time
Dropped in his presence like a ripened fruit.
As 'twere a prelude to that earnest boon,
Had he not, by the play of phantasy,
Rehearsed the advent of that destined bliss,
By its fruition he had been undone.
The Stranger Spirit thus announced himself:
"Of introduction be there no ado;
I am assured, thou art prepared for me:
Not that I'd have the own so keen a ken,
As that Revealer, who could see a voice;
Nor yet that thou, who wouldst see nothing less
Than all in front, shouldst be content with shift,
As was that Prophet, when to him was shown
The Power's rear. I am content to know,
Thy brain is suitably in order fixed,
That, where I'll lodge, I shall not be annoyed
With raising of accumulated dust,
The brushing down of cobwebs, and the like."
"Dispose of me as thou confrontst me now,
And in what thou hast come to second me,
Be principal. Thou to thy charge must be
Congenial, else hadst thou not been willed;
More of thy character I do not know,
Nor make account. Thou canst not part from me
In sadder plight, than thou beholdst me now;
Nor fear I scath from thee, for never were
The conquest of a single Man thy boast,
Whoever thou mayst be, and what thou art
Shall be best demonstrated in thy deeds,
Not in thy name, which recks not, since on earth
Confounded are the designations all:
Now Lucifer is Satan, and, anon,
It means the Son of God, But verily,
Bear thou the light that shall my shadow raise
And, if it be, that Spirits may own pride,
I'll hold thee in my soul, as I can none
From fable or from woman sprung on earth,

Whatever be their names. Thou know'st, I next
—Since Life is naught, if naught be made of it—
Would quaff of knowledge from its very sea,
Not pant for driblets that are thence exhaled ;
And if appreciation yield desert,
I am entitled to prerogative,
For I have never juggled with the worth
Of Knowledge, Reason to myself or Man"
"When Man wants nothing more, he owns but naught,
And true with him, althought it is but meet,
That Satan is more welcome when he brings,
Than Angel when he takes. But Tristian,
Know I am one who either must undo,
Or be myself undone, yet were my charge
A scathful one, I'd ever stay inert,
For 'tis the Adverse Spirits' arch-delight,
When evils and abus's, which long ago
Should have been felled, are licensed still to live.
Thy gentle nature and thy strenuous soul,
Thy struggling also have I well remarked,
And had, ere this, to thy assistance hied,
Had I not lacked that charter which thou knowst:
But now demand thy fill, I shall comply."
"Oh gracious Spirit! Thou beneficent!
Thou know'st, a shadow or a sorrow called,
That woe, my other self, is but that Fall!
Of that relive me, and a happiness
Unrivalled, save in thy own spheres, is mine;
This earth, and all its havings, outside me,
For everlasting change in ownership,
Now got, now lost: my soul is but my own,
And never can be by another owned:
What's past, what is, what comes, is but my soul!"
"As if thy life were hanging on a thread,
I'll haste to raise that Shadow from thy soul.
As I to give, so be thou apt to take,
And though thy chief of traits be earnestness,
Yet, for this once, draw from its inmost core,
As if this were thy conscious hour of death:
Thou shalt be cured, where even thou wast stung;
Here lurks thy foe, his home well called "The Book,"
And be the stress still on the definite,
Since, with their Teacher, 'tis the only book
The chosen Seed did ever own or know,
And holy 'tis because 'tis holy called;
But Tristian, thou know'st, the Adjective
It but to cast upon the Substantive,
Whereof it forms no part, but hangs thereon,
Like wasp nest on the wall, until it drops
By wear of time. As I now strike the text,

Heed thou, 'tis well to challenge everything,
What lies in tampering Fabrication's reach:
In the beginning, God created earth
And heaven"; This beginning only dates
Six thousand years ago. Before that time,
Where dwelt our God, since Heaven there was none?
And Whence the matter for this universe?
Whence did Himself his own beginning take?
Did He create Himself, or had He too
Creator, but six thousand years ago?
Thy mind I'll steady with my future lore,
Though now it must, as in a chaos, whir,
And though I am aware, that since a child,
Thou learn'dst to wonder, ere thou soughtst to learn,
Yet put this first of questions to thyself:
How were it, were all this a dark and void?
And, when thou art familiar with that thought,
Connect with it that other kindred one:
What has prevented it from being such?
Then, when confounded in astonishment,
Thou'lt find thy center, as thou wilt reflect,
This universe wears not, needs no repairs;
A master made it, not a journey-man;
And as, forever, in their circling roll,
The spheres must change, the Architect remains.
As, by the circles in their trunks, thou knowst
The age of trees, so by the layers traced,
Upon the stock of progress reared by Man,
Thy mental ken may spy the length of time,
This earth in present phase and order swings;
And what she was before her last decease
She whispers to this offspring from her grave."
"Oh Spirit now my Shadow 'gins to stir!
O tarry not! but quicken! raise it all!
Already do I see, how day by day,
That Lord wanes less, as larger grows the world."
"Be warned, that fabling of His attritutes,
On Man or Name, makes them not Deity:
Hence well discriminate between the God,
Who made this world, and him feigned by the book;
And known by that, or by that other name,
Which Man has kindly deigned to share with him,
Wrong not the chosen Seed by claiming him,
Since he is only theirs, and they but his.
We now encounter in the book its first
Of miracles: there were three days and nights
Ere God created sun, and moon, and stars!
Thou hast assured me, that with reason thou
Hast never juggled: how accountst thou this?"
"It is too true! Had I been told by Man,

There were three offsprings of no parent got,
I would have spurned it as a trifling jest,
But uttered by the book, I only kenned
The teller, not the tale. Yea, Spirit mark!
I too, had the temerity to ask
Of God, whose reason I thus stultified,
To let for everlasting live that soul,
Which in probation I have thus abused,
Into a pigmy crushed! Had I then died,
How wretched had been my account to Him!
What more than sheer apology, excuse?
Alas! we do not know the boon of boons:
That God is not as He is feigned by Man!"
"Let not such accusation throe thy soul,
For thou shalt know, as thy acumen grows,
Not thou, nor else, nor yet the book's to blame;
And at this outset ever bear in mind,
When Man lacks house, a shed suffices him,
And he began with less. "To light the earth
Created were the sun, the moon, and stars."
As 'tis required in God's economy,
That great should benefit the less, so too
The less must needs subserve the greaters' ends,
And which the greater, which the less, thou knowst.
Now be thou wary, lest thou also plunge
In that hiatus, which before thee yawns:
How first, it has engulfed the chosen seed,
And other nations, thou't hereafter learn.
Yea, though discovered, and explored, this day,
Its victims, as by instinct, throng that throat,
Whose vent is to perdition: kenst thou it?
'Tis where the book, although so scrupulous,
Forgets to tell, that all the universe
Had been in motion set! Ah, Tristian
Upon that axis all the knowledge turns,
As on this earth, so on the spheres beyond,
And yet, how few who see, can righly judge?
For, as thou standing on yond river's bank,
Wilt in the eddy, 'neath thy feet behold
The waters upward flow, whilst further out,
Thou'lt see the rushing main its current sweep;
So by sheer force, of her own impetus,
The moving universe her outskirts backs,
And rounds, by counter course, into her rear:
Thus Man, as nearer, but the counter sees,
Of what, in steady course, rolls on beyond.
"In his own image God created Man":
Thou never canst behold a human face,
But art remembered of his Maker too,
Who takes delight in Man, else Man were not.

No soul, on earth so good, but Evil is
Its passing guest, and with the worst, at times
'Tis not at home. "God saw that everything
He made was good": If for that "good" thoult read:
"Essential for the Universe," thoult ken
Thy why of all, that's counter to the good.
"Of knowledge's tree of good and evil thou
Beware to eat, lest thou shalt surely die":
Thus runs the fable in that Paradise,
And through the Prophet thus in Palestine,
Imputed for the Christ: "That he may know
To choose the good, and to refuse the evil,
He shall of butter and of honey eat":
The book against the book! choose which thou wilt.
Was this to test the quality of Man?
Is God a tyro, that, like human kind,
He only knows the goodness of His make,
By putting it to proof? But know, Oh Man!
That ignorance is death, and knowledge life.
As well the book might have forbid thee air,
And yet expect thy body to exist,
As to prohibit knowledge to thy soul,
Its very essence, and its sustenance.
Yea, Tristian, thy soul has never dreamt
For what that tree was feigned in Paradise!
Remember Moses wrote that Genesis:
He was of Levi's house, for whom it bore
The priesthood's fruits, but for the chosen Seed
Stupidity, save in theology:
Dead to monopoly, it still does live,
To feed the progeny of ignorance.
The other tree sure in the center stands,
Where generations, one to other, link.
The Lord's landation of himself had scarce
Cooled on his lips, ere his creation he
Discovered flawed, in that he had forgot
A mate for Man! To make the universe,
He had exhausted his material,
And, though Man sought his mate amongst the brutes,
He found it not: thus woman chanced to be
That blest creation of an after thought!
So says the book, let woman own its praise;
But sure, if woman was not in design,
When was the form of Man in model drawn,
His form must after have been cast again,
Else woman had not found her mate in him,
Of which remolding silent is the book.
Mark too, how knowing, in his ecstasy
To own a mate, Man waxed, as he avouched,
That he should leave, what then, he neither owned,

Nor ever knew: his parents for his wife!
How questionable that advice may be,
It was most fitting for himself, since he
Nor father nor a mother had to slight,
And was aye limited to but one wife,
Unless he in that land of Nod had wooed:
For, reverend Crony, how should he have known,
Man can of father, mother have but one;
But as to sponses?—well themselves know best.
We'll now essay that Serpent and thy Fall!
If thou art not prepared, so signify,
And we'll adjourn, till thou art better braced."
"Oh, thou a master in thy potency!
I'm cured! My Shadow's gone! It is exhaled!
I'm risen from the dead, and through my heart
The blood does rush as never felt before:
Go on! I am a spirit as thyself!"
"I shall proceed, as if thou still wert down,
To edify thee for all coming time:
Though evil be a serpent, never dream
That in a serpent's form it could allure.
"The Serpent subtile more than any beast
That God had made." A strange admission this,
That all was not dove-natured ere that fall."
"Yea, Spirit, 'tis no more a miracle,
That then the Serpent spoke, and in that speech
Forever lost the gift, but wonder is,
That Man will still persist to crush his mind,
That from its wretched wreck he get the stuff
For other myths, to buttress up this first!
That he will, fabling, sin against the Truth,
And then delude himself, he owns a faith!
Why feign of Cherubim and Seraphim
To be the guardian angels of mankind,
When Gabriel, with but one stroke of sword,
Could have exterminated for all time
All evil from the earth, as Satan then
Lay in that Serpent crouched, on ruin bent?"
"Ah Tristian, didst thou yet never note
How striving devils will bestir themselves
To do a needful thing, upon the earth,
Whilst in their sanctified sufficiency,
With folded wings, the angels moping laze,
And for no cry will incommode themselves?
Believe the Spirit, me who shall exist
Beyond the transformations of this globe,
Were, what is Satan, what is evil, called,
To be expatriated from the earth,
Mankind would hunger for their coming back.
The fruit was eaten, and the pain was fixed:

It is, that Man must die, when Man would live;
Was Man thus tricked? Have faith in God, O Man!
Do not, in soul debasing ignorance,
Attribute to him such a fickleness,
As never father, short of madman owns:
To make his child a wretch forever more,
Because, forsooth, it disobeyed him once:
In very love, He has created thee,
And do not feign, that it could cool so soon;
But let us probe: the argument is brief,
Yet sure and fixed as very life and death:
Had Man not eaten the forbidden fruit,
Or had he eaten of the tree of life,
He, and his offspring, had forever lived:
Supposing this were so, how would it score?
This little earth, of fixed capacity,
That's with a single generation stocked,
Could never feed three hundred times the more;
Did all, born since that fabled Fall, now live,
They'd scarce have standing, much less living room:
In many lands, and those most civilized,
Man first must have a charter in his means,
Ere he can get his kind in marriage bed;
And even countries of the widest room
Own many a household, where the parents both,
In apprehension it would wax too rank
Beyond their might, have tacitly agreed,
To sacrifice themselves in continence;
While, as of old, that empire of the Sun,
Already population overstocked,
In dread of choking from its density,
Still through that horror seeks to thin it out.
And, O Delusion! mock in pristine grin,
That Man believes thy fable 'gainst his truth!
Near where thou feign'dst, that Man was doomed to die—
O horror to relate! this very day,
In Persia's Capital, the huddled poor,
Enforced by Famine's pinch, not War's distress,
Forestall the worm in its monopoly,
While Man, for fabled hell, ignores this real.
Yea, learned noddles, in that Albion,
Are at this moment knuckled to disclose,
How she her swelling plethora of Man
May either stay, or elsewhere place on earth;
Yet 'fore her pulpit break the pious hearts,
Because that Fall brought Death, and all those woes,
And Man lost everlasting life on earth!
Oh Ignorance, how wonderful thy reign!
Hence know, if Man would have a ceaseless life,
Before he ask it, let him first forbear

To push the present generation out,
By thrusting in another ; then anew,
May the Creator counsel with himself,
And reconsider his decree of Death.
Thus it is plain, as yonder sun to sense,
In his creation has been predesigned,
In common fate with all, the Death of Man ;
And being fixed, nor his obedience,
Nor his transgression, could condition it.
Hence, now as blossom, now as ripened fruit
Still must Man's offsprings from the tree of time,
In varied stages, drop : for dainty Death,
One ear of corn is gathered when in milk,
The while its neighbor's left to crystalize.
So when it falls on friend, or on thy own,
No longer call inscrutable that Death,
Which from the first has been decreed by God.
As fell for thee that evil tree, the Fall ;
So with its crash is crushed that sequent curse,
Which thou canst not endure from human lips,
But which thou feelst, as false, when put on God.
If there be need, this ground, His earth be cursed,
Then shall that devil's task not be usurped:
'Tis not in sorrow Man eats of the ground ;
The sorrow is, when he thereof to eat,
Has naught. Were Man exempt from sweat and toil
Of body and of soul, instead the lord,
He were the sloth, in the created All.
The serpents' poison, as the others' all,
The sun from first distilled, and will to last.
Not then the Serpent went upon its back,
Nor had it legs to walk, nor wings to fly ;
For creeping thou beholdst its belly formed,
And if it now eats dirt, it did from first.
Yet, more than Man, are swine and birds of prey
The serpent' most exterminating foes,
For at the very moment Moses feigned,
That it had ruined Man in Paradise,
Mankind in Asia and in Africa,
Adored the Serpents as their household gods.
Remember this, when I the sequel show.
The Woman is not more the supplement
Of Man, than he of her, and what to him,
She in subjection own, is physical,
And shared in common with her gender's whole;
Nor in the wrong direction, more than he,
Knows she the readiest way. Which shall prevail,
Depends upon the soul's, not body's strength.
As to conception, and to bringing forth,
Whose throes, all with the womb, partake with her,

The woman ever makes it her own choice,
Which one, she for the other will forego:
To scan, how cunning, both the Man and she,
Now tamper in that choice with Heaven's boons,
Would strike a discord in my even lore.
The same economy, that has ordained
The death of Man, necessitated too
His quit of Paradise as he increased,
For Eden, as a somewhere on this earth,
Was but a homestead, limited in space.
Remember in that Eden, Tristian!
The fable only lost, what it had staked,
For Moses never speaks of other life,
And all that woe's the bastard progeny,
Which priestcraft has begotten on the myth.
If thou, ere my advent, hadst of that Lord,
Owned that opinion, which thou hast now,
Thou couldst not have for better warrant sought,
Than in the one, which he had of himself,
When he confessed, that Man, then fallen Man!
Through knowing Good and Evil had become,
As he himself! The inner sense of this
Thou shalt lay bare as thou'lt advance in lore.
Thus we with Man depart that Paradise,
To him forever, never lost to thee!"
"Thou Everlasting and Beneficent!
Do thou bless Man, as even thou bless'dst me;
Hear thou his sorry plaint, that to regain
That Paradise, so crossing are the roads,
That thousand guides cry out, he's on the wrong,
Whil'st but his fee'd one vouches he goes right.
End thou this tantalizing agony,
And tell him, that he seeks what never was:
Its character, as fabrication, brand
Upon that Eden for all coming time;
Yea, as a poison do thou label it,
That none partake it, save they have been warned,
For it is sinister, pernicious, fell!
It, with the name of God, insinuates
Into the tender soul that sting of loss
Which, though Man feign it by Redemption drawn,
Still leaves its ache behind. O Spirit, do't,
That God by man be known, as He is felt,
Not felt as known from there! Consider thou,
A thousand years may through the Future roll,
Ere thou again, or like, will visit earth,
The while, rank Falsehood, from the Fable sprung,
Will choke the Truth, however it may strive."
"Remember, only to thyself I've come,
Not to the multitude. Though dead the myth,

Still froths the curse, which it against the spread
Of knowledge has denounced. When comes the time,
That knows thee apt, and perfect, in my lore,
Then, by myself, at large shall be proposed
For action what thou premature hast broached.
Then, knowing all, in judging of details,
Thou shalt not take offence, how seeming ought
Therewith abound. As in the Physical,
So in the Spiritual universe,
There's nothing self-begotten: all events,
Like bodies, must have their progenitors,
Although, like these, oft barren in themselves.
Thus Moses gave occasion for the Christ,
And only for that Fall, thyself hadst been
By Spirit's visitation never blest.
But I will on and further thee in lore:
"He and his brother made a sacrifice;
Rejected was the harmless one in fruit;
Accepted was the one that cried in blood."
The blood reigned then, as still it domineers
Whilst, in the spheres reflected, rolls this earth.
All this were not, if of the human race,
There had been but one Man: when there were two,
There rose antagonism, conflict, death!
Of all, what Man calls Evil in this life,
There is no more prolific Spring than this:
It is indeed so deep, that thou shalt sound
Its bottom only, in the end of Man.
In that first offering bear thou in mind,
When man destroys, on earth, the gifts of God,
He offers to the Adverse, not to Him.
Mark too, how that immunity to Cain
Was Lamech's charter to those foes of Man,
Who are the greater, as the more they slay,
For still its magnitude enobles crime.
No longer, Tristian, thou sighst regrets,
As from thy infancy, that Man is not,
As were those chronic Cronies, blest with life,
Of near a half a hundred score of years,
For now thou knowst, the same economy,
That needs the death of Man, forbids he live
Beyond the time, in his creation fixed.
But know, the Author of the Genesis,
More skillful, by the chary using of
His scant material, could make it stretch,
Wherewith a universe of means at hand,
The brains he has inspired can never cast."
"O Spirit! there the serpent strikes the tooth,
Whose subtle poison most insinuates
Itself into the onward, striving soul,

Where, rankling at the core, it blasts for life!
Yea, better were it, that mankind at once
Did hear a general warrant for their death,
Than to be told, that they degenerate
Still from that Fall unto the end of time!
Now Spirit, verily, I mourn no more.
That I lived not when giants were on earth,
For if there ever have been such in bulk,
The worse for them, for they are to this earth
No more adapted than this earth to them.
Save to the giant-mind, that can expand
Co-infinite with all the universe!
Cotemporaneous with them were too
Those sons of God: Man knows of only one;
If thou wilt deign, I'd hear thy lore on them."
"As they are uttered by the book, so still,
Be their paternity avouched by it;
It tells thee, that their mission was on earth,
To come unto the daughters of mankind,
And that their offspring were, of might, renowned
Now Tristian, mark, ay make a note of it,
How true that Lord avowed, when he confessed,
That Man was like to him, for thou shalt ken,
That he, when failing, no prerogative
Has over Man; that like him too, alas!
He must demolish his own edifice,
And all because he did neglect to brace,
In its foundation, but one sliding stone!
For his omission to despatch to Man,
When tempted, as thou aptly saidst, but one
Of his officious principalities,
Who ever swarm on Man, except in need,
He too must own to that Repentance' sting;
Endure the throes of grief, and face the toil,
Which that undoing by the Flood entailed.
But verily, I tell thee Tristian!
The readiest way, to make a caitiff-wretch,
Is, to denounce on Man, that he is one.
How in the new, the old was rectified
Shall be the burden of my next, when thou
To thy regeneration shalt be wont.

CANTO IV.

CONTENTS.

The Deluge; Babel; Noah's Curse and the South; Mount Sinai and Legislation to-day; God and the Slaughter of the Egyptians; Miracles; Character of Moses: his Motive for writing the Genesis; The Serpent's Origin; The Fate of the Jews.

How, forced to tread the world's perverted way,
That baleful tree its blasting shadow cast
On Tristian, as he beneath it passed;
How feller than a frost it shrivelled up
His bloom of youth, his earliest manhood's fruit,
And to the grave had darked his blasted life,
But for that saving spirit, ever blest!
Thou Reader, also mated in that doom,
Hast with that essence conned, which shall remain
When thou by earth art stript of what she loaned,
For wear through, life. There lies in Scathing's nut
A hidden kernel, which more sweetness yields
Than bitterness its shell. It is, O Man!
That thou convert its harm to benefit.
As he had erst in tender childhood vowed,
When first that Shadow, fell it should be raised;
So that achieved, he now in manhood's strength
Resolved, that by the Spirit's quick'ning lore,
He would revive, what it had quelled in him:
That sleepless, first, he would investigate
How far that primal Falsehood had encroached
Upon mankind: no more that Paradise,
The Truth it wrecked, he studied to regain;
And this resolve he more determined fixed,
Than those bold divers for a chest of gold,
In Ocean's depth, abandoned long ago.
With him, the will and readiness were yoked,
And with such bated breath, as he, whose life
Flows from his wound, awaits the binding up.
Now eager Tristian his Mentor willed.
The Spirit was alert unto his bid,
And thus resumed as he had broken off:
"As in my first, I shall not spare the book,

For Truth is older and more reverent,
While novel Error through all ages blooms.
The Lord's success in his correcting flood
Perceive in his own estimation, when
He after acquiesced, that from his youth
Man was no better than he ought to be,
For, verily, remember, Tristian,
When all the stars, this earth, the sun and moon
Are blended, then is Evil merged in Good:
What other sequel could the Lord expect?
The youngest Scion from old Noah's loins
Could have apprized him, as he saw aboard,
For seed, a pair of all corrupted flesh
Destruction doomed, that he might spare his flood,
Since all those couples would beget their kind,
As like to them, as he was to himself.
With such results, no wonder he avouched,
That thence, he'd let alone what once he made,
And leave the cursing to that other mouth.
Yea, Tree of knowledge, thou of Ignorance!
Had but that couple, with a little tact,
Accosted pat the Lord in Paradise,
When sweet in humor, for a savor smelt,
As he was then, he would deigned to treat;
Would have forgiven; would have let them stay,
And merry making were throughout the world!
Yet in that covenant, he put his head
Too much upon his heart: the sovereign,
Who with his subjects treats on equal terms,
To that extent, divests himself of rule,
Which in the subjects' hands turns to abuse.
The curse, the Lord eschewed, ere yet it sought
Its proper hell, a while defiled Man's mouth,
And though at vast declension from that Lord's
We ken, as most disastrous next, that one
By Noah 'gainst neglectful Ham denounced:
Four thousand years, like comet, never known,
Had it forth wandered, whence it had been feigned,
And in the book its name had been ignored,
When, in her Eden ignorance, that South
Revived it as a charter for her wrong,
Despite this Age's protestation, that
Humanity was then annulling it:
Where Reason stroked in vain, fell War has struck,
And now herself is blasted by the curse
Of ignorance, and by the very race
It had been quickened 'gainst! That Babel pile
Remembers Man, that he no longer needs
That dire conviction, by a ruthless Czar,
Ere he be conscious, that not Heaven fixed

A limit for his aim, however high,
And now mankind, though infinite in tongues,
Each other more, and Heaven understand,
Than when they had been fabled as of one.
As then, so now, whene'er a nation grows
In bulk too gross, and still her spirit wanes,
She needs must break and part, the while, one near,
In spirit growing, from her ruins rears,
Or, if herself's dismembered, unifies.
That hapless Hapsburg house exemplifies,
That Craft, no longer, by dividing rules,
For every State soon to its sorrow finds
That blasts of war, sprung in a neighboring land,
Gain strength when sweeping through a varying house.
Thou art too long on earth to be apprized,
How they oft flourish best, who outward hold
More sign and promise than they yield within;
Thus oft thou in the Chapters' headings kenst
How wrenched the book's own text, that, unawares,
Conviction drop into the thought-bare mind:
They, who thus tamper, call it pious fraud,
As if God ever could be served with lies!
But make no quest, belike, their Lord may be:
Its coming progeny ken from that first,
Where in the syllabus 'tis given out,
That Abram with a promised Christ was blest.
Not ominous that pending curse has proved;
But direful fell that promise to the Seed,
That as a nation it should be made great:
Mark this, as 'twere an acorn in the ground.
Yea, Times of time! Will ye return no more,
When Man could haggle with the Lord himself,
And yerk him on to his own righteousness?
When he would deign, as 'twere no grace at all,
So Man but owned him his particular god,
To close and open wombs, as he'd beseech;
Ay, task himself, to get for him an heir;
Would add a syllable unto his name,
And even change his own, for sound divine!
Nor yet disdain to interpose himself
Between Man's falsehoods and their consequence!
Then, gratis would he grant his covenants,
And, if Man doubted their fulfillment, vouch
With goat and pigeon, ram and turtledove!
Ye favored pristine Times! how ye contrast
With these degenerate days, when stinted Man
Can only know, ye were supremely blest,
To have possessed, of true believers all,
That model most divine, whom he, alas!
Can hope to follow never, never more!

Man, from that Prophet, from a hundred more,
The book has sanctified, take thou the cue,
That deeds take not their standard from themselves,
But as they have been praised, or damned in Writ,
Where doer stamps the deed, and not the deed
The doer, for no lying spirit yet,
Who owns a name, did e'er so nimbly vault
From truth to falsehood, and then back again,
As did that Prophet, when in craven heart,
He owned as sister, to that Pharaoh,
His wife, and then, despite the mild rebuke,
The trick repeated on Abimelech.
Yea, Tristian, there is the stress of need,
Its very sting, that Man at last will call
The tree by what it bears, and not the fruit
From tree: have it the Lord's or Devil's name.
The need cries out, that Man at last will pore
Within himself, and cease to stare upon
What is paraded to his vision, by
A childish Age, that fabled 'gainst the Truth.
From what the Past has handed down to Man,
Let him, with judgment, cull what fits him best,
But never let him sacrifice to it,
For it were worse, than stuffing in the dead,
The nourishment, demanded, by the quick:
Fond Man, if ever thou wast melancholy,
Because not with that Jacob's ladder blest,
Consider how conditionally he
Avowed his faith, when from his dream he woke!
Then question how much his God-Knowledge was
More than thy own, ay, whether 'twas as great?
Where Man has been portrayed, as merely Man,
The book is written with immortal pen,
And no parts of it can more edify
Than its descriptions of domestic life,
Including those profane and pious cheats,
That are vernacular to the chosen Seed,
And never lacking in the other Man.
What marvel that they multiplied so fast
In Egypt, when their dames the blessing took,
As quick as tinder takes the spark from flint?
And, when they failed, would on their husbands urge
To deem their maids, as what themselves had been?
When wives held barrenness their worst reproach,
And where themselves fixed their alternative,
To either found a life or lose their own?
Not even in these cultivated times
Are rare such self-denying souls in wives,
And yet, how many dames, who pious mourn
Those days divinely blest, are too refined,

The while their husbands toil, to task themselves,
As thrifty Leah with her mandrakes did,
And win their spouses, coming home at eve,
Though God, no doubt, would hearken, now as then?
Yea, Tristian, that field prolific teems,
Where there is dropped in every hill a corn.
We, in the book, have now approached that turn,
Where we diverge from the traditional
To the cotemporaneous path of Man
Which with unaltered gait we'll still pursue:
The Lord, for introductory, then changed
Or added to his names; it recks not which:
Jehovah now's his proper with the Seed,
And God Almighty is in vogue again,
For, as from first, so 'twill forever last,
As here on earth, so in the spheres beyond.
How changed the Lord, or added to himself,
His deeds, not names, shall sound as we proceed.
As erst, the Protean aptness of the snake
In Eden felled, so now it edifies
In Egypt, where forgetful of that curse,
It, rod-sired, makes its mess of its own kind,
Instead of dust: yea, these be miracles!
But Tristian, as thou doest hope to go
Where naught but truth is known, I vouch to thee,
The miracles and mysteries of Man
All end in laughter, but the Wonderful
In God's Creation lasts an endless Truth.
Yet Ignorance will ever cast afar.
To force a miracle, whilst Man needs not
To even look upon the universe,
But only on himself, for miracle,
Far greater than he ever can conceive.
Yet thou wilt needs admit, that Moses then
Himself acquitted like a master true,
And, whether he the modern Craft in aught
Could have instructed, or have learned from it,
We'll not encroach, where 'tis peculiar.
Thou knowst, how patiently and sore he strove
With Pharaoh's ungodly sorcerers,
And how the Lord, as patron of those friends,
From whom Distress aye prays deliverance,
Would harden still that heart, not soft before,
To stay those miracles from taking root.
When all, what Moses either of himself,
Or by the Lord's direction, could achieve,
Would naught avail, then did the Lord, at last
Lay had on work himself, and, how he forced,
That scrupulous syllabus is shamed to own:
In proper person, Egypt's land throughout,

In the security of midnight-stealth,
From throne to dungeon, he the first-born smote!
Yea "Smote's the designation by the book,
But there's a verb from the Arabian
Derived, which is the proper for the deed:
Still be he known to us, as but the Lord!
There lack not, in the Craft's perverted Cant,
They who, "impute this to his righteousnes"!
But let Humanity still cry: "Great God,
What horrors are commited in thy name!
Since this was perpetrated by the Lord.
But, verily, there are yet some of Man,
Who hold, that next the very act of crime,
Is the enormity of charging it
Upon the innocent: Account it, Man!
To whomsoever thou mayst choose: Has God
Offended so, in calling thee to life,
That this report of Him, should live in thee?
His crime lends wings unto the fugitive,
And thus the chosen seed, with all their spoils
Of borrowed jewels which they had embezzled,
Unto the Red-Sea passage hurried fast,
As could the fear of swift pursuit impel.
That miracle, but measured late of Man
By miles and fathoms, now does wax and wave,
As it were with that Sea's own tide and ebb;
The while lay buried in oblivion,
Far deeper than its sand, that marvel which
The present Age, repeating, realized:
And yet, it is obtruded on mankind,
That, in this noon of knowledge, they should take,
As miracles and mysteries, what then,
Three thousand years ago, the chosen Seed,
In their rude ignorance, could not digest,
As their loud murmurs, ceaseless restiveness
And numerous apostasies evince.
Yea, scarce were they from the Egyptians 'scaped,
And had beheld their Prophet with the Lord,
Ere they professed, it was that golden calf,
And not the Lord, who did conduct their flight!
We now approach, with rev'rence for the Man,
That Sinai Mount, whence he brought forth his laws:
Thou needst not be an aeronaut, to know,
How far from earth, the Lord had donned that cloud;
The smoke thou knowst was heaved up from below."
"Alas! when Deity visits Man on earth,
He ever comes, or leaves him, in a cloud!
Yet Spirit, I, with awe and reverence,
Am present with thee, as the Prophet gives
What Inspiration graved upon the Stones,

But stand, abashed with shame, as I reflect
The base decline from sacred Sinai Mount
To yonder soul offending, sorry mart,
Where legislation now, as once a year,
Is, in the overt, bartered, bought and sold;
Where tickled Hell, outright, with laughter mocks
The fond delusion, that she is subdued:
See how, to blind their duped constituents,
There humbly creep, in caterpillar slough,
They, who in summer flit the country through,
Its butterflies! See still another band,
Like, serpents knotted, lurk before that mart,
Apportioning the poison through the tongue!
Thou Spirit deign'dst, to hint upon that curse,
Which, sterile from its source, was made to bear:
Lo! how its blight this land has blasted, see
In its abandonment to such as these!
Yea, Spirit, next to France, which even now,
Between her frenzy and her wreck does crush
The heart of Man, no land so doomed as this!
Yea, this, the most deplorable of all,
Since its redemption is the furthest off:
As thou from me, wouldst thou too raise its curse
Of Ignorance, the kindred to my Fall,
Thou'dst give a boon, now sought in vain of Man!"
"Fond Tristian, be conscious I abide
With thee alone, not them; yet, when 'tis meet,
I'll more of this. Meanwhile owns not that land
A clergy richly fee'd, to tend this field?"
"Alas, they tarry in that temple still
Amongst those changers, throwing down their tills,
And glorying o'er the fall of Babylon:
They never stumble on a wickedness,
That lies beyond their fire-and brimstone-scent,
For they are, by their discipline, enjoined
From knowing more, than that Apostle knew."
"Then were it meet, they knew what needs their time,
As well as he did his. That cause is lost,
Which craves its saving from an Age defunct,
That had enough in caring for itself.
If they see not, that Babylons arise,
And fall each day, then it were time, that Man
Sought other eyes, to spy where Evil worms
Into the founded Good. But to the book:
Not Aaron was the first, and never, Man!
Shall live the last of them, who nimbly float
To office on the tide, how short its heave,
And on no better subterfuge than his,
Who cast in gold, and then came out his calf!
But had not kinship then, and policy

Outcried the blame, he would have been, instead,
The Prophet's second, of those victims first,
From whom the Sons of Levi, with those arms
Nerved by the tenth of all, that fountain struck,
Whose hell-shored channel, overflowing fed
From nations', parents' children's, spouses' blood,
Which in our course of Man we'll often cross.
Thou'lt deem, the Prophet would more godly shine,
Had he still forced the chosen Seed to drink
Their gold-idolatry, and not dispatched
Three thousand souls unto the living God,
To find He is no calf, but know, O Man!
This was a consecration to the Lord:
Faith is so precious, human life so cheap!
This very day yet, histories lament
The Prophet did not then exterminate
The old inhabitants of Palestine,
And thus preserve the purity of faith!
Yea, Ignorance will smile, whenn Kowledge weeps!
That 'gainst Delusion and Cupidity,
That armory of hell is closed at last,
Man, thank Intelligence, but never, Creed.
As shocks the Prophet's deed, so cheer his words:
"Love thou thy neighbor, as thou lov'st thyself,"
And "Do not gather of the harvest all,
But leave the gleaning of it to the poor."
As we proceed, we are accosted by
A miracle, though not so dubbed by Man:
It is that goat, from which that Lamb has sprung;
But only simulated is that load,
Which can be shifted on another's back,
And though, both long are gone with what they bore,
Yet Man's iniquities remain with Man.
Had he to make account for sins, as then,
When by the Lord that gatherer of sticks
Was ordered to be stoned forthwith to death,
Of all that multitude who daily pray:
"O Lord, come on the earth, and dwell with us!"
If, once for all, their hope were realized,
How few, that would not pray him off again!
Yea, oft is Man's fruition but the bridge
Between his feigned desire and sure disgust.—
Still be thou patient, for, whilst with the book
We must abide its miracles: they stand,
Like mountebanks, so long as Ignorance
Will stare on them, and this in turn will last,
Coeval with Intelligence, else Man
Would have no choice, and then he were a slave.
Yet we'll, for old acquaintance' sake, accost
That brassy serpent, which in Edom then

Gave life to Man, as erst that brazen one
In Eden wrought his death, and, since it were
No praise to us, to sound these miracles,
We bid farewell to them in this, our last:
Though Moses lets the Lord make days and nights,
Before the sun, the moon and stars were made,
Yet, when once fixed, he tampers there no more,
For he was such, that not the seventy,
To whom he feigned his spirit portioned out,
One Moses altogether made, when, plump!
His imitator caricature wrought:
For, Joshua, not contented that the Lord,
Had furnished, from his own, the brains he lacked,
By acting Chief of staff, and Engineer;
That he, with hail, discomfitted the foe,
Much more than did the blows of Israel,
But he must needs disturb the universe;
Affront the Sun and Moon, by begging them
To help him eke his patched up generalship.
Not this, but wonder is, that still it grows;
That, at this day, a journal, boasting of
Its readers by the hundred thousand, them
Can stultify with the assertion, that
Then Joshua, not only Sun and Moon,
But all the planetary System staid!
Yea, verily, there will be, for all time,
Such fools, as never can that Angel know,
Though by that ass so readily recognized;
Nor yet be able to confess in speech
As did that brute, what they within them feel.
Howbeit, Sun and Moon partook the brunt,
Wherein the Lord—it being human war,
And he but trained against those Legions, and
Then two to one—himself were tyro proved.
Thou'lt say, 'tis strange, but then—what is not strange?
That Chaos, so colossal and grotesque,
Was improvised, to gain a strip of land,
Not larger than the least of modern states:
Was't not the Promised Land, and when his word
Has once been past, what will the Lord not do?
Yea, in his own good way, and who so bold,
As to suggest to him? Thou'lt say, there is
No reason in such feats: ay, if there were,
They had not been the Lord's, and Man for him
Has sacrificed his reason long ago.
Thus waged the Lord his warfare for his saints,
Who, not ungrateful, fought again for him;
Yet there are some, but then they lack that grace,
Who deem that God and Man both better fare,
Since each fights only for his proper cause.

From all intelligence, Man sacrificed
To keep himself in savor with the Lord,
He has at last regained the consciousness,
That God will never strive with mortal Man.
But let us quit these wars and massacres
To them, whose souls are nourished by their dust,
Which is to thee as baleful as the steneh
Of region, by an epidemic scourged.
The leakier party, still for aye, as then
Is ever buoyed up by the bulkier lie,
And never cause in court the better shows,
For the assertion, that the judge is known
To be the owner's friend. Deplore not, Man,
That thou art sundered from our Spirit world:
Ill starred's the progeny, when heaven's sons
Commingle with earth's daughters: See thyself,
The offspring. Manaoh's wife by angel got,
Of strength, of sight bereft, a suicide;
The woes, and ending of another one,
Begot from heaven, and by woman born,
Shall be our after theme. Therefore, O Man!
Let still the heavenly with the heavenly mate,
And earthly with the earthly be content.
If Man will level heaven with the earth
Let him ascend, not drag the angels down;
For when the crystal dewdrop blends with dust,
The issue is but dirt. Alas! there be
So many, that, their number none can tell,
Who, in their youth perverted, shame the boons
God through Civilization gave to Man,
By sorrowing in their warped, deluded souls,
That they, instead of now, came not on earth
Three thousand years ago, amongst this Seed
Of Abraham: a people, whom the Writ,
Which, sprung from priesthood, most for priesthood
flowed,
And holy is, because 'tis holy called,
Makes the elect of God; to whom He spoke,
From mouth to mouth, who knew Him face to face!
Let such compare themselves, this living age
Unto that people, and that envied time,
When there were such abominations rife,
As that, which David made a gift to Soul."
"Though, Spirit, as thou sayst, that host be vast,
Yet they're fast yielding to that waxing one,
Whe're like those guests, that at the festive board,
Loth, to seem odd, will with the humor chant;
Though lacking inclination, text and tune,
They with the chorus but the burden drawl,
Whilst, still within, his lay that minstrel trills,

That our Creator must be felt, not feigned."
"Yea, verily, and did the free'st call
That Phrygian goddess, mother; were his scalp
Her scarlet cap, he is in soul but slave,
As e'er in market overt has been sold,
Who cowers from the freedom of his thoughts,
And, on the Good suspended, hangs between
The hope of heaven, and the fear of hell;
Whilst only he is free, though at his birth
Chains clanged his thrall, who, by his manhood's bent,
Inclines to honesty, and from the wrong,
And feigns no bourn, where God Himself fixed none.
Let them, who mourn the lapse of priesthood-rule,
Consider whether they—whose intellect
Is so perverted, that they aye assert,
This earth, as to that Adversary lost,
And yet, dare claim its rule, by right divine,
As theirs—could ever rule, in love, that earth,
Which they so utterly abominate?
If Man will revel in that temple built
By Solomon, and praise his splendid reign,
Let him too mark the shadow cast on both,
By those exactions, which their cost entailed:
That heavy load so on the people ground,
That, rather than succumb, ten tribes withdrew,
And proved how Heaven governed they had been,
When, with his temple, they gave up their Lord,
And fell again before the golden calf.
Beside that temple, place St. Peter's church,
With those exactions, these indulgences;
With that secession of ten tribes from twelve,
The falling off from Rome of nearly half
Of Christendom; then further recollect,
For every one, who for that temple paid,
There were full thirty for that Church at Rome:
Thus shalt thou know that people's inner life,
And whether thou shouldst envy their estate,
Or they thy own. But oh, the wisdom of
That Solomon, which heaven deigned to-give,
As even he had prayed! Be undeceived:
God never makes a second gift to Man;
That what he has, He for his culture gave,
And will, by that, call on him to account.
Yea, Solomon has been so rarely wise,
And with the Lord, so favored, intimate,
He turned from him into idolatry!
The learned commentators of the book,
Of greater and of minor Prophets write:
Where all profess to speak the word of God,
Why one is mouth-piece more, another less,

Let those who class them so, not me, explain.
Thou knowst that Prophet, as derived, denotes
One who speaks for another, that is, God,
And, that confounded with this sense has been,
That of Predicter; how, in this last sense,
Their words are made the never less'ning store,
Wherefrom to stuff, what else were hollow shell,
They, who besot with esoterics know;
For still the Khedive's vassal to the Turk!
But who cannot foist sense, on what themselves
Have written, never will discover how
That "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin"
Could be interpretted by Daniel.
Let Scholiasts blazon as sublime such Writ,
As: "God made darkness be his secret place,
And his pavilion round about him were,
Dark waters and the thick clouds of the sky."
Such for the Lord's abode may answer well,
But never, Tristian, for His, from whom
That violet breathes, and yonder sun emits,
And, more than all, whose moral government,
In operation is as evident,
As punctual, and as immutable,
As are the revolutions of His spheres.
Yet there's immortal poetry in the book,
And if, with understanding, thou construe,
Disjoining there, and joining this to that—
As, by a letter's change from hard to soft,
Thou'lt bound from bathos' depth to pathos' height—
Thou'lt glean a harvest, which shall compensate
That sorrow somewhat, thou tookst from the book.
As we take leave from that old Testament,
To vouch us ready welcome to the new,
We'll carry with us the remembrance of
Elijah, who, upon an only meal
Abided forty days in Horeb's Mount,
And then to heaven in a whirlwind went;
Of his Elisha, who conception vouched
Unto that lacking, hapless Shumammite,
And, since not heaven would gainsay the youth,
Made then his promise good, and afterwards,
With his own, life inspiring Prophet-breath,
Revivified the child. Remember too,
How he, with twenty loaves, those hundred men
Fed to satiety, and had to spare;
And how those dry bones, by that Son of Man,
Ezekiel's prophesying, were revived,
And as an army stood. We to the book
Shall bid farewell: It opens with Man's Fall,
And closes with a dire, earth-smiting curse:

Still it is holy, for 'tis holy called!
Now, from his work, will to the Author turn:
As thou in childhood with those shepherds whil'dst,
So now, with me, at side of Moses sit,
As in that Mountain he tends Jethro's flock;
Not there his care: he broods upon himself,
And them, who from their ancestors, as guests,
Were now deteriorated into serfs,
The ban of extirpation over them:
A lamentable strait for host and guest,
When, for security, the former yearns
To have him out, whom he has bidden in;
Himself, through woman's love, by accident
Was rescued in the prelude of that doom,
Whose earnest might at any moment fall.
He had been educated at the court,
Learnt all what Egypt then, that eldest school
Of present Man, could teach the human mind;
Preferred in his own person, he yet felt,
In sympathy, more keen his people's woe,
Than they, its victims; last, in noble heart,
He slays the haughty, who did smite the poor,
Already overwretched in his doom;
Rebuked, denounced by them he championed,
He sacrificed position, favors, all,
And now, an outlaw, he is tending sheep!
There have been patriots, will be again,
But, first in head, and heart, that Moses stands:
Not more upon the tree direct the limbs
Unto the trunk, than to his soul the thoughts
To free his people, and to make them great.
For this he worried till he could outdo
Th' Egyptians in the arts he learnt of them;
For this he tasked his ingenuity,
Till his imagination bare that name,
Which vibrates 'tween the traits of God and Man;
For this he pieced Tradition's Time-gnawn thread,
And, when that failed, from his rich fancy spun,
To weave that Genesis, wherein to fold
His people to a Nation's unity;
For this, as their Exodus' stimulant,
He feigned that Paradise lay thereabout,
Where they would find the flow of Promised Land,
And, conscious that his race' vernacular
Was parleying of precious stuff, gave out,
That there, with many gems, the gold was good!
Yea, gold in heavenly Paradise fits well!
My human friend, engrave it on thy soul,
That Knowledge too can smile, whilst Ignorance
Bewails her doom: To win his people from

Th' Egyptian deities, he feigned their first,
Yea, their Creator of the universe,
The Serpent, to have been that Adversary,
Who in his Eden wrought that Fall of Man!
He reason then did have, to feign it such:
What now is Man's, that he should credit still,
Save, having bidden Reason once good-by,
He needs must wander from it, evermore!
Thou, Tristian now needst scarcely to be told,
His deluge was suggested by those shells,
Which he on Horeb, as thyself hast found
Upon thy native mounts: thou know'st from school,
That if, instead of forty, it should rain
Four hundred days, it could not flood this globe:
Yet then he feigned the best account he could;
The miracles, he fabled done by him,
He wrote for after generations' use:
How Creeds, to-day, yet snatch the bait, thou know'st;
Man reckons not, that Time, forgetting him,
Repairs his slight, that would ignore his Age.
Yea, heed the crying Now, not echoing Past:
The stream, from which thou, thirsting, yesterday
Hast drawn thy very life, to-day may prove
Thy death, by drowning; so Mose' voucher to
Those feeble tribes, they were of God elect,
To hearten them on to the goal he fixed,
Soon, in their overweening, proved their bane,
For they were never as a nation great,
But often tributary to those foes,
They could but envy, never emulate;
And, that their country never bloomed like rose,
Was cared for by that primal curse on toil,
Which still the chosen Seed from instinct dread.
Although Humanity may palliate,
'Twill not ignore, that Moses' slaught'ring, by
His sworded priests, of those three thousand doomed;
As to that Egypt's horror, it has stood,
From first, and will to last, no people e'er
Can flourish through assassination's blood:
Their subjugations and captivities
Evince, that God's sure justice visits it,
And if commited by the Lord himself.

CANTO V.

CONTENTS.

The ancient Gentile World: Egypt, Greece and Rome. Homer, Zoroaster, Confucius, Socrates, Alexander, Hannibal, Marius, Sylla, Cæsar. The Vicissitudes of Nations.

As, ætherward, the lark rejoicing scales,
When Spring's first sun has cheered her on her wings;
Yea, like the eagle rocking 'bove the clouds,
To recreate within her element;
So braced in bent, the breast of Tristian,
Elated by the lore, the Spirit taught,
For knowledge, strenuously, higher strove,
Above the transient littleness of Man;
And though his heart, as wont, its welcome gave
To friend or stranger, ere the greet was spoke,
He rather shunned, than sought to be with Man;
For now his conversation palled his sense,
As mere tongue-practice on the sated ear,
And, though himself would fain have made his speech
The carrier from own to stranger breast,
He checked himself, and left his words but blank,
For he had felt, how sore it irks the soul,
When she lets out, what clamors most within,
And wakes no echo; when the shrinking heart
Reproves us for another's chilling gaze,
To which, too forward, we had laid it bare.
Yea, vain it is for Man, to cast beyond
For that communion, which he, at last,
Can find but in himself. Thus, Tristian weaned
From all what sounding comes, and hollow leaves,
Was, through the Spirit, wedded fast to Man
By but those ties, Eternity has spun.
As maiden, in the prime of love, desires,
So now, he for the absent Spirit yearned,
Who, true familiar, made his presence felt,
Ere he to Tristian thus announced himself:
"Acquainted with that chosen Seed, 'tis meet,
That now thou learn, how fared the lordless world:

If, those elastic and pathetic souls,
Who ever volunteer, to answer all,
Save what is sought, thou at this start shouldst ask,
Which were the happier, Gentile, or Elect?
They would apprize thee with complacency,
That there's no difficulty in the case,
Like those apt judges, whose decisions are,
Invariably, on appeal reversed;
And then, they'd turn on thee their unctuous flow,
Till thou wouldst gladly take thy leave again.
Yea, verily, the Hebrews had been blest
If but, as twilight to the noontide shows,
Their Palestine's reality compared
Unto that fancy, which still vaunts its praise."
"Its iteration's fulsome through the world;
For as in monarchies, by Craft of rule,
So in republics, through Stupidity,
The bias for that book is dinned to Man,
And all, because it has been holy dubbed,
Whereby, the soul is stinted, warped and crushed:
By heavens, Spirit! as bewildered oft,
I strain within that parasitic lore,
Which has so rankly round that fable sprung.
There ever was a Prompter in my breast;
Yea, 'twas the very voice of God Himself,
Which warned me, that the Deity, I felt,
Had not created this vast universe,
For but a little strip, that scarce deserves
The name of country; that He never had
A thousand million children, then on earth,
To be a father to but barely five.
But Spirit, since I am restored by thee
To my estate, more, than yet ever heir,
When reinstated to his ousted rights,
I shall insist, for my immortal soul,
That Falsehood, to a tittle, shall restore
The lasting Truth, of which I have been wronged."
"That thou shall have it, is vouchsafed by me,
But yet, thou shouldst have been upon thy guard;
For, as Man now, so has he ever been:
Thy every day Experience bade thee judge
Of men, by their report, and to beware
From taking them, as what they boast themselves.
Hast thou from its cotemporaries heard,
That they accredited that chosen Seed
To have been such, as it asserts itself?
Yea, is it not, in its vicissitudes,
All overweening children's counterpart?
Mark, 'tis the prelude to a nation's fall,
When, in delusion of her excellence,

She will presume, that with impunity,
She can transgress on Heaven's order, and
Exact from Man more than her merits earned.
Let nations be exclusive, as they will,
And raise, themselves, what needs for body, and
For mind, but let them still import their praise:
That of domestic growth is vicious stuff.
Thou knowst, this world is from eternity,
And that to Man, at large, is but a name,
Whilst big with sense to us. Now cast in thought:
Although, thy life to everlasting time
Compares but little more, than naught to all,
Yet, long, or short, 'tis of that whole a part.
If that eternity, which has elapsed,
Thou wilt consult, with withered memory,
Oblivious, it mumbles what occurred
Four thousand years ago, yet contradicts,
In second breath, what in the first thou heardst,
Till, coming down, it from the records speaks,
With which the contradictions still increase,
Though, gradually, verging from the main
Into details, as they this centre near.
But thou, of that eternity, which lies
Ahead of thee, canst know no more, than if
Thou never hadst been born, save only, what
Thou'lt from the present cast. Why this is so,
Thou shalt hereafter learn. If thou canst deem,
That there is naught, in spirit, or in stuff,
Of natural, or seeming monstrous cast;
Yea, more than Man can feign, can ever dream,
But has already been, or will be yet,
Thou'lt have an inkling of eternity.
From this deduce, that Wisdom understands,
Where Ignorance contemns, and then thou'lt know,
How 'tis, that Man, in meaner things, than he
Beholds himself, will feign to worship God;
How now, in Egypt, by the name of Kneph,
The Serpent, in reality, is owned,
As of its deities, the very first,
Whilst it is feigned, in Eden, to have been
The ruinous, suggesting foe of Man.
Thou marvelst, how thy God permits himself
To be confounded with such abject things?
Is it for thee, or Him, to say, how He
Shall be adored of Man? One reason holds,
Why Time should flee in minutes, and abide,
For everlasting, in Eternity,
And why the Sculptor shaped that Apis-god,
Whom, in one stroke, he could undo again,
Whilst I now teach to thee the lore of truth,

Which, like a circle, ends where it began.
Thou understandst, why thou cam'st on this earth
An animated blank, instead the fill
Thou hast attained; thou readily wilt perceive,
The tender sprout, that needs the tepid air,
Would by the July-sun be singed, and die;
And yet, thou marveldst why, in childhood then,
Thy kind has lacked the noon's enlightenment,
Wherein, its manhood-intellect now basks;
Where Child no play, the Man no earnest, knows:
So had that Age not built its pyramids,
Its obelisks, and kindred marvels all,
Which, ruined, or intact, amaze mankind,
Then could this Age not speak around the globe,
Through bottomed ocean, with the speed of thought.
And, as this living Age its prodigies
Could never have conceived, through ancient gods,
So could Antiquity have never reared
Her monuments, upon the modern creeds.
Hence learn thou, that, despite its own avouch,
No system for eternity endures,
Since, in all Heaven's order first is change:
The motion, which that Genesis forgot.
I'd have thee, ever, close thy ear against
A parrot phrase, first by some lack-brain taught,
To be purveyor to all barren minds;
It is, that history repeats itself:
Know, the Omnipotent has not designed
Eternity, as finite Man constructs
A music-instrument, which, when it played
Its numbered melodies, must either cease,
Or wound up new, by repetition pall:
Instinctively, Man's genius will know
Its kin originality in all;
Whereas, the doctered and short-sighted soul
Dare look but through the glass of precedents.—
Let Man of merit, as in Egypt then,
Be, after death, revered still as a god,
Since he of none, in life, has ever been,
Will ever be, adored as scarcely less,
And all for favors, which he owes to chance.
From Man's Civilization's nursery,
Old Egypt, we pass to its garden, Greece,
Where planted, grafted with her native slips,
She soon excelled her fertile mother-stock.
There, Man was blest with laws, in manner like
The chosen Seed, and very near its time.
Both were from heaven feigned, although alleged
From counter gods: one from the Lord himself;
The other, by the self asserting son

Of Jupiter, was given unto Greece.
But then, what profit Heaven's laws to Man,
When hankering Evil's their custodian,
Expositor, Executor and all?
Thou, fond Lycurgus, hadst thou thought of this,
Thou never wouldst have taken thy resolve!
Yea, governments and laws are then divine,
When, in their application, they so prove.
Yet, whence their origin, but they can tell,
Who have not all confounded Heav'n with Hell,
And given unto both the former name.
'Tis true, on earth, there must be governments,
But till the Truth prevail, there will be few,
Whatever be their form, to prove themselves,
More the promoters of the good of Man,
Than merely cunning engines for his harm,
Contrived to take, from where 'tis justly owned,
To there bestow, where it is not deserved.
From demigod, we to the bard ascend:
Still lives the God, that gave great Homer life;
The gods, which he created, are defunct,
And yet, through them, the bard immortal lives:
In Homer witness, how the fellowship
With Deity impregnates human soul,
And though, the offspring be no lasting god,
Yet, she herself will be immortalized.
Yea, thou imaginative, merry Greece!
Not ever Heaven, but Olympus high,
Could have remained; yet since thy Tartarus
Has died out in that Hell, the latter owns
This earth, by right of forfeit, as a fee!
How it was lost, Man were abashed to own
To thee, wert thou, as in thy best estate;
Meanwhile, that Heaven, which thou feign'dst so near,
Has shifted further, where, no eye has seen,
No ear has heard, nor ever heart conceived;
For, even now, 'tis feigned, its foretaste here
Would make our Heaven vapid, past the grave,
And wiser is this age, than thine has been,
For time but then began, when thou wast dead!—
Yet as thou seest, in Mars' sired Romulus
Whom Murder from the earth to heaven raised,
The offsprings from Olympus shared the fate
Of those descended elsewhere on the earth.
To no such doom did Zoroaster fall,
For he, not claiming to be more than Man,
In him no jealous foe, but pupil found,
Prepared to follow where he showed the way,
That brought him to the Source, whence he has sprung.
How conscious Man accords his gratitude

To that Reformer, who will set him right,
Concerning his relation with his God,
Is witnessed by those children of the Sun,
Who made the offspring of Confucius
Their sole, hereditary, noble caste:
Though system fall, these words shall live for aye,
Announced through him: "Do not to others, what
Thou wouldst not have, that they should do to thee."
Co-infinite, with His material world,
God left His incorporeal for Man,
To fill out with the offsprings of his mind,
To whose conception, even, if it be
Remonst'ring of Himself, He set no bounds,
And hence—as childhood is more edified
With puppets, than with natural adults—
Mankind in every Era's infancy
Instinctively, because congenial,
Accept as God, not as He really is,
But as presented by the feigning mind;
Then, as the era's intellect matures,
Comes the philosopher, who substitutes
As God, the Maker of god-making Man,
Until the following Era wipes away
The former's gods, philosopher, and all,
Beginning with a system of its own.
Five centuries had interposed their change,
Between the poet and philosopher,
When, for denying of the bard-feigned gods,
Who gradually then succumbed to time,
Great Socrates was doomed to die for Truth;
Yet, that he did not die for Truth in vain,
Man quickly proved, when he came to himself,
In punishing the causers of his death:
But there he made an end of violence.
'Twere well, that Man would make a note of this.—
Thou noble Solon! Scribes of sinecures,
In vain, would prostitute, for modern use,
Thy legislating for Humanity,
Which never will forget, that it was thou
Who bade departing Fortune go alone,
And take along, no more, the freedom of
The debter and his dearer duplicates,
And that thou madest the law, that only they,
Who are to sacrifice, to bleed and die,
Should say, when peace for war should be exchanged:
Despite the ruin wrought, by mass, or class,
That country will be next perfection, where
The dominant democracy will heed
The aristocracy of intellect.
Though Cant in modern times would cry it down,

Yet, Athens! glorious thy praise, in that
Thou gav'st their culture to thy slaves so mild
That thou and they were cursed with no revolt.
Thou happy Greece! where is thy like so blest,
That for appreciative patronage,
One to the others owned, himself was classed
Amongst them as one of the seven wise?
Yet thou, in one respect, hast never been
So singularly blest as modern times;
For, in thy very superfluity,
Thou wast constrained, to ostracize thy great,
Whereas, in latter days, the great, or they
Who pass as such, pay of their magnitude
Such tribute to that Sion, that their might
Gives no offence unto the common tribe.
Yet still, unrivalled Greece! whilst for a gloss,
All other countries but coquet with thee,
There's one whose Learning with the earnestness
Of truthful Sove thy Spirit wooes, and lo!
Its potent as in thy own best of days:
For thy own Salamis, behold Sedan;
For Marathon, the yielded fortress, Metz;
And fierce Platæa in that Paris view,
Whilst thy Thermopylæ thou'lt find again
In those dark passes, which to Belfort led.—
Yet, to approve their will, there is no need,
A people burn their ships, as they advance,
For, in retrieving what is lost, not in
Displaying what is owned, is greatness shown!
Yea, Greece! thy Spirit fled; then fell thy arms:
Not thou to Philip ever hadst succumbed,
Nor still more to his son, had they not been
More Greek, than thy degenerated sons:
Behold great Alexander deviate,
From his world conquering march, to recreate
His hero-spirit from the scenes of him,
Who struck his inspiration to the glow,
Whilst, with the greatest teacher of the world,
He only lacked that greater still, the one,
To designate, when, in the precepts taught,
Exception should be made; for still his soul,
Her own original, succumbed to lore,
But as the lion to the tamer's eye;
And as, when that is turned, the spell is broke,
And all revives, what discipline has quelled;
So, if his tutor's stay was once upset,
From order into riot fell, who was
The Age's master, and the Minute's slave:
It recks not, what his mission was on earth,
He broke the contract of his lease with God,

Who, for ill using of His tenement,
Ejected him before his term expired—
Though rarely conscious, Man yet ever feels,
That, never failing recompense of toil
Lies in the joy, while undergoing it:
When laboring, like an art, that hillward tugs
A heavier load, than her industrious bulk,
Great Hannibal clomb those forbidding Alps;
When first his soul was ravished, to behold
The execrated Romans turn their backs;
Again, when seventy thousand of their dead
Were counted to him on that Cannae's eve,
Not higher could he have exulted then,
Than if he later had at Zama proved
Victorious, instead forever thrown.
And yet, as afterwards he shuddered through,
When made aware, how, sickened in estate,
His exile did infect his former friends,
Who shunned him thence, as he were pestilence,
If he, before, had crossed a hundred Alps,
Had won five hundred battles, and had slain
Ten millions of them, his heart abhorred;
Still for his wound he had not found his cure,
Short of that poisoned cup. Doomed Hannibal,
Whose noble heart was broke, when in his camp,
His brother's head was cast, in his despair,
Could not conceive, that though the mightiest,
That wrong mankind, repel the stranger's scourge,
They wreak, at last, worst vengeance on themselves:
That Rome, which Carthage plundered, and then burnt,
And ousted nigh a million of their homes;
Which massacred the unarmed Spaniards,
And only left the children and the aged
Of all that Boian race; which so oppressed
Its vassals, that the doomed Sicilians
Would rather in the Etna's flames be cast,
Than to endure their brute, corrupted rule;
That Rome was rearing then the rack, whereon
To stretch herself, in worse than victims' groans:
Her public trusts had waxed so lucrative,
That for the vile, as for the high, they had
Become a scramble by the pull of bribes,
'Gainst which all laws but ungatory proved,
Since shameless judges their decisions sold!
Yet, for a time, that Marius might slay,
As if they were not of the human kind,
More than a hundred thousand at a swoop
Of those doomed Teutones, Cimbri and more tribes;
Full soon he raged a feller fiend in Rome,
And only yielded to a worse one still,

When Sylla wrung the havoc from his grasp.
Yea, Tristian, not from the hearse to grave
The corpse more quick and sure, than offices
From bribe to blood descend. Like bloated leech,
That can no more, so glutted with her blood,
That Sylla dropped of from distempered Rome,
And, as a voluntary castaway,
At Cumæ choked in his own ravened filth,
Yet, as no Man can altogether prove
A devil, unredeemed, so he evinced,
That human nature, howsoe'er depraved,
Must be disgusted with the hell it wrought.
Fell Marius too, somewhat, his crimes atoned,
In raising into Man the Proletar,
Then but depending on the charity
Of them, that were the pampered of the State,
For what so be the boast of Charity,
The sweetest bread, she yields, is only sour,
And, howsoever soft she spread her couch,
The down is but on top, whilst underneath
It is a ledge of rock. Let Charity
Forever seek and care for Man infirm,
But better were that system 'mongst mankind,
Which rendered it unneeded by the whole,
Than that, which urges on the pampered few,
To yield their crumbs unto the victim mass.—
Along the farther bank of Rubicon,
His trusty horse his couch, behold a Man!
'Tis Cæsar meditating through that night:
What, hero! dost thou dread? Is't Pompey's soul,
Thy Inspiration fears the coping with?
Thou feelst, and hast approved thy caliber,
And thou knowest his: which has the farther cast?
Is it the Senate's might, which bars thy on?
Shall jackals raven on the lion's prey?
Or does that Imprecation daunt thee back,
Which dooms to the infernal deities
Rome's hostile son, who dares across the stream?
Lo! the inscription on the mould'ring stone
Is graved by human hands, a Latin slave's,
And, who conceived it was no more than thou:
It is by Man, who only can dispose
Of fleeting minute, as he understands,
But cannot bid, whence ousted is himself.
Consider, but a few more hundred years,
And they, for whom it simulates to speak,
Are in the reverance of Man defunct,
Whilst thou shalt in his memory endure,
So long as he shall know his yesterday,
Whilst then, yea then, that edict of the gods

Shall only in thy bold infringement live!
Still heed the God of all, who prompts within.
Thou hast decided, and thy legions shout;
With speed of thought to Rome! They who enjoyed
Their vaunt before, shall after chew their wail;
Though Pompey stamp his foot, he stamps in vain.
A sinking cause sends not its legions up,
And for himself? what can his name avail?
Man flocks to Man, as birds upon a tree,
Not for the trunk, but for the fruit it yields:
Great Cæsar won the prize that ever in
Its value is proportioned to its stake;
But not from hundred daggered Cæsars, Rome
Could ever have redeemed that spirit, which,
She through misdeeds, had forfeited for aye,
For, that the name makes no republican,
More than the wreath would crown a sot, a bard,
Thou knowest too well, unless thy very sight
Thou'lt own as treacherous, or that thou too
Art blind, like them, who follow where they're plucked.
Is it so rare, as 'twere a special grace,
That after such a lengthy carnage-swoop
Yet further stretched by those disastrous wars
Which left the Empire in Augustus' hands
When Man of blood was to his ichor drawn
He should at last crave rest and bandage, and
That then that universal peace set in,
Unless Man will admit, the aim and end
Why he is born, and waxes to adult
Is but, that he might slay his fellow Man?
Yet so that learned tribe insinuate
Who fain impute that momentary lull
To what chanced soon in subject Palestine
Which at that time appeased the world as much
As fly on camomile the fever cools.
Thus, through the vista of eternity
Thou seest all nations by their spirits borne,
As water on the main: now high by flood
And now, by ebb depressed, absorbing now
And then in turn, in part or all absorbed
To-day the victor, where but yesterday
They were the victims: their vicissitudes
But springing from themselves, and not from chance.
No nation ever fell a day too soon
Nor ever government, that yet collapsed,
But its prolonging had a better barred;
And while both are, there's reason they should be,
While their destruction, in itself, affords
The reason why they should not longer last.
That time, when wars shall cease, will never be.

For war's the final reason, last resort,
Not of the Kings, but truly of mankind.
Instead, a demonstration of brute force,
It is the culmination of the worth,
A nation owns in Spirit and in Stuff;
And were all nations in one unified,
Instead, of foreign, 'twere domestic war.
'Tis only by thy age's living light
That thou canst render legible the Past;
For, Man yet never understood the Past
Who did not comprehend his proper age:
And, whose behind his time, is up to none;
For as from first, so to the last endures
Our Power to create and to undo;
Still repetition in Man's history
As I have taught before, thou'lt seek in vain:
The causes of a nation's rise and fall
Forever stay, but their events still change.
As Man himself, beyond all others, loves,
So it is meet, that, to the ages past
He should prefer the one, in which he lives;
Yet, with his censure let him still forbear,
Since there has never been, will never be,
An age that cannot justify itself.
Let still each Era boast its proper hue,
But yet remember, that the prior one,
Has ground the colors ready for its use:
The Cynics' happiness in the contempt
Of riches and the pleasures of this life,
Is still condemned, as heathen vagary,
Whilst, taught by Dispensation, it is praised
As self-denial in the Christian:
The greatest virtue, meet for Paradise!
Yea, Tristian, that dark'ning, darkened Age,
Has poured the juice of many a precious fruit,
That ripened with the Gentiles, in the ditch,
Whilst it dispensed, the murk alone to those.
Who hankered for the change, and, all because,
Its land and people were not holy dubbed!
Yet mourn not Man, that Greece and Rome are dead:
For him, who'se worthy of them, they live still.

CANTO VI.

CONTENTS.

The Angel's Greeting to Mary. Christ's Birth, Sufferings, Death, Resurrection and Ascension. The Apocalypse. St. Paul; St. Peter and the Church. The Jews' Rejection of Redemption.

What needs, to prove the Soul's eternity,
The straining after subtile arguments,
When she will demonstrate it in herself?
There is a limit to the secular,
And as its wonders, figured by the hand
Of Deity, are still unrolled to Man,
The time shall come, when he'll survey yond spheres,
Minutely, as this, his native globe,
Howbeit, he cannot augment their size,
By his addition of a single foot.
But where *her* bounds, the soul knows not herself,
And, as she still creates her own domain,
"No further" 's never found by her, who can
Dilate herself throughout the universe,
And with eternity's co-infinite.
What life had never been to Tristian,
'Twas now, since he was with the Spirit blest:
The prelude to his soul's eternity,
And every minute, when of him deprived,
He from his stock of time but deemed as filched.
The Spirit waxing fond of Tristian,
As he of him, his visit made unbid,
And thus renewed the earnest conference:
"Thou know'st, the theologic lore declares,
That God did owe it to the majesty
Of him, it calls his son, to silence all
The Jewish Prophets, for four hundred years,
That all the nations might prepare themselves
For him, in whom their hopes should be fulfilled.
This obligation being fixed on him,
What could the Lord else do, than to dispose
His people's heart against that hankering
For Prophets, who, of questionable sooth,

How ever genuine in their own avouch,
Were thence, decried impostors, and the like?
Should he have stickled, and disowned his due,
When, like a patron's debt, behind his back,
By client paid, it kindly was assumed,
By the then conquerors of Palestine,
Who rather chose their Satraps', Praetors' mouth,
Than its own prophets' for the polity,
Wherewith the chosen Seed were governed then?
"Thou meanst, to open with that Testament:
It is for them for whom that Fall still lives;
For me 'tis dead, but for mankind, at large,
More infinitely blest had been its boon,
Had it disclosed to Man, as thou to me,
That there, in sooth, has never been a Fall,
Instead of showing, he might barely find
Redemption, on the thousand devious paths,
Whereon he wanders, verging from its main.
That Dispensation, with a second Lord,
Precipitates a third god on the world,
But if that second from that Lord be sprung,
I can but wish he had another sire.
For, whether it was he, the holy ghost,
Or was our God, thou know'st, Man asks in vain
Of them, who yield him all, save what he seeks.
Oh, thou omniscient Spirit, give me Truth!
And founded on a grain, my soul shall rear
Her fabric, through eternity, to God;
For she'll be lured, no more, to enter there,
Where all rests on the basis of a myth.
Man starts with fabricating of our God,
Thence, he continues falsifying with
His fellow Man, and thus he yields himself
Unto the very Evil he would shun:
He ousts the conscience, God has placed in him,
And, in his acts, is justified by faith!
Thus all directness is forever swamped,
Till retribution follows the offense
In own, or national calamity."
"In my illustrating, I shall proceed,
As though to thee the fable still were dread,
And then thou'lt open there, where now thou bar'st;
Yet be thou cautioned, not to take offense,
And, in our progress, ere thou stumble, speak,
That I may lift thee 'cross the obstacle.
How that new Testament refutes the old,
Behold in what is written by Saint John;
It reads: "No Man at any time saw God."
In this admission, what becomes, O Man!
Of all those interviews, of-face to face,

And conversations, held from mouth to mouth,
Related 'tween the Prophets and the Lord?
Thou'lt say: "Tis true enough, they saw not God,
But then they were inspired." How doest thou know?
Because of their assertion? Be it so;
But 'tween the two, an author from his work
Gets better credit, than it can from him.
'Twas meet, that Man, doomed in that fabled Fall,
In fullness of his time—since, out of it,
No leaf unfolds—should be redemption taught.
How, in those fifteen hundred years, between
The feigning and redeeming of that Fall,
The doomed compare with them, who knew it not,
Thou in the most essential features knowst.
But what transpired above, to save mankind,
What consultations were in council held,
What plans were formed, but to be cast aside
How the conviction, that he was constrained
To save mankind, within the Lord still grew,
And how his love of Man, at last, o'ercame
His stickling at the only final price,
Which Satan deigned, to take for Man's release,
All this, thou better canst acquire at large,
From those familiars in the vestibule,
Who, though closed out, yet hold their ears so tight,
That they can catch, what drops through heaven's eaves.
The book tells, that the Son of Man asserts,
That he was by the Heavenly Father loved,
Ere yet the world's foundation had been laid.
In this there's nothing enigmatical,
Since now thyself knowst better, than to deem,
That God's consideration for mankind
Is less than human father's, whose concern
For his incoming offspring sure precedes
The cradle he constructs, to place it in.
And what so wondrous, both the Testaments
Should speak of virgin to conceive a child?
Unless a former widow be the spouse,
Few are the fathers, that would be content,
That their first offspring should have been conceived
By other than a virgin. On thy brain,
More than on ear, that name: "God's mother" grates,
But how mates she, who is so called on earth,
With her, who was his his heavenly mother erst,
Since, he God's son, before he came on earth?
Ye Councils, called the ecumenical,
For once, be not so economical,
As but to give, what ye did give before:
Declare, That God did have a spouse from first;
Reveal her glory and her attributes,

That, signally, mankind be blest once more,
In knowing what they never knew before!
Then, too, assert your mission, and explore
If John, the Baptist's kinship with the Son
Was not more, than as second cousin, near.
Let Daniel still call Gabriel a Man:
Is't not the male, who keeps his angelship
Unto his grave, whilst but the female with
The cradle quits, to be angelical?
And since that Daniel's death, was there not time
For Gabriel, to be beatified
As one, amongst those radiant Cherubim,
Who, though as hoary as a promontory,
And lusty like its gulls, are never known
Peculiar with the cuckoo, save in wing?
Nor yet mistake, that Gabriel, when he
To Zacharias, and to Mary came,
Was of those angels of the churches, whom
The sainted John was bidden to address.
For such, as these, are not disposed to own
The subtle memory of Gabriel,
Who knew familiar facts, though six months old;
But rather Man, behold that Messenger,
As even in thy fancy he's conceived,
Remembering, that nothing is with God
Impossible, save but absurdity,
Which in all hues is possible with Man.
It is the trait of heavenly ministers,
As with domestic servants, to consort
There, where their masters would not condescend.
Let Man still strive, to imitate with her
In whom, through God, he multiplies himself,
That Angel's courtesy, who winning wooed,
As told, in his first chapter, by Saint Luke.
Let Woman, too, take still example thence,
What her obedience should yield to Man,
For, all instructions which the angel gave
Were most minutely carried out in proof;
Yea even, in the naming of the child,
His willing it should Jesus be prevailed
Against the Prophet's pet Emmanuel;
And yet that name—though by an angel given,
Enlarged by creed, whom it still designates—
Has waxed as odious, as grateful still
That Christian, the heathen Greek bestowed!
'Twas only in the gift of David's throne,
Wherein the sequel from the promise sheered:
But that was in the Romans to bestow,
Or rather Satan, if so Man prefers,
Since, by the Scripture, he owns all the earth.

So many times, the Moon had waxed and waned,
Since that familiar greeting was returned,
When Bethlehem beheld it realized.
What would the Son of Man's astonishment
Have been, when he beheld himself transferred
Into a manger from his heavenly throne,
If he himself had not picked out his route,
I even falter to conceive, and must
To that Imagination relegate,
That lets him so descend. Thou knowst too well,
That, though the birth of Man in lowliness
Scath not his spirit, yet confinement there
Will stunt it to decay in barreness.
Though Poverty be counted no disgrace,
Yet 'tis no honor, how so be its vaunt
A cloak for them, who feast beyond their due.
Though low in place, his birth was high in voice,
For, what a solitary one had pledged,
Was by a host of angels welcome praised
Unto those shepherds, who the tidings spread.
Star guided gratulations also came
From Eastward to the newborn king,
But had their bearers from the Southward hailed,
They either would have owned less fame, or more
Of its astronomy. Hereafter, ken
What all this profitted the Son of Man;
Suffice, the bruit another king was born
Bedevilled Herod to that massacre,
Whose horror may our God hence spare mankind.
In sooth it was a sorry ush'ring in;
Yea, Tristian, when once the truth prevails,
And every loom gets back the cloth it spun,
The fixing of that blame shall be revised.
The infant bloomed, beneath his mother's care,
Which she redoubled in a father's lack.
What was his culture and development,
Is indicated by his benching with
Those temple doctors, in his twelfth of years.
But soon that shadow, which thou knowst too well,
In its dark confines lapped his swelling heart,
And made him patient with that fellest ill:
An aching spirit in a healthy frame.
He sought and strained for adequate relief
Amongst the doctors of his country's faith,
And from the Scriptures, whence themselves had learnt,
But soon discovered, that for his complaint,
The system could afford no remedy,
Unless it first were all reformed itself;
And this directs us from my gross of lore
Unto its spirit: thou hast read, the Word

Had been made flesh, which means, that then the flesh
Took up the Truth, which permeates the All,
That Man might be restored his portion back,
Which had been fabled from him by that Fall,
And which, though once he might have spared it well,
Was to his growth then indispensable.
Thou knowst, though potently the Word can rule
In Spirit's realm, it yet was never God,
Nor the Creator of the Universe,
Nor even of the shadows least therein,
More than that thing, in Egypt known as Kneph.
The Word, mere emanation of the Mind,
Can only on the Mind beget in turn,
However it through matter operate:
Thus, Tristian, thou shalt ken, the Son of Man
Has called himself, sole offspring of the Word,
But for no other Man would undertake
Its restitution from that fabled Fall.
And, for he had no mediate one on earth,
Who would acknowledge him, to be his son,
He made our Father his immediate,
And called himself, that heavenly Father's son.
Now thou'rt provided, I'll resume my on:
It was not long, ere he was conscious made,
That Man's peculiar ailment found its cure
But in the minist'ring to other Man:
The Baptist, as a hardy pioneer,
Preceding him, had then prepared the change,
When both in public met on Jordan's bank,
And Jesus thence began, where further on
The other could not go. At this, thy stage,
Thou knowst how high a dove and voice descend,
For Heaven is no cloud, however high.
Thus pushed by stress of consciousness, that now
He must begin to act, firm willed to do,
He vibrated yet 'tween the opposites
Of physical and spiritual force,
And this he settled in that wilderness.
Oh Man, who needs wilt fable 'gainst the Truth,
Do'st thou not see, how little thou do'st make
Of Providence, by feigning that the Fall,
And Man's Redemption occupied our God,
From when he fell, until he was redeemed;
Whilst all his pondering for four thousand years
Required the supplementing by the thoughts,
Which forty days' seclusion would suggest?
If thou but little wouldst reflect on this,
Thou wouldst know better where thy counsel lies."
"Blest Spirit, did I not already feel
What then to me, I'd know, contrasting thee,

A truthful Spirit, with that lying one,
Who, in that wilderness, temptation urged
Upon the Son of Man, from whom he yet
Did not depart, with that severe rebuff,
Wherewith my spirit would have daunted him,
For, singly pitted, I would ne'er concede
A solitary foot of God's own earth
Unto that Satan, much less countenance
His impudent pretensions to the whole;
For though, on earth, the rule usurping, he
Sway in iniquity, now more, now less,
Yet he's but factor, Heaven is the chief."
"Thou judgest well. Within that wilderness,
The Son of Man, consulting his own times,
Conned by their cast, that they were all against
That one Messiah, hoped for by the Jews,
Who should release them from the foreign yoke,
And raise them in the scale of nations first;
For this the goal, to which, like Streams to Main,
All Jewish aspirations urged for aye,
Despite the glosses, since forced on their Writ.
Yet, scarce regretting, that the door was shut
Where he was disinclined to venture in,
The resolution forced itself on him,
That his Messiahship he would fulfill,
In manner pointed by his nature's bent,
And through his people, if they would; if not,
Then on the Gentiles he'd his mission graft.
He entered on it with the heaviest heart,
That ever turmoiled in the human breast:
Man unctuously may skip that grievous heave,
But thou canst know, who fell'st a kindred pang,
What was his agony, when he complained:
"My soul is sick, ay even unto death."
Not of the pangs, which he endured on earth,
Did crucifixion stretch him to the worst,
For then he knew, he had achieved his goal;
But, who conceives, how quells the mildew blight,
Which the ignoring by his kindred blows
Upon a soul, with aching sensitive
More keenly as she strives for highest aim?
Yea, they, who but the Spirit simulate,
Will never meet grim Failure's staring ghost,
Which there forbids, where cheering breast is sought.
Not they, who in their parish-mansions laze,
Assured, of being faithful thousands' care,
Will ever, even imitating, feel
The pangs of him, who is a pensioner
There, where his home is but by sufferance,
Where, dreamer he, 'mongst rude mechanic kin,

With all, that gossips in his mother's ear
Still croaked, how, innovating, he would end,
Insinuated hears: Why works not he?"
For heaven's manna never fell for him,
Though credited to be the Son of God.
Yea, foxes have their holes, and birds their nests,
Man's Son had not a where, to lay his head.
Thus from necessity, not choice, he took
His first disciples from the poor and rude;
Yet his exuberant spirit had the might
To quell, not only what disturbed within,
But to aggress on Wrong, wherever met:
Had he been passive, he would have succumbed,
For when our goodness unresisting bends,
'Tis quickly trodden under foot and crushed.
When he is dubbed a lamb, and Prince of Peace,
Thou'lt understand, that private peace is meant,
For as a drought-rid country deprecates
The sun, and prays for storms; so will that land,
Where rank Iniquity is let by Peace
To thrive uncropped, till all its good be chocked,
At last reach for the fiery scythe of War,
Yea, Civil War, to raze it from its soil,
And when 'tis needed, ever he most blest,
Who fights it best, not he, who brings the Peace,
For best Peace-maker is a well fought War;
But ever blest are they, who so dispose
In ruling or in being ruled, that War
Be made least necessary to mankind.
Himself, correcting his disciples, said:
"Think not, that I am come, as sending peace;
I came, to send a sword, not peace, on earth."
Again, mankind he sorted in two ranks:
Who was not for him, was to him opposed;
Though, thou his other version wilt prefer:
"All, who do not oppose, advantage us."
Thus, 'tis judicious, that thou substitute
The spirit often for its very garb,
Else would thy sense ken but absurdity:
Thus, Tristian, I warn thee, once for all,
That thou wilt never whine that maudlin wail,
Which execrates this earth a woeful pit;
For never Spirit will conceive, how Man
May hold assurance of an after bliss,
Whose earnest, given in this very stage
Of his first being, he so fain contemns.
I know, though from thy birth unto this hour,
Thy stock of life has but in spirit bloomed,
And in the substance with privation drooped,
Which clings to thee, as 'twere inherent, yet,

Thou grinning mok'st it out of countenance,
And, thus perhaps the happiest wretch on earth,
Thou knowst, were there no foul, there were no fair,
And both are welcome to thy equal mind;
For thou hast never yet forgot, this earth,
As part the universe, is too of God,
And who thus deals is blest: all could be so,
If that elixir, Heaven stored within,
They'd not adulterate with foreign stuff.
Thus, though thyself art all indifferent
To worldly riches, whose possessors' hope
For Heaven, by the Writ, is narrowed down
To little else, than naught, yet thou well knowst,
That, but for wealth, the great design of God
Would of its purpose fail. The evil lies,
Not in its ownership, but in the means,
Whereby it is acquired, and in the ends,
Which it is made the instrument to work.
Though they, who shine the firmest in the faith,
Love riches in their mind and practice more,
And Heaven more in mere professing, yet
Man never so exults, as when he learns,
That God, through Mammon, has been served by Man.
Well know I, Tristian, ere thou hadst my lore,
That precept given unto Man, to love
His enemies, seemed but a stumbling block,
Which all life's teachings bade thee to avoid;
But if thou wilt approach it in my light,
Thou shalt discover it a shining mark:
For often Man, when he offended Man,
Is like a child, that has its playmate hurt,
And, in own sorrow, weeps with louder cry.
But I need not elucidate still more,
What now is clear to thee. Yet waits the earth,
To be inherited, by who are meek;
For they in that, as in more promises
Which are but bare, must still abide, until
It be demised by them, who self assert,
With might and craft, possession of the earth,
Which they will hold, while it is to be owned,
Unless the meek their spirit will exert.
The poor in spirit I shall not deprive
Of what, in Scripture, they have been assured:
If, in its barrenness, they will elect
To enter Heaven, 'twere a sheer abuse
Of Spirit, were they bid, to better it.
What mischief it will work, to make the stone,
The builders in the founding disallowed,
Without a further test, the corner's head,
But only for it was a castaway,

Thou knowst, alas! too well. No less thou know'st,
That of all marriages, but only those,
Which Heaven's thanked for, were in Heaven joined.
I deem, thou ownst no greater hankering
For miracles, bequethed in the new,
Than those in that old Testament, for still,
This rule will only fail with yonder sun:
The wonders, that are not, exist for him,
Who cannot see the miracles, that are:
Man, prone to error, if he so inclines,
May fix his notion of the sheen of day,
From twilight's dusk, but never mid-day sun
Shall shine for him. Why borrow from an age,
Itself so lacking in intelligence,
And visionary in its ignorance,
As to see devils in distempered brains,
Whose wretched owners shamed that hallowed Age,
That cast them out into the wilderness,
Unhospitalled, abandoned by their kind?
On these and them, who in the body ailed,
The Son of Man, alone, compassion took,
And, as he healed them in his Spirit's ken,
He ministered to his own aching self.
Although, thou erst a predilection own'dst
For his converting water into wine,
We'll pass that miracle, and scan instead
Where he revived the dead. Thou'lt bear in mind,
Revivification for this earthly state
To Resurrection for eternity,
As shadow to its substance, scarce compares.
In Jairus' daughter, and in Lazarus,
The very reasons, which I have adduced,
To settle the necessity of death,
When we discussed that Eden's maudlin woe,
Are all as potent for our argument
Against mankind's recall from Death to Life.
Yet grant, if so thou wilt, that these were dead,
And then revived: they are not now alive,
And what availed it wretched Lazarus,
To drag his ache and grave-corrupted flesh,
Anew upon the green earth he usurped?
Though Man loves life, his spirit ill abides
In filthy mansion, whence it fain would flee.
I warn thee also, heed, lest this shall prove,
That earthly life is preferable to
That bliss eternal, promised by the Son,
For if his Heaven be, these thence recalled,
Instead of blest, were wronged in the exchange.
Now, in his mission, fast that crisis neared,
No more to be repressed, than from the womb

The infant's exit. Would he save himself,
He either must expatriate himself,
Or stay his innovation: he resolved,
To stand his course; thou knowst what was the stake!
O Crook of Error! God in human form!
What else, but sacrificed, could he have been?
Did he not know, he must not only vouch,
But demonstrate himself a god in might?
Knew he not, if the eagle will alight
Upon that farm-yard's hill, 'twill not be long
Before its trusty roosters, spying round,
Will glance beneath his wings, when, woe to him!
If in the clouds he beak and talons left,
He'll quickly be their sport, their mock, their prey?
Did he not know, what through the æther soared,
Is but a duster, when in Bridget's hand?
My human friend, 'tis strange, yea, passing strange,
—Unless the Writ, and all since writ mistake—
That mystery in Heaven should be one,
And other be that mystery on earth!
What to its Cherubim and Seraphim,
Its Hiearchies, Principalities,
In heaven had been blazoned since that time,
Whereof no fable, much less memory
Of Man runs counter, on this nether globe,
Has been forbidden as a secret, and
Mankind must be redeemed, through stealth, for he
Who came, as sent to save, has been betrayed,
By being signalized, identified!
That he was thus undone, reveals to thee,
How was his mission spread the country round,
And where that legion angels' garrison,
Thou hast, ere this, conjectured in thy mind.
We now approach the first fruits of that grace:
The Resurrection and Ascension hence,
And when its rind is broke, thou shalt behold
That fruit from Palestine is but the kind,
As real, or fabled, floats upon its sea.
Did not thy soul abhor to generate
Delusions whereupon she afterwards
Must, like a parent on its offspring, feed;
Were she not sickened, by the more report
Of those delusions, which the outside world
Obtrusively would ever gorge thee with;
Were not eternal, never changing Truth
The only sustenance, that sates thy soul,
For which no Myths, with all their progenies,
How captivating, and how suave they be,
Can serve as substituted opiates,
I would not break, where Time is crumbling fast:

Thou wilt remember, the old Testament,
In diverse phrase, of Resurrection speaks,
But less in sense of spirit than of flesh:
So too, the latter's Resurrection was
By Eastern Magi as a tenet held,
As by the Pharisees, ere Jesus' birth:
As then the question had, in Palestine,
Almost to epoch swelled, it was resolved,
The Dispensation would not be complete,
Unless its demonstration it produced.
How hell's incurred, is told in: "Who shall say
Thou fool, shall be in danger of its fire."
That such indefinite assertions too,
Would have sufficed for Immortality;
If well enough would have been let alone,
In what was said of eye, and ear, and heart,
Faith still might promise that, whose evidence
Is by its testimony now destroyed:
But, since the allegation had been made,
The witness must be called, and he has failed!
I'll not refresh the hoar hypothesis,
That Jesus, in a trance, was sepulchred;
Nor will I call those angels to account,
For having folded, and not flapped their wings,
Which made them seem as only men to some,
Who were the heralds of the emptied tomb,
For even their celestial hardihood,
Already strained, in that unmeasured flight,
Still speedier urged, to timely light on earth,
Was sore, exhausted, by the rolling of
That pond'rous stone, whereon they took their rest;
Nor will I enter at that door of doubt,
Through which some of his own disciples strayed,
Since his appearing apparition-like,
When disentombed, had shut it only half;
Whereas, he would have closed it with a bolt,
Which but the hand of Time had drawn at last,
If resurrected, he had gone abroad,
Like his apostles, and proclaimed himself.
This would have been an Alps of Peter's Rocks,
And there have much achieved, where most it failed.
Perhaps some will object: Had he done so
The Jews would have repeated: "What do we?"
And doomed his death once more. But let such know,
Could they have raised the bar, the Roman law
Would then have interposed against their spite,
A second resurrection had undone
A second death, as easily as the first;
To this there is no counter argument,
Yet I dispense with it, and now shall test

With thee, the proof, for which, be thou, this once,
Perverse in rank credulity, like they,
Who would, with reason prove, that Reason's naught;
Yea, for this once, own that disciple's faith,
Who, for believing most, was most beloved;
Then join to it that of the learned Paul,
Who, glorying, feigned that Death, as Man's last foe,
Was by that Resurrection done away,
And, as I question, say but yea and nay:
Imagine this, to be thy hour of death:
At once, quick Nature, strict economist,
Proceeds to reimburse herself, in what
She had advanced thee for thy tenement,
For never may her Capital decrease;
This day yet sinks thee coffined in thy grave,
Where, by her factors, thou art decomposed,
And sorted back into her elements,
Which from her reservoir she restless loans,
Perhaps, in part, unto a neighboring tree,
Which, drawing on her, roots thee from thy grave,
Whence, in two hundred years, thou'lt be absorbed.
Now mark: shall that, thy corpse, rise from its tomb,
And in three days? Shalt thou then walk abroad,
Upon this very earth, for forty days,
In manner as has been thy wont ere death,
Which were, indeed, a sorry coming back?
Shall fish and honey-comb pass in that corps,
Whose cold vitality oozed in the ground
Ere yet itself was part of it? Shalt thou,
Thereon, ascend a mountain with thy friends,
To height, five hundred or five thousand feet,
And there be parted from them in a wink,
By intervening, mount-beshrouding cloud?
Shalt thou rise further, on that cloud, from them,
Who, upward gazing, are accosted by
Two strangers, mark! not angels, but mere men,
Who rally them, why they stand gazing there
To heavenward, to where thou hast been raised,
And whence thou shalt return, as thou didst go?
"Great Spirit pause, for I see through it all:
If 'twere for that, Olympus was exchanged
For Olivet, then pity for the blood,
Which afterwards was given still to boot!
Yet, if thou further deigning, wilt comment
Upon those things, which—hoped for, and unseen,
As substance, and as evidence of faith—
Have been revealed, I shall be edified,
Where now I'm blinded by the gloried glare,
And if, through inadvertence, or design,
Thou shouldst add to those things, or take away

From the ineffable, eternal words
In sainted John's sublime obscurity,
I shall assume the plagues, therein denounced,
Yea, gladly stake, if not already lost,
The part I own, within is book of life,
And its uncandled New Jerusalem."
"Supurfluous is Saint John's Anathema,
Since he's foredoomed, a time and half a time,
Who still more threats, and, for that matter too,
More promised goodies could conceive, than he,
Who, for the asking, gives the Morning Star
And, Shade of Moses! to the tree of life
Invites as 'twere a frost-bit orchard tree.
What though that physic's great philosopher,
Whose vision opened on an apple's fall,
And fell, when pondering on that Eden's Fall,
At last confessed, that blooming nonsense' worth
Could be but known, when to the market brought?
Let them who'd fain assess, take courage still;
For, if they'll only school their student brains
In Daniel's visions, and those Prophets' whence
That lion-charmer gleamed the fruitful seed,
They haply may prognosticate that boon.
But then, what would it reck? Has not Saint John,
With pat, prophetic sportiveness, forestalled
That heaven offered Understanding's prize,
In having told, the number of the beast
To be six hundred and three score and six?
But, since thyself, though once, canst never more
Be one of those odd hundred thousand saints,
Who were, on earth, with woman undefiled,
And shalt not mumble that new song, nor be
A hardy harper harping on thy harp,
But rather deemst, that if thy kind were made,
To trust for their eterniy such stuff,
As there revealed, it would be better far,
If man were such a saint, and, in his quit
Of procreation, made an end of Man,
We shall reverse its parting bid, and say:
"Let him, who's filthy, purge his filthiness,"
And close it with the hope, that when again
A revelation is from heaven sent,
The chosen medium will know, at least,
As much astronomy, as veriest dunce.
For opening lore upon the Church suffice:
What has beginning, needs must have an end;
Saint Peter's crucifixion is her type,
For, as he's painted there, with downward head,
So is the system reared with Reason down,
And founded only on the base of Faith.

From this conclude, in that dissension sprung,
Between the Pope and his opponents on
The doctrine of Infallibility,
Which side, as the consistent, is the true
And very champion of the age vexed church.
As from its pedigree thou knowst, the myth
Of that original sin, the Fall of Man
Was hatched from that Egyptian Serpent's egg;
So 'twill astonish thee, who art but Man,
And canst not spy, like I, the spirit's germ,
That on a mere and casual play of words,
Such as thy English bard delighted in,
The whole foundation of that church is laid:
Thou knowst, in their vernacular, the names
Of Cephas and of Peter mean a rock;
Yet there's but one foundation in the world,
The gate of hell, a figurative name
For wear of time, cannot prevail against:
It is the Spirit, and that is no rock!
Who, by so vouching, would eternize that,
Which is not sempiternal of itself,
Must from the jaw of Time first draw the teeth,
Which, thou knowst, even Jesus has not done.
In the thereafter history of Man,
Judge, whether Evil, designated Hell,
Had any, and what part within the Church,
Whose love, how great 'tis for the Son of Man,
And his for her, thou, in that Song of Songs,
Findst simulated in its syllabus;
Though verily, if thou peruse the text,
Thou readst a love-duet 'tween Solomon
And his Egyptian bride, and nothing more;
Yet when the Truth prevails, Man shall confess,
He in the fabled marriage was more wronged,
Than in the true, is feigned of Solomon.
But be that Song perverted still to Cant,
The bond of love, professed by Church to Man,
Was tightest then, when most by tithes confirmed.
Thou knowst, as proof of proofs is oft adduced
Saint Paul's conversion and apostleship:
Of changers' reasons, still their own is best;
If thou'dst be edified by shifting Man,
Then see how crowded, in thy day, that bridge,
Which Power throws between a rising cause
And its decrepit, barren opposite.
Yea, hard on earth that heaven must abut,
Whose counsel savors so of policy,
As that "'Tis hard to kick against the pricks."
But 'tis no marvel, since the Son of Man
Had but so recently returned from earth,

As scarce to have had time, to doff its wonts,
And reassume those of eternity.
The lore upon the meaning of that Grace,
—Through which mankind obtained that hair-breadth
chance
For boundless, nameless, and eternal bliss—
Be't fabricated by the whole in books,
Or dealt in sermons by the quantity,
In quality is prime and uniform,
And, further of it, I will say but this:
The most ungracious showing Man can make
To his Creator is, to think of Him,
As having wrought imperfect His design,
And after deigned, to mend it in a part.
Perchance, thou marvelst why the chosen Seed
Disdained to own atonement for that Fall?
Ken then, no dire chimera was that Fall,
Until the Dispensation made it one.
Thou knowst, that much was strained, in order that
As it was written, it might be fulfilled.
Time doffs and dons, yet to her end, the Christ
Will for his love of Man, be loved again,
Yet if thou strip the faithful of that love,
In every professing Christian,
Thou ever shalt but find the Jesuit.

CANTO VII.

CONTENTS.

An Era and Eternity. Rome: Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Cause of Jerusalem's Destruction. Mankind's Evangelization. Julian and the Church. The Cross as Religion's Type. Mahomet. The Millenium.

O Earth! thou petty mould, wherein is cast
For everlasting time: as thou art gauged
By thy recorded products, thou indeed
Seem'st not, to present Man, the earth, from which
Himself, and all, that now exists have sprung.
Yet, self correcting, self renewing, thou
Art now as pristine as at farthest date
Man's vision strays in his review of Man.
Let Man still justify the fabled ways
Of God to him, and shyly pass the real,
For these, Himself but can, and will assert.
Thus Tristian, musing, felt the Spirit near,
And him addressed, with soul prepared for lore,
As ploughed up field, in spring, is for its seed:
"O Spirit, my Instructor, ever blest!
As now, come still unbid, for well thou know'st,
Brief is my stay on earth, and then, with thee,
I shall abide through that eternity,
For which but thou, alone, canst train my soul.
Much, Spirit, I, thy pupil would prefer,
To hear thy lore on yonder million worlds,
And their inhabitants, did I not feel,
My thither way leads only through my kind:
Thou know'st my present drifting, therefore be
Upon this stranger Main my Pilot still."
"'Tis Novelty, that gives to life its spice:
Thou art bewildered, for this earth endured
The fiendish horrors, havocs, all the woes,
Which Man has wrought on Man, as if he were,
Of less account than vermin, to be quelled.
Yea, thou hast strayed, where Doubt has grasped thy hand,
And led thee, as it were, unto the quest:

Is God a friend, or enemy of Man ?
There art thou even on the very way,
To sound eternity, of which, what there
Appalls thy soul, is necessary part.
From what's behind, discern what lies before,
And thus, thou'lt gain a fair conception of
The future evolutions of mankind ;
And, as Intelligence converts to balm,
What is a bane to Ignorance, thou'lt ken,
Each Age has settled its own reckonings :
For, all rewards and punishments of Man
Come only through the medium of that law,
Which runs coeval with the universe.
But let us still proceed in order, lest,
In its imparting, fractured be my lore :
How deem'st thou, Man ! in that eternity,
All they will be at home, for whom this world
Already is too old ? For whom, as 'twere,
It does exist, not nineteen hundred years ?
Yea, they, who through ignoring, that mankind
At all accounted ere that period,
Profess, to merit everlasting life ?
Thou knowst, how through that water-cure on earth,
The post-diluvians have been improved :
If Man's regeneration, through the blood,
Has fared no better, thou knowst whence the cause.
Though Man is indispensable to Man,
The noblest never will desire advance,
Through other's merit : if not through their own,
They 'll hold as naught, the greatest boon in reach.
But fitfully, till present times, has Rome
Enjoyed that happiness, which then it knew,
Beneath Augustus' long enlightened reign,
And very modern also is the day,
That Genius has in the public found
The sure Maecenas whom it mostly lacked.
But soon, a shift of rulers wrought its change :
As foulest weather, in the summer's height,
Disastrous breaks upon the fairest noon,
So fell Tiberius' reign on happy Rome.
Yea, of all evil, that has cursed mankind,
The worst springs from degenerated forms,
Which of departed goodness flaunt the name,
Like broken firms their gilded signs : to mock
All them, who'd seek within. Alas ! not then,
Old Rome had learnt, what scarce the world knows now :
That Vice exists on earth, to be subdued,
Instead of raised, since, of itself, it grows,
And needs the fost'ring hand, no more than weeds.
In individual Man, and in the mass,

The government will vibrate, as the beam,
Between the scales of Evil and of Good:
The heavier weight inclines it to its side.
When thou wast untaught in experience,
And readst, Caligula did raise his horse
Into the Consulate, thou blessedst fate,
That thou didst live, in other age and land,
Where no such mock'ry could be improvised.
Consider but a moment, and reflect:
That animal could neither sell its vote,
Commit no perjury, nor peculate,
Nor yet intrigue against deserving Man
With vilest sycophants, who would have neighed,
To get its favor in, or for a place,
Whose base perversion they in turn had pledged,
To ease, and gratify their patron's itch
For further power from the Sovereign.
Unable thus, to execute its charge,
It neither could abuse it, all it did,
Was but to make a fallen office null.
How many legislators curse thy land,
Whose ignorance were standard, were it not,
By their inherent devil's craft alloyed?
That pawing Consul was the whim of Man,
Whose brain had been impaired by Malady;
Those legislators are a system's weeds,
Which now it teems, by overpraising rank.
Then, Nero, his successive lunatic
Convinced the world, though Heaven had not made
Himself a poet, yet he could undo,
In Lucan, what it had denied to him:
These were the madhouse tricks of emperors;
Yet, in their direfulness, no counterpart
To that unparalled Catastrophe,
Which fell Delusion brought upon the Jews,
Who, like a badger on his fat, fed on
Their former fame and spirit, till, alas!
In their steep fall, they lighted on one stay,
But to be bounded on a worse below!
Thou readst, the Jews were then deluded by
False Prophets: if these were no wiser than
Some of their true, they were destruction doomed:
Yet where's the test, between the true and false?
Are these but false, because not in the book?
If ever thou, unwarily, let'st slip
Into thy lore of ancient history,
The bastard offspring of perverted fact,
That those dire horrors of Jerusalem,
Besieged, and captured by the Roman arms,
Were Heaven's answer to that challenge spoke:

"On us, and on our Children be his blood"
Then, Tristian, unless thou'dst shame the truth,
I charge thee, oust it from thy memory:
That Man, to suit his own perverted gait,
Must feign God's ways awry, as are his own!
Does not the murder of those innocents
Content his craving for the crop of blood,
But he must on the Son of Man entail,
As death's atonement, such a sacrifice,
As would outmonster all mithology?
The soul appalling, and inhuman woes,
The Jews then self inflicted, and endured,
But from their dire infatuation sprang,
That they, a petty fraction of mankind,
Were God's own chosen people; that the mass
Were given over, Heaven knows to what!
It was the fixed belief, which had engrossed
Their ethics, yea, past in their flesh and blood,
That as the Lord's peculiar race elect,
They would be Heaven succored 'gainst the world,
Which made them wreak upon themselves such woes,
As God was too considerate to doom
On Man, through stranger, how so he'd transgress.
If any single Man did cause those woes,
It would be Moses, who first taught the Jews,
That they, of Man, were God's peculiar Seed;
Yet this imputing were but fetched from far,
Since he, who writes a primer for a Child,
Is blameless, if the Man reads not beyond.
But never were they doomed for merely their
Rejecting Christ, who strove, but strove in vain,
To undeceive them in that dire belief,
Which he in his clear vision plainly saw,
Was drawing their destruction, in his Age.
That he, Messiah, but not in their sense,
He settled, lonely, in that wilderness,
For, not of earth, could he his kingdom have,
And, for that lack, the Jews would none of him.
Yet, what had it availed, if in his sense,
They had accepted him a thousand times,
Unless, the fond delusion they had doffed,
That they, of Man, had been preferred by God?
They still against the Romans had rebelled,
And, after, rued the same catastrophe.
'Tis Reason's vigor, that Humanity
Should parley with Infatuation, through
Heroic Titus, the Delight of Man,
And yet, propose in vain! Had they then bent,
Where, in resistance, they must needs be broke,
They had retained their country, spared those woes

Of fiendish Persecution, when dispersed;
Yea, they could afterwards have gained their goal,
And been, of all the nations, first in rank,
When from collapsed old Rome, new empires sprang;
Unless, they then, indeed, had proved themselves
Elected only for their ignorance:
But they, alas! intoxicated by
Delusion's thrill, deigned not, to intercept
The stern, disastrous stroke of disabuse:
Too late for them, it yet will prove too late
For every people, self-destruction doomed.
Those horrors barren died, where they were bred,
But rank Delusion, elsewhere, hatched her curse.
The Jews, already satiate to their fill,
With theologic lore, whereon they retched,
Distempered by the surfeit, with disdain
Rejected that, which with the Gentiles, then
Rude in theology, was in demand.
That yet some Hebrews were evangelized
Gainsays not this, since 'tis notorious,
No people, wholly, are unanimous.
Yet, Tristian, thou mayst with reason ask:
What was the urgency, their Testament,
Supplanted then, should be engrafted on
The Gentile world, on whom no greater scath
Could be inflicted, than that Fall of Man?
This quest would shake the keystone in the arch,
Whereon the System's superstruction rests:
How could Salvation have been vouched to Man,
Unless, of doom he had been preconvinced?
Like edifice, without foundation built,
Faith, lacking Fall, were pendent in the air.
What merit 'tis, to make a sound Man sick,
That one may claim the credit of his cure,
Let those assess, who arrogate it such.
Of all, who in this age, yet fain parade
The cicatrices on the stock of Man,
Where, in regeneration, it was lanced,
But few would care, to know the many boils,
That were inoculated; few would tell,
From where the virus flowed; and since, at last,
Humanity has interposed her stay,
Of all the creeds, which charge the fiendish blows,
Dealt in the darkness of the middle age,
Now on the Rock, and on its slivers now,
Which will confess, from where that darkness fell?
For, though no goodness is substantial, save
It casts some shadow, in that Fall's ado,
Where separates the kernel from the husk?
Yea, Satan, in a fiction born, has been

By fiction quelled: The Evil still remains.
'Tis its adaptedness to Age and Stage,
That makes the Present's boon, the Future's bane;
Thus Use to-day, tomorrow's oft Abuse:
However Error may pretend and vaunt,
The only Charter, which it can produce
Is but its past existence, and that falls
The very moment when it is unmasked.
As we revert our glance to conquering Rome,
We'll find, she owned not more of happiness,
Than did the nations, which she had subdued:
Iniquity to every age and clime
Is, like their righteousness, indigenous:
Man patiently will on the native gorge,
Where his maw retches at the foreign wrong.
Whence Rome's declining rule and fall have sprung,
To ask, were bootless, since for mending past:
Thou only needst to know, wherewith it teemed,
To tell the culture of all bygone time.
From what is sowed and reaped, in thy own time,
Thou hast discovered, that thy government
Responds not, relatively, more or less
Unto the aspirations of thy age,
Than did those reigns to those of ancient times:
Their good and ill are only changed in sort,
Not in degree, as time's respective types.
Thou, who so prone to truth, thou canst not taste
Mere tinctured liquid on the bare avouch,
That it is honey, and then smack thy lips,
With: Heaven, what ineffable delight!
To tickle Error's ear, and draw its smiles,
Hast never juggled with such slandered fame
As Julian's, Prince of all Apostates dubbed:
Whom harmed he, when he staid the murd'rous hand
Of Christians against their heretics,
Restored their forfeits, called their exiles home?
Yea, when he pardoned those, who had conspired
For his assassination? Willed he wrong,
To blend with Christian morality
The ceremonies of mythology?
Did not the Rock—but careful, first to pluck
His herb of tolerance—soon deck itself
With that same moss, wherewith it still is rank?
Yea, but he would not make the Rock his throne!
There his offense, for he had aptly spied,
'Twould prove a millstone on the neck of Truth.
Let those, who miracle upon that quake,
—Since it is well, there are such cronies too—
Regret, they did not live, in what had been
Their very proper age: when deigned the Lord,

To play those pantomimic tricks on earth,
Whose like, for wonder ! godless heathens put
On slighted Jove, and then the Christians bled!
But sooth, since Satan, by the Writ, owns earth,
And all that spectacle sprang from below,
Might not the pyrotechnist have been he ?
Yea, Incredulity, forsooth thy heart
Is harder than that Rock! for Julian
Disdained to be, once more, its renegade.
As, in Fame's temple, Truth still supersedes
Delusion in the Rectorship, the shift,
From niche to niche, unbiased will proceed.
Those held by Julian and Constantine
Are now revised, and each shall get his own.
Man conquers from within, not by a sign,
And he's best staid, who stands up by himself:
'Twere now a barren quest, for Man to know,
What factors wrought, before the gates of Rome,
That crown-fraught victory for Constantine ;
Not so his vision-sign, which Man, to-day,
Still feigns to typify his tie to God !
Trust me, the Spirit, who have probed mankind,
There never yet has lived that soul on earth,
Who could, through misery, behold her God
Whom she, in happiness, was blind to know :
In plainest words, know thou, the Cross is type,
No more for Heaven, than it is for earth.
In the imagination of mankind,
It has too long translated to their God,
And seeks, to still perpetuate with Him
Man's transient wrong, a torturing instrument,
Which Man, in shame of self, has long disowned.
The Cross, between the earth and Heaven reared,
Does wrong to both : it signifies to Man,
That Heaven's All has been but wrought athward,
Instead direct, and meetest for its ends ;
To Heaven it denotes, that Man perverse
Construes its All, the very opposite,
Of what it is, and wherefore it is made.
Thus, in our course of Man, as we proceed,
It hence shall stand, not *in*, but *by* our way,
For woe is but the counterpart to weal,
Essentially as indispensable,
As night is to its day, or death to birth,
For let Man know, that Life pervades the world;
That Animation, and not Death, prevails :
What's promised else, is feigned for Ignorance,
And, while diverted with the time to come,
Some other than herself enjoys the Now.
Were all the happiness, allotted Man,

Apportioned justly there, where it is due,
There were enough, to make the least rejoice ;
And were no Man exempt, to bear the woe
Himself has caused, the feeblest had the strength,
To tread ungrumbling 'neath his proper load:
None can be favored, but some one is wronged.
Thou shalt remark, who ever loudest cry
This earth a vale of sorrow, or essay,
To make it such, have been most provident,
T'appropriate the heights, where they might joy ;
Yea, in the Age, on which my lore descants,
They, who most prated of eternity,
And of the bliss and grace thereof revealed,
Made, for their dupes, life so intolerable,
As only, for that hope, to be endured.
Still, what the bee, with skill and toil has hived,
The trapper smacks at ease, while now, as then,
The Cow is from the crib of Goodness fed,
And in the dairy of Deception milked.
Well, Tristian, mayst thou compare the church
Unto an heir, whose riot and abuse
Are only limited by his estate ;
For had her founder yet endowed how more,
She had been more extravagant in wrong.
Scan that awry Millenium up and down,
And thou shall read between, as in its lines,
Man mended his belief, but it was long,
Ere he himself was bettered in his creed ;
For, 'tis confessed by most, denied by few,
The doom, which overhangs the temporal
Befell the Spiritual Testament:
Its better part adhered fast to the hands
Of those, who ministered on the estate.
'Tis not for us, to question with the church,
Why this Man's canonized, and that Man doomed,
Since he, who builds a mansion can dispose,
Who'll in its garret, in its cellar dwell ;
For though mankind their highway further shift
From where its heaven glares, the greater part,
That shine therein, will still prefer to stay,
For lack of other quarter in the world.
Nor is it now to us of consequence,
What councils then discussed, and what decreed
As orthodoxy, or as heresy:
What then was truth has been, will ever be,
And what was nonsense then, is nonsense still :
Revered to-day, to morrow 'tis ignored.
Not long the Sword, placed there by Constantine,
Lay in the Church's reach, ere she bethought
It had been brought on earth : 'tis sheathed now,

And ere 'tis drawn again, belike Mankind
Will first explore, how it has been, that when,
One was exalted to the Deity,
Those thousands were dementated to fiends.—
Thou oft hast mused, what might that Age have been,
If England or Rome's self, had lacked the boast,
To have evangelized that heathen land,
Whose native genius is philosophy,
Instead the dreamy fiction of the East,
Which pines exotic still on German soil?
Thou marvelst now no longer, since thou kenst,
What, in her tournament, Humanity
Must in her rounds achieve, ere she is crowned.
'Twere curious to spy the mystic germs,
Wherewith the Father stored His universe,
Else thou mightst marvel of thy origin,
And how, for aye, thou hadst existence lacked,
If, likely by the stay of merest chance,
Thy ancestors had not that besom slipt,
Wherewith Attila swept his havoc down
Along where bends the Rhine, from West to North,
Meanwhile that Scourge, amidst his mad career,
Rushed to his ruin on a springtide flood.—
Thou by the thick'ning mist, which palls that Age,
Art now apprized, we near that dreary dark,
When ruling Superstition quelled the mind,
And we must be content, to judge mankind,
As we would him, who sleeping walks and acts.
Thou knowst, that Man, yet holden by his wont,
Would fain delude himself, to deem that Age
An insubstantial dream, and though thyself,
If Night must lack her stars, to calm, preferst
The heavens into chaos lashed, yet know,
As gloomiest fallow in th' economy
Of nature is as indispensable
As fairest teeming; so in Providence,
That middle one, in history styled dark,
Is as essential, as this lustrous Age:
That has accumulated, in the night,
The store, from which the present works, by day.
'Tis but a mind, perverse in ignorance,
Would wish, that God did expedite mankind
Up to precociousness, since thou well knowst,
Unfailing will those blinded fathers rue,
Who raised their children, like a hothouse plant.—
The wronged, if lacking in their proper might,
Will, 'neath a patron's fold, their vengeance wreak,
As demonstrates that Havoc's seed and womb,
Jerusalem, in ruthless massacre
Of three times thirty thousand Christians,

By thrice ten thousand Jews, who, leashed like hounds
To Chosroes' banners, panted but for blood,
And left their prey unplundered to their lord.
Man had been substituted for the brutes,
To furnish grateful sacrifice to God,
And, for six hundred years, had gained, and lost
Beneath the fitful discipline of one,
When lo! a second Dispensation, pat
Is uttered by Mahomet from his cave!
As competition commerce animates,
So rivalry in faiths evolves the light,
And, long ago, thou guardst thyself against
The overweening, that a soul was doomed,
For passing by another path than thine,
Across the threshold to eternity.
Yea, Prophet sure he was, however else;
But whether true or false, what is the test
Save Reason? Yet, 'tis ding-donged in Man's ear,
That Reason cannot criticize in faith,
Which thus were left to only accident
Of Man's nativity and bringing up!
Thus likely, if, instead the Christians,
The Saracens had victors proved at Tours,
Thyself hadst been a Moslem born and bred!
How would that score? If thou apply to it
That test of Writ: "If so it be of God,
It will prevail; if not, it needs must fall."
Then its own charter is as well avouched
By time, as is thy Dispensation's own.
Thus see, O Man! to what absurdity
Thy mind will drift, if thou thy reason cast.
Rejection makes a Prophet false one day,
And true the next, another time he's both,
Because accepted: What recks this to Man?
Both by compulsion and by argument,
The time is past, for making proselytes
Of even heathens: all are in their faith
As obstinate, as they, who would convert.
Let Man still jog the missionary path,
His own delusion is his journey's end,
For if he tread not on the highway of
Humanity, to which but branching roads
Are all the creeds, had he been of the Jews,
And heard the Founder's self his gospel spread,
His words had fallen dead upon his ears.
Though, in the Resurrection of the flesh,
Man, saved by grace, partakes the Islam's creed,
Yet is he stranger to its nice details,
Which show that doom, of such engrossing awe,
That Vision, though revivified in all,

Yea even them, who have been blind in life,
Yet stays benumbed to admiration for
The beauteous forms, which there shall be revealed:
Yet what he misses in that ignorance,
He more than gains in the unconsciousness
Of what a punishment the Prophet fixed
For all, who lucre itching, peculate,
And but with public plunder sate themselves.
Yea, when that retribution's realized,
By how much more, than in this normal time,
Shall all the countries, on that day of doom,
In swine production, be outdone by that,
Which boasts, it can supply the world with pork?
Yea, how those legion devils then shall greet
With comrade grunting them, who now profess
Upon the miracle, that sealed their fate?
Then shall be rued, Columbus did not live
Before divine Saint John: revealed by him,
The doom, now in the Prophet scoffed, were dread,
And then his words, burning a sample-scorch,
Had warned them from the fire, they bargained for!
Still faithed souls are sorely turmoiled by
Predestination and Free Will: though true,
The thistle bears no grapes, yet less in self
Than in their uses lies the excellence,
Or viciousness of all created things;
For, as the grapes' expressed, fermented juice
Will whirl a Man into Elysium;
So its abuse will throw him in the copse,
Where demonized, he'll execrate his God
Beside that thistle where the finch is perched,
Who, with distended throat, exulting pours
His anthems to the Giver of the seed.
'Tis also true, that no one can dispose
Of what he does not own, yet what he has
He owns to cultivate: the souls of Man
Are varied as the surface of the earth,
And, as each represents a several patch,
So Man tills its reflexion in himself:
In fertile spot, where hand of Art scarce touched,
A clump will grandly loom as nature's park,
Whilst opposite, the sand and rock require
Manure, yea even soil, ere they produce:
Yet, though these cannot pamper parasites,
They'll bear the vine; again, with peppermint,
Man may supplant the belladonna's stalk.
But back to whence we bent: Let still those lands
Claim Charlemagne, in tripartite, their own:
What grounds one of them has, to raise his praise,
Its sages may explore, if they will trace,

From that tribunal of Westphalia,
The dark descend unto that peace thence named.
But we'll ask neither for a share in him,
Who would, through tortures and through massacres,
Convert to Him, of which himself knew naught:
Of all the creeds, that have been forced on Man,
The worst is good enough to live thereby,
The best scarce worth, that Man should die for it.
High sainted by the Church, through victims' shrieks,
We let him rest, as in our lore of Man
We pass with him, that beauty rav'ning Pope,
The second Gregory; that blinding Pope,
The fourth of Stephans; nor shall we discuss,
As did the Priesthood. whether that Joan
Was raised to Pope, through Satan, or what else;
To us, Pope Nicholas may doff or keep
The name of Satan, which those Bishops gave;
Nor yet the archives we'll undust, to fix
How oft Marozia was the concubine,
The mother, or the grandam of a Pope,
Or whether, at one time, she was all these;
And whether John, the twelvth, when Pope, did meet,
And fight the devil, or the spouse, whose wife
He was embracing caught, concerns us none:
Thou knowst, the dark invites to many deeds,
Which day-light never would suggest to Man.
Had the Pontificate, a thousand times,
Been traded, first for gold, and last for crime,
Hadst thou lived then, thou hadst not bid for it;
Nor, since thou hadst no stock nor dividend,
Couldst thou have in that holy traffic shared
Of saints', apostles', or of martyrs' bones,
The Cross's wood, and virgin Mary's hair,
From all of which, we in our lore deflect,
To bow to Alfred, England's noble King,
To German Henry, as the Fowler known,
To Otho, named the First, his worthy son,
And then, we'll issue from the Christian dark
To where the Moslems held enlightened sway:
To Seville, where in happiness abode
Three hundred thousand of the human race;
Then to Cordova, which that number owned,
In houses only, and was then the home
Of most the culture in that fallow Age.
What cause Hispania has, to joy or rue,
That, in her firmament, the Crescent then
Has been unsphered, she from her church-lore knows:
She with her Spirit did experiment,
As does the yeoman with his orchard choir,
Which, ousted once, can never back be lured.

Thou oft hast on the disillusion mused
Of him, who bought a homestead, by the plan,
Which represented its surroundings such,
As 'twere located in a fairy land,
But who, on view discovered, to his grief,
His purchase was imagination reared,
And its locality had been usurped,
By but the country's outlawed criminals:
That Revelation is the paper plan;
Its disillusion, the Millenium,
Of whose drear freight, thou hast the manifest;
Yet, Man will hanker for the Golden Age!
Knows he not, lions are no longer such,
When they shall teach their whelps, to feed on grass?
Behold that time, when they should gorge on straw,
The while that Satan, bared of rule on earth,
Lay bound within that pit, shut up and sealed.
More than that maudlin grace, in latter days,
To Man, ineffable, was in that Age,
The dark, excruciating, fell despair,
In which he verily endured those woes,
Which had been fabled to succeed the lapse
Of that Millenium, Man ever 'waits!
Thou marvelst, whence that dark: Is it not meet,
That cross of heavenly bodies work eclipse,
And that its shadow hide the light from Man?
If Man will hanker for obscurity,
He needs must retch at deeds, which it begets:
As burglars, breaking in a domicile,
First chloroform the chambered occupants,
To pill at leisure, and secure their prey,
While waking victims, to stay unbenumbed,
Turn from the vapor, yet dare not alarm;
So in the Shade, that hooded then the earth,
Man's evil passions preyed upon his kind,
Who, drowsed by dark, were fumed in ignorance,
Whilst many honest laymen, popes and priests,
Who were above the stupor of that Age,
Yet dared not stir, much less alarm their kind,
In dread of being cast from sphere and life;
For Man, then drowsing, would not be disturbed
Out of his uniform stupidity;
And numberless the host this very day,
Who by their jerky winks and yawns betray,
They were awakened somewhat ere their time,
And would relapse into oblivion,
If pressed, but gently, by somnific dark,
No denser than that parting shadow's skirt.
Thus have we past the reign with Satan bound:
How 'twas, when he in proper person swayed,

We next shall scan : if worse, than through his imps.
The Devil need must have outdone himself.

CANTO VIII.

CONTENTS.

The Body's Relation to the Soul. Nonfulfillment of Prophesies: Disillusion. Time the sole Revealer. The Crusades: Church of Rome and Protestant Sects. Wars, Science and Creed. Nobility and the People. The Inquisition. The Church and Civilization.

As forest tenants, ever provident,
Warned by the falling leaves of coming dearth,
Themselves outbustle in their hurried leaps
Between the hazel copse and lofty nest,
Where still they garner, and assort their hoards;
So Tristian, with keener eagerness,
As Reason more, than Instinct bids provide,
Admonished by his years, how near the turn
From harvest to consumption he was drawn,
And conscious, that in life, there is no hour
So liberal, but something from us takes,
Alone, or in the throng, in wake, or sleep,
Was with his lore, aye, closeted in thought;
For but therein his toiling soul found rest.
Again to him, prepared from first to last,
The ever ready Spirit opened thus:
"Ere, with unaltered gait, we penetrate
Where embers glow not for the murky air:
That Age's church-yard, where the stifled groans
From hecatombs of tortured heretics
Appall the sense; where we shall shrink, to touch
The clammy tangibles it offers us,
And must, without a stay, at random tread,
It would be pat, if thou didst fortify
Thy mental faculties, for well thou knowst,
Though I elicit them to utmost reach,
I cannot brace their grasp, which thou canst do
But through the regimen, of late prescribed
By physiologists, the same, by whom
Unbidden guests, yea, all intruders are
Invited blandly to their lecturing desk,
So they but say, they come in Moses' name:

These bid, that thou shouldst phosphorate thy brain
By eating what the water and the earth
In richest substance yield, but then, alas!
Thy means cannot ascend to dainty food,
And thy main sustenance must be the kind,
Wherewith Arabia and Egypt first
Have blest mankind. O, thou unpractical
Canst neither speculate, nor realize,
And being unconverted, never canst
Convert what thou do'st own into applause!
Why be not by thy country's yeomen schooled?
They have, to fraction of a mill, upon
The slate of speculation ciphered out
The worth comparative of corn and pork,
And then alacriously convert their grain
To living flesh and blood, when they perceive
That the proportion's scale inclines to swine.
If thou but heed, the counsel speaks itself;
It is, that, relatively, thou compute
The market value of the books thou ownst,
And then the worth's increase, thy brain will gain
By being phosphorated with the food,
The fish and mutton head, to which thou mayst
Convert thy books. 'Tis strange, that earthly stuff
Should thus condition of what property
Shall be that soul of lasting essence deemed!
"Yet, what is there on earth, that is not strange?"
The pulpit answers Reason's argument,
Whereas, of all its mysteries, 'tis one
The most occult, that, with its unctuous pap
It crams that spiritual body's mouth.
But, Tristian, take comfort to thy soul:
We have, thus far, made shift with what thou hast
From Heaven since thy life's inception owned,
And with a frugal use, thy force, unspent,
Will yet outlast our conversation's stretch,
Whose end attained, though, on no richer dish,
Than his, whose inspiration pulsed through pulse,
Thou mayst not own that Daniel's excellence
Amongst thy pampered, redigesting peers,
And though, unlike him, thou'lt no visions see,
And tell of what is not, thou shalt at least
Divine what is, and give thy text such speech,
That pert interpreter it never need.
Thus, Spirit cheered, ere on, as is our wont,
We shall at that first Resurrection pause,
Which, by the Writ, has been revealed to Man,
True, Time has in her turn, revealed to him,
That Doom or Resurrection there was none,
Whereby thou knowst, as thou knowst life by breath,

The sole Revealer worthy of thy trust
Is Time; learn too, the world, no more no less,
Than she was then, is nearing to her last.
Yet with the world, whose end they had premised,
Survived those charters, to oppress mankind
With privileges and monopolies,
Compared to which, all those that wrong thy Age,
Would earn the name of public benefits.
What recks the sheep, when shorn, who gets its fleece?
Still Man is not a lamb, how so he feign,
For then, there was a wak'ning, and a wail,
A gnashing of the teeth, and direful howl
Of lamentation in that outer dark,
Not, as it had been fabled, from the dead,
Whose gums were emptied by the pull of time,
And who, of all things, once beyond this life,
Are not disposed to gnash, lament, and howl;
But from the living rose the rueful shriek,
Who, duped by dread of doom, had given all
To them, whose cunning and cupidity
Had made their panic fear a welcome sleight,
To pass to them, what those would cast away.
Yet, as a drop to sea, to which it were
Not more increase, compared the temporal
Unto the spiritual woe, which Man
In his delusion from that fabling took:
If Evil owned its feigned embodiment
Of Satan, and he were the origin,
Not emanation of what's adverse deemed;
If he existed in the attributes,
Which ever have been feigned, in word or thought;
And had he been, in person, then installed,
His coronation never could have been
More to his hellish liking improvised,
And if himself had bred the master of
The ceremonies, than it has been wrought
On rhapsody-fanaticised mankind,
By them, who boasted, that he was undone!
Yea, Tristian, if e'er thou be disposed
To lay thy mental ear close to the vent
Of yonder life, then shalt thou apprehend,
How grace crammed souls, yea, some who thither winged
But yesterday, lament still to themselves,
That they, on earth, their aspirations quenched,
And, all too fain, allowed Delusion still,
To shroud them from the light, which there beyond
Now smites upon their unaccustomed sense.
Why should not Man, who, to fulfill the Word
Had turned a lamb, to Satan then have owned,
As loyal subject, his allegiance,

Since Sheep, are in their patience, most at ease ?
Yea, fabled Satan ! thou the prototype
Of politicians in the flesh and blood,
Who are no daintier than thyself, to crouch
In lowest straits, so they may slime the realm :
As, erst in Paradise, thou didst contract
Thy all pervading magnitude, to creep
In Serpent's slough, so thou didst not disdain,
To humor Pope Sylvester, second named,
By being pegged within a head of brass,
That through its mouth, thou mightst proclaim him Pope,
So he, by grace divine, might own thee liege
Unto his own, immediate subject flock !
This, Satan, was thy master artifice ;
Yet not by thee, but by a botching imp
Was that archbishop of Cologne advised,
When he, to spoil the future emperor,
The fourth of Henrys, in his tutelage,
Indulged and urged him in that vile excess
Which, ruinous at every stage of life,
Is scathing most to youth. That trick, of late,
If there be sooth in what the people noise,
Was, in its repetition, self undone,
When by that school of Metternich, which thence
Its copy took, it fondly was essayed
On first Napoleon's son, whereby they hoped,
To operate upon the womb of time,
And make it bare of one calamity,
The while that School still hatched a feller kind.
That son, by nature disinherited,
Soon in his grave interred those idle fears,
Whilst Henry, more enlightened than his Age,
Instead illustrating it in himself,
But glared like beacon in surrounding dark.
Yea, smoth'ring gloomy must have been that Age,
When, in the very church himself had built
As Emperor, of rulers chief on earth,
He last must beg, in vain, the menial place
Of reader to obtain mere nature's needs :
Yea, erst he did not know, how many do ?
A friend, of common run, clings like a leech :
When once the blood is in, the use is out ;
Whereas, he should be held still in reserve
Until, of our distempered sap we wish,
To rid ourselves. Yea, when he wandered forth,
An excommunicated and deposed,
And was beneath, where erst above, he felt
The sharpest thorn in rank Privation's hedge
Is, when a noble mind must condescend
To level of the vile, by whom the least,

Up to his recreant, forgiven Son,
He was forsaken, in despair to die
Of hunger and privation on those steps,
Where his forbidden corpse its burial lacked.
Yea, Church! Thus those glad tidings of great joy
Where through those centuries echoed by thy deeds!
This moment, for thou art ignored, thou whin'st
Of persecution, but Humanity
Has learned to know the genuine too well,
To be deluded by thy spurious still.
As, from thy victim, we advert to thee
And seventh Gregory, that potent Pope,
'Tis no surprise, that he, who could so far
Forget himself, and equal fellow Man,
That other Henry, as to humble him
With that indignity, of standing out
In winter, barefoot, for three days and nights,
Should outrage so far his Creator's truth,
As to decree, no good was veritable,
Unless stamped current with his signet's seal,
Nor evil either, save by him condemned!
When Truth is most ignored, then fairest sounds
The praise of him, by whom 'tis countenanced.
We've now attained the Crusades, and behold
The ecstasy of Man's fanaticism!
What oft was tried, at last came to appeal:
The Dispensation and the Moslem creed
Were armed, once more, for final deadly strife,
For Man had sworn, one must to other yield;
But He above gave the arbitrament,
That both should stand until their time had come.
The while, in Godfrey, duke of Bouillon
Remark the prototype of those two chiefs,
Who in Columbia, near each other born,
In diverse ages, are its standard names:
The one in part, the other in the whole,
Of whom, hereafter, further in their place.
The Rhine ascending, on that fated Seed,
Who, fled how far they would, had on their heel
Fell Persecution, those Crusaders first
Inured themselves to rapine, havoc, blood;
And, when upon their march, that Seed gave out,
Their demon wrath, to be on Moslems wreaked,
Was fed on harmless lives of their own creed,
Who, daunted and infuriate with despair,
In self undoing direr doom forestalled!
As if the horrors in that horrors' sink,
Jerusalem, like hellish drink in Man,
Rebellions clamored for more company,
Again, it was a whirling pool of blood,

Still ghastlier in the dead'ning reek and stench
Of human bodies burned alive in throngs!
That fated holy city, and the land,
Long wrung in blood, 'tween Turks and Christians
Staid with the former after they had oft
Changed worthless ownership between the two,
Who, either vanquished or victorious,
Evoke the Spirit's equal sympathy:
What needs, that we reflect upon their woes?
The sorrow is, that Man permitted Hell,
To simulate, that for the cause of God,
He should ignore the very Reason, which
Himself had given, to oppose its wiles.
To Man, from those Crusades, accrued small gain,
Which little, in the main, is clustered in
The better knowledge, Man acquired of Man,
Beside those poems founded on their theme,
Which are, however, like those palaces,
Whose greatest value, unenhanced by site,
Was given by their cunning architects.
The sects, that slivered from the Rock, are fain,
To leave the rubbish and the stains behind;
Let them be honest, and confess the fault,
For which mankind have long ago atoned,
And let them own the debt, which long is paid.
They must remember, those tabooed Crusades,
Like all disastrous, ignominious feats
Were ventured on, and prosecuted through,
Whilst they were active members of the firm,
And that it is indecorous in them,
Like stept out partners trading for themselves,
To, snickering, divulge the secret arts,
Manipulated by the ancient house
To pulse its schemes into the destined port.
Let them, no more, like hypocrites decry
That holy lance, those visions and pat saints;
For she but practised what she erst was taught,
That Man, deluded, might be goaded on,
With feller cruelty than those beasts in Spain,
To demonstrate, how lower than a brute
Thy kind will sink, when it is reason-wrenched.
As Man, now in that darkness' counter light,
Has learned to look upon Jerusalem
With kindred reverence, in which he holds
A worthy dame, for whom, in woman's flush,
Hot blooded youth has fought in mortal strife:
So now he's spared the pangs of pious grief,
That Saladin, the gen'rous minded Turk,
Instead his peer, hervic Lion-heart,
Remained the victor of that Holy Land.

O middle Age, forever known as dark!
Thy Ignorance does vanish fast from Man;
Thy fell Corruption yet worms through his stock:
Can Man conceive, how wretched is that time
When, with Stupidity to boot, mankind
Are ruled by arguments of greater weight—
In gold? Yet, he, in office thus defiled,
Could force that Emperor, surnamed Redbeard,
To kiss his very foot, and have his neck
To bear the impress of his treading on!
Well might another, seated on the Rock,
Be shamed to own the truth, the Sultan wrote,
That he, a Moslem, better followed Christ
Than he, his Vicar by his actions proved.
The controversy, which then occupied
Both courts and pulpits, whether *from* or *by*
The Son, the Holy Ghost proceeded, might,
In present dearth of subjects, be revived,
As also, whether brother, ancestor
Or offspring of the Lord's the Holy Ghost,
To edify the world with doctrine lore.
Perhaps, the pulpit could illustrate now,
How it may chance, in genealogy,
That he, who in descent is number *three*,
Has been the ancestor of number *two*:
'Twould teach an allegory to mankind,
Which were with such sublime instruction fraught
To true believers as was Hakem's gloss,
That made his subjects stare, where first they frowned."
"Illustrious Guide, thou knowst, I have no thought,
Which will not bear the casting into speech,
And that my mind, however far I press
Upon thy track, in Speculation's field,
Still rotates on the wherefore of all things:
But now, my axis's fouled among those stumps,
Which stand uncleared, and there I pray thy help:
I mean those sick'ning hosts of slaughtered Man,
By conquering arms, like as that Genghis Khan
Undid those human fifteen millions."
"Well may thy progress be arrested by
That mountain in the horrors' chain, which we
Have in our course of Man so oft traversed,
And shall again unto our journey's end;
But deem not, for the rude or drowsy hand
Of History did not record their cause,
Or scribble it in characters grotesque,
Which only at their date were legible,
That those disastrous and destructive wars
Where motive lacking strokes of Accident;
For, Tristian, like those in thy own days,

They were the upshots of their periods,
And carried that, wherewith their bore was charged.
There never will be universal peace,
For as it is with individual Man,
Who has depreciated from the place
And rank, he once attained and occupies,
Be it in office or society,
So 'tis with nations: but stern Trial's shock
Can oust them from the station, which they wrong:
As students in a university,
In their examination stand or fall,
As they did strive or loiter in their course,
And those, who hold themselves aloof, unless
Firm in assurance, they could graduate
At any time, are cancelled on the list;
So ever nations, but through war evince,
How they did cultivate their term of peace.
One law prevails with insect and with Man,
And, as migrating verminis, marshalled, cope,
Subdueing minor species, that oppose;
So nations, when their genius expands,
With violence, on those resisting press.
Need I enlarge upon the fitness yet,
That God has thus decreed? Thyself hast marked,
In thy own life's events, how meet it is,
That, as the system of the universe
Is in that wisdom ruled, which emanates
From its Creator; so the peopled earth
Concedes those nations the pre-eminence,
Which prove, in their domestic excellence,
That, for the time, they own that wisdom most.
How violent this order has been wrenched,
In thy own country, where a minor race
—Since for its excellence it culture lacks—
Has, by the conquerors been interposed,
To rule, in fact, if not in theory,
A higher, kindred, though a vanquished race,
Will be evinced in its rebounding crash,
Unless its havoc force be broke in time.
Deem not, the fusing in a greater state
Of smaller ones, will bare the womb of strife;
For, if misrule and wrong obtain, it will
But shift from stranger to domestic war:
The exhalations of the main stream's bed
Are never less, than were its feeding arms';
And though, no midsea wave can strike the shore,
No wrong yet shrieked, but still the answer came,
If not in same, then sure in future Age."
"Omniscient Spirit, yet elucidate,
And tell me whether there will ever be

The piteous Time, that shall bewail herself,
Which to conceive, my sickened vision droops:
When Man, for living room upon this earth,
Shall be constrained to havoc on his kind?"
"Like station looms thy query in our course,
Inviting us to halt, and pondering rest:
In those rude times, when Man lived by the chase,
More than by tillage, in those latitudes,
Whose most prolific growth is Man himself,
He was, like younger breed of bees from hive,
Compelled to swarm, and seek a room for life;
Hence those invasions of barbarian tribes
From Europe's, and from Asia's North and East
Into the former's Centre, South and West.
As elsewhere marked, that China even now,
To stay its population's heaving flux,
Endures pollution in those fated babes,
Which demonstrates the inhumanity,
Kin so the infernal in this age's light,
That would the entrance to Columbia's room
Against their life compelled migration bar.
Conjecture what were Europe's dire distress,
If that great light had been extinguished, ere
It to Columbus had illumed a sphere,
And thus, the overpopulated Old
Were by the New World's eighty millions thronged,
Who then were urged, to force a surplus' vent
Into the other ancient continents?
That ignorance deserves no countenance,
Yea scarcely toleration from mankind,
Thou wilt discover, if thou but reflect,
That Science, whereupon she ever wars
Is the condition precedent to life,
As man in number grows upon the earth,
Whereon he, even now, were Famine's prey,
Did he not know to draw a richer store
Than she has yielded to his ancestors:
Were all the arable domain of earth
Now tilled, Man's Knowledge, in its present state,
Could scarce make shift, to raise the sustenance
For fourfold number of the present Man;
Hence Science, the purveyor of mankind
Must, bustling, still accelerate her pace,
To keep in the advance of Man's increase
Which, last, must infinitely, crowd his throng;
Hence it is plain, that for new continents,
Which are no more—since all the earth's explored—
A substitute, Man but in Science finds,
Who, with the aids, she else affords to Man,
Although unable to make aught of naught,

Can yet convert Earth's wastes to use for Man,
And, by diverting Nile's alluvia,
Give him in that Sahara, what shall be
As good, as were another continent,
Sufficient for all Europe's millions.
Let therefor Science, heeding but herself,
Be undiverted by the backward plucks
Of Ignorance, and if it simulate
A grace from heaven, or a curse from hell,
For, by the same Creator's Providence,
That has disposed the plants to turn to light,
And roots to stretch for soil, Man's genius
Now from theology to science turns,
And hence the pulpit's wailed sterility.
Were Man a laggard, Nature would herself
Be Science' self enlisted pioneer,
As thou hast witnessed on Columbia's plains,
Where culture's flora she forestalling bore
In Man's advance, although by lightning sped.
From this diversion let us now proceed,
And in that English John at Runnymede
Behold, how Evil, when it enters Man,
Although he be the mightest King on earth,
Still leaves the gate unbolted where it passed,
And Justice, on its heels, would follow in,
If Man barred not her way. Deluded Man!
How, like a babe, he is beside himself
With maudlin joy, when of the all he gave
To Royalty, and to Nobility,
The latter from the former wrench a part,
Which they add to their share! Yet this he calls
Concession of a charter to himself!
Yea, of concessions get a pittance now,
As semblance then—in time thou'lt get thy all,
For knowst thou not, by drops the oceans fills?
Perhaps the dupe, who has to gamblers lost
His store of gold, has reason to rejoice,
And boast of his exploit, as forth he draws
A bag of coppers, which he pressed from them,
As much by supplication as by threats;
But it would more become the rule of Man,
Did he compel his rights to be restored,
And enter in such stipulation then,
That neither part would afterwards have cause,
To either press the other, or to yield.
Yea, that mankind, as they attain the lights,
Forbear to wreak their retribution on
Their fell deceivers, is the best of proofs,
That, verily, they're better in the light,
Than they, in darkness, from their spoilers learnt

To hold themselves. Yet, Man! still bear with Time;
For often she is like that fig-tree cursed
Out of her season: for not heeding this,
Like one, who deems it is near breaking day,
And wakens, yet in night, a sleeping house,
For doing which, he meets a burglar's doom,
That Frederick, the second, Emperor
Discovered, by the forfeit of his crown,
That he could rule, but never rouse his Age.
What was it to the Church, that he had won,
By but the terror of his name, Jerusalem,
Which to possess, she oft had goaded Man,
To pour his blood, as it were worth no more
Than water in the Main? Great Frederick,
When Excommunication girdled thee,
The vulture Grief, upon thy leafless trunk,
Soon built her nest, as thou wast castle pent!
What boots it to inveigh against thy Age,
Whose venal, God-forgotten prelates sold
That holy Roman Empire to the bids
Of Cornwall Richard, and that Castile Prince,
Whilst in a realm, far larger than that old,
The main of power, both to give and take,
Is Bribery and Ignorance derived? —
As through that Age's gloomy wilderness
We, pathless pressing, weary issue now
Upon the glade, the poet Dante cleared,
Thou from its terminus, at large, surveyst
The devious track Humanity pursued,
As indicated by his notches, cut
Upon the looming objects in his lore.
When Tristian that epidemic quelled
In thine, what never more can be relit,
And thou wouldst have made question with thy God,
Than which, thy patience now is better schooled,
Thou reckst not, that from thy Creator came
But feigned inflictions, whilst the real are wrought
By Man on Man; for well remark, that plagues,
By Nature through her workshop's funnel heaved,
In their short visits, at long intervals,
—To test how Man in Science has advanced—
But with his body pay their travel's charge;
Whereas, that Inquisition-pestilence
Was on his Spirit, for five hundred years,
Unceasingly inflicted by his kind,
In woes and horrors, whose corroding thread
May not be woven in our lasting lore.
But from this qualmy reek let us escape:
In time ascending, we too scale the earth,
Where both her region and Time's period

More grateful and inviting bid us ken
Helvetia, where those brave mountaineers
Achieved a boon, which their posterity
Had the sagacity to keep intact.
Thou knowst, what lightest sails upon report
Is shallowest of bottom: thus the gloss,
That only through her neighbors' jealousy
Helvetia her independence owns;
Whereas, that she preserved her liberty,
Through all the break and make of restless time,
She owes but to herself, in having kept
Her marrow sound, her heart corruption free.
'Tis not advisable to prophesy,
For, who predicts an evil-fraught event,
Becomes its sponser by his very word,
And like endorser to a note of hand,
Is interested that it shall be solved:
Yet, saving this proviso to my lore,
Than spreads that freedom's staff on Man's domain,
There's many a banner flaunts a wider breadth,
Whose tatters may be into paper wrought,
Whereon the bard, in quick'ning words shall call
Upon that nation's Shade to rise again,
That she may emulate those mountaineers;
There's many a freedom's bird shall gorge so long
On carrion, and troop, in taste depraved,
With buzzards, till himself be deemed but one,
Whilst, uncorrupted in the Spirit's blue,
Above those crags, the Alpine eagle scales.
But let us on, and in that chapel glance,
Where seventh Henry, German Emperor
With consecrated wafer sealed his death,
Wherein thou seest, such spiritual food
May in the flesh, though not in spirit kill,
Since it but enters where no spirit dwells,
For were it there, it would reject the dish
Instinctively, as Man's assistant brutes
By their inherited direction shun
Those weeds, that grow to be eschewed, not chewed.
Oh Gold! thy uses' and abuses' sum
Will be but total with the final All!
That thou shouldst ever have been sanctified
As pander by Pope Benedict, the twelvth,
To scale that female's zenith of her life,
Which turned, a maiden either blooms or drops
To woman's lasting honor or disgrace!
And yet, the brother with the pander closed,
Where erst the poet spurned. How fell that Pope
From him who last had borne his proper name!
Yea, wondrous fickle is Saint Peter's chair

As seat of peril or security!
The evil Pope plucks with impunity
The veiling leaf, named from the very tree,
Whose fruit, with poison stuffed, undoes the good!
In doomed Rienzi, one more witness tells,
Man is as frequent, who can light the torch,
As he is rare who has the bearing gift
To what is ever yearned, but seldom reached,
And, least of all, in such benighted Age
As when the veritable Satan ruled
Incarnate in that sainted Peter's stead,
Or else, the Constance Council of the Church
Amiss has designated him it scanned,
And whom Man knows as John, the twenty third.
Yea, it is strange—but then, what is not strange?
That Man should glorify the triune rule
In heaven, and, in turn, eschew it here,
When represented on the adverse side;
But then, those antipopes, both true and false,
Unlike the Trinity above, were not
In spirit one, although in persons three;
And though, mankind, that it might be fulfilled,
As it was written, welcomed more than shunned
The devil's sway, yet his divided rule,
In its confusion, fell so far below
The promise' notch, that it was hustled out,
By shifting all the three, and fixing one;
For, even in the devil's own disputes,
There wants not Man, to plead the cause of God,
Provided only, that it is his own.
'Twere wondrous too, if not so often done,
How those considerate Consistories
Aid the compliant Holy Ghost; for whilst
Obsequious, he condescending yields
His inspiration, unconcerned to whom,
That he but needs, to breathe as gently as
His emblematic dove, they light his toil,
By off'ring one, whose mind has been, beyond
His rivals, stocked with theologic lore,
Or its yet better substitute of tact,
So it but needs that finish for its fill:
Thus both the high contracting parts are served;
For thus the canvassing Consistories
Need look no further than to Italy
For the material, whence Popes are cast,
Instead of being worried with the task
Of picking it amongst the fishermen
Of Palestine, or further Christendom;
And thus the Ghost need not inhale a blast
For such a gustful puff, as were required

For the inflation of mere Ignorants.—
Deem not, that more, than from Sahara, sprung
Thy blest Civilization from that Rock,
Which was to it less nurse, than is the crag
To crowning tree, which for its nourishment
Yea, very stay, must drive its creeping roots
Into the disregarded ground beyond.
What thou of green beholdst upon the Rock
Sprouts from the soil, which has in layers formed
From sheddings of Humanity above;
Nor deem, the Church did share the drowsiness,
In which she lulled mankind, for but consult
The sayings of Pope Boniface, the eighth,
The record also of those fated Popes,
Who—for their love of Man was not absorbed
All by the Church—as only out of place,
Were shorn of use, or shifted out of life.
We with that Orleans Maid will make our halt,
Till we resume our disquisition next,
The while thou ponder, what relationship
Flock tending may with Inspiration boast;
And that thou needst not fumble for the thread,
Whereon to string thy thoughts, I will suggest,
That thou, for start, return to Horeb Mount.

CANTO IX.

CONTENTS

Dawn of the modern Age. Printing. Dogma and Doctrine. Popes. Columbus; other men of Genius. Martin Luther. Intelligence and Ignorance. Frederick the Great, Washington and Napoleon.

As in the farthest West, that land of gold,
The miner hoards a pyramid of ore,
Which, in the crushing and refining, yields
Him scarce a thimbleful of precious dust;
As in the distant East, that land of spice,
The patient tiller gathers, by the load,
The roses from his fields, whose world sought oil,
In distillation, drips but drop by drop;
So stowed the pupil, in his hold of soul,
The teacher's pluckings from the stock of Man,
Content, if what his lore in essence cleared
Were even less proportioned to the bulk,
Than is that precious metal to the dross,
Or that enrapturing liquid to the murk.
And, as those scent and glitter seekers cast
A rueful eye on many a bush and knoll
They cannot cull, but must leave to the chance
Of after gleaning; so too Tristian
Could scarce to his purveyor bustle up,
Much less diverge to where he wistful spied
A tempting cluster, which he fain would pluck,
When thus his Guide, in steady gait, resumed:
"We in our course of Man have now attained,
Where so confounded is the light with dark,
'Twere hard to judge, if day or night prevailed,
In what thou well mayst as the twilight hail,
Were not the coming by the parting told;
But deem that dawn not such, as thou beholdst
In middle latitudes—where Night, released
With her unvarying Equality,
Casts off her mantle in one twitching jerk,
And to the ushered Day no welcome deigns—

But rather such, as owns that higher clime
Where like well mannered, frugal housewife, Night
With heedful, saving hand adjusts her cloak,
As, fold by fold, it from her shoulders rolls,
And she long parleys with her coming mate;
For though we steadily approach the light,
Yet, as a beaten army on retreat,
—The while its gross in pellmell tumbles on—
Here, in the scattering fire of motley squad,
There, in the volley of a regiment,
Now, in the thunder of some cannons' halt,
Then, in the sabres' clash of cuirassiers
Upon their haunches braced, the fight maintains,
The while the smoke and dust, obscuring, pall
Pursuer and pursued, that none can tell
Save either host, which side has won, which lost;
So rearward sends that Dark its fitful streaks,
Which are, at times, so with disaster fraught
To them, who all too boldly forward push,
That Man, enveloped in its shrouding murk,
May often well mistake the going out
To be the coming in. But take thou heart:
We henceforth follow in the suit of Man
With more security, for Guttenberg
Has with the physical, to light mankind
A spiritual luminary fixed,
Which lasting shines, and is to Man indeed,
What of that bow of Promise was but feigned:
Assurance, that, he shall endure no more
The dark, which then he passed, more fell to him
Than all the floods, which Fabling could conceive;
For, 'neath that eye, Man will not dare the deeds
He would not stickle in the light of day.
What though, in keeping with those heavenly orbs,
Along the wholesome plants, it cheers to life
It must elicit also pois'nous weeds?
Man has his judgment, to discriminate,
And need not taste, what is against his gust.
Note too, the tune which vibrates through this Age
In discord is not so monotonous,
As that, erst wailed in universal qualm,
For, in the dreary organ of the Church,
That great Mohamed set a dulcet pipe,
When, Byzant taken, the free exercise
Of Christian worship he allowed to faith.
Let still, what Pope Calixtus third, asserts
Be sounded through the echoing halls of Time:
That even one, so steeped in filth and crime,
That, if he lived, he'd be a nondescript,
Is by the mere tiara's putting on,

So metamorphosed by the Holy Ghost's
Illumination, that he's pure and great
Like God, yea, that he's even God himself!
For, in the world's great fair, the only booth
No longer is the Rock, nor do its wares
Such ready disposition find with Man,
Since he from his own Reason counsel takes,
Ere closing for the glosses, though avouched
Infallible for earth and heaven both,
By them, who learnt no other market-cry.
With votaries—there also must be such—
Let Paul the second's maxim still obtain,
That Science and the Church, as enemies,
The one the other must annihilate:
As indicated, Man shall quickly know,
When that alternative is forced on him
Which one, for sake of life, he shall forsake:
There's one Religion lasts as long as Man,
And she is Science's tutrix, not her foe;
But as for systems? 'Tis decreed for all,
That what so springs on earth, to earth returns.
When Piety the Church's peans chants,
Let not her praise be stinted, for her clog
Against Columbus' genius stood in vain.
When Man will tread his reason under foot,
The earth must needs be to a mad-house turned;
And 'tis no wonder, for his love of Man
Savonarola should be racked and burned,
The while Pope Alexander, named the Sixth,
And cardinals, with scores of courtezans,
In Paphian orgies, so defile God's make,
Not Man, much less the Spirit would relate.
If Man could but behold its progeny,
He never would beget the parent crime,
For every fault still bears its very lash,
And if too potent for Man's chastisements,
The culprit will devise them 'gainst himself.
Yea, that Pope Alexander, sacred feigned,
None could so punish, as he did himself;
Therefore, O Man! forgive, though not forget,
Since he, a monster to his proper self,
As much as to his kind, yet had the grace,
To rid the earth of direst enemy,
When he himself assassinated with
The poison he had for an other drugged.
Be not disgusted with its quelling stench,
But glance upon his body, stretched by Death
Like mangy cur's by poison blown; as black
As steeped by Satan in his dye of hell;
The venom frothing from his mouth and nose,

Like from that Serpent, as the horrid known ;
His tongue outlolling like a butchered beast's ;
Then, tremble Man into thy stay of soul,
For he's thy like, he's human as thyself,
And, possibly, thou might'st have been like him.
Yea, dread to think, how low the brute in thee
Can viciate and deprave thee to a fiend ;
Then, as in horror thou avertst thy eyes,
Exult within thy bosom's utmost stretch,
That by thy Spirit, necessarily lodged
For life in tenement, so peril fraught,
Thou canst be elevated to thy God !
Were aught a wonder, 'twere, that still the Church
Will take example from the buzzard's feats,
And vaunting point upon such heaps of filth
As proof, what in her maw she may digest,
And yet survive : yea, it is made of rock ;
Hence let her own that rarest faculty,
Not only to work off, like wine new pressed,
All the impurities she has absorbed,
But all corruption bred within herself.
Yet, howsoever she has changed her gust,
She could not then endure the purity
Of him, who third, was rightly Pius named ;
Of Adrian, and Urban, both named sixth ;
Marcel the second ; Innocent the ninth,
And Leo the eleventh of that name ;
But in her heaven she could find a niche,
Wherein to raise Pope Pius named the fifth,
In whom the world such monster realized,
As she before had scarce in fable known :
There let him still in Paris plaster shine,
Since thou for no such exaltation yearn'st.
We will not with that Council visit Trent,
Since, what was there decreed concern us naught :
Why should Man question, if it does him good,
The bible's and tradition's equal weight,
The worship of the interceding Saints,
The adoration of Virginity,
The wondrous transformation, which is wrought
In supping dry, without a liquid's drop ?
Why should protesting Orthodoxy mock
That sole escape, which Purgatory leaves
In midway to that hell, which bottom lacks,
And which to stanch—as if the soul were tow—
Is but the cause, why most of Man are born,
Since ingress in that heaven is so rare,
That it requires a mountain moving faith,
For Man to venture in their stress of chance,
Unless, those Creeds dissemble to themselves,

And disbelieve their pious Preach and Writ?
Yea, it is meet, such councils should decree
Their priests' celibacy, for will that Heaven,
Which for the cuckoo's progeny has care,
Have less, for what springs from a sacred cope?
And why should miracles no more astound?
He, who their perpetration would forbid,
So long as Man will their credentials take,
Were worthy that he should believe in them.
But, verily, does it concern mankind,
When Councils pit that rock firm ignorance
With Joshua, and all Inspired to boot,
Against great Galileo, and all those,
Who spy not Heaven through the Gospel's blind;
And then, when in the proof they lose their gage,
Their chagrin soothe with dungeon and the stake.
Yet still let Man protect the gods he feigned,
The One Almighty will avouch Himself.—
In Man's Civilization's endless Main,
To sink his craft, Rome mostly stood the Rock,
Which served most aptly for a shelt'ring cave.
At once of wreckers and of buccaneers;
Yet often too, was it the hermit home
Of Popes, who like that fourteenth Benedict,
And fourteenth Clement lighted up their dome,
To guiding warn mankind from off the reefs
And shallows, whereupon, as much impelled
By Time's resistless heave, as heedless steered,
By giddy brains, that Gallic race was drawn:
Alas! discredited by its own Past,
'Twas then unheeded, when it cautioned true.
Yet in thy struggles, Rock! remember still,
That never Rome was given thee for site,
For he, who reared thee, owned no foot of ground,
And what a Kaiser gave, a King may take.
As for the rest, since we have dragged the Truth
From underneath thy weight, be thou, if not
The Rock of Ages, still to Ages known;
Yea, last with that, which Mount Sorato caps,
And be still mightier, for all coming time,
Than is the heaven, which thyself hast feigned:
Like Man, who shows to Riches but his front,
And ever back to Poverty, we hence
Shall sheer from thee, and, passing, gaze on them,
Who in that darkness bore, within their breast,
The Heaven lighted torch: Columbus! Peace
To thy intrepid Soul, by Power wronged:
Eternity accords, what Life denied;
For thou to Man, as his purveyor camest,
By evolution of His first design,

Not by the draw of fumbling Chance. What, though
Precipitant and injudicious Prose
Has, by appropriating, made herself
That fraud's accessary, when she bestowed,
As Sponsor, on thy world another's name,
Because, forsooth, it seemed, more than thy own,
With t'other Continents unisonous?
The lasting and immortalizing Muse,
In even dealing justice, has atoned,
In recognizing, by no other name,
What Heav'n bestowed, save thine, who bore the gift.
Near him, behold the Shades of Copernic,
Of Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo,
Who taught to Man, of what immense a Whole
His Father had made him the owning Part.
Beside that galaxy we'll rest our glance
On them, who by the pencil and the pen
Imparted to mankind a foretaste of
That Heaven, which within their bosoms glowed:
On Vinci, Raphael, Correggio;
On Titian and on Michael Angelo;
On Tasso, Lope de Vega, Calderon,
Cervantes, Camoens. Then let us turn
To Martin Luther, who upon his Age,
Reforming, poured the full of light he owned,
And it could bear, for had he brighter shone,
He would have scorched, where he has cheered in proof,
And yet no Creed could luminary boast
Which doled out more, than his reflected light:
Yea, if his maxim had obtained from first,
And Man, by Reason, would have probed his faith,
How were Earth's woeful record shrunk in bulk!
Then, Man had never dared the palming off,
As God's, those deeds, he shamed to own himself;
Then had that Rock been never more than stone;
And, even in the great Reformer's time,
Those Anabaptists would not have been taught,
In their destruction, that the Martyrs' blood
Is only then the Church's pregnant seed,
When planted in the soil of ignorance,
Whose arable domain, alas! for them
Was all appropriated, and foreclosed
By other Creeds who—though they owned such stretch,
As, tilled by Craft, could with that help of grace,
Have been to profit reaped for centuries—
Would yet not alienate a standing nook
Unto that outcast water loving Creed,
Thence lodged, like sedge, along the shores of Faith.
The Moslems too, as if they had been roused
By emulation's goad, have hankered oft,

To rival Christians in fanaticism.
They also have discovered in their day,
That time alone, not blood, can arbitrate,
Which is the better: prayer or good works.
Yet whether, with Man's blood—to crush his mind
In orthodoxy's mould—their massacres
Outswelled the streams, that gushed from Christians,
The Spirit will not with his plummet sound.
How different Creeds have in all ages served
As bloody shuttle, in the weaving of
Both foreign and domestic politics,
Thou art apprized, by that dread, goary braid
That borders in the stretch of history;
But never was it thrown more dextrously
Than in the hands of French diplomacy,
Which of Mahomet's warp, and Luther's woof,
Could weave the robe for that most Catholic
And Church's eldest son, the King of France.
It now is thrown into the lumberloft,
By all the governments in Christendom:
Thou knowst, how late that Russian Nicholas,
When he produced it to the light once more
Against the Moslems, quick was hooted back,
By all the world, who by the obsolete,
Transparent feint no more would be deceived.
Yet there is One, who fain would ply it still,
For his, alas! have learned no other craft;
Yet even from their hand, it now is thrown
But ineffectual: it twines no more,
For now into the shallows of Man's faith,
That stream, whose source was struck by Levi's Sons,
Has been diverted by Humanity,
And Man no longer, either forced, or prone,
Now seeks his destined, everlasting port,
Upon a channel of his brethren's blood.
Think, Man! to whom and what thy thanks are due,
That thither thou canst choose, what road thou wilt,
Or jog thy own, if none of offered suit,
Since all but lead to thy Creator back.
Yea, Tristian, we in our course have reached
That bourn, forever blest! that happy Age;
When Man, of his instalments, paid the last
Of that stupendous debt, he had assumed
In Dispensation's purchase. It were now
All bootless to cast up, and ascertain,
If for the price they paid, mankind obtained,
In Dispensation an equivalent,
Since now the purchase cannot be annulled.
Perhaps, if not before, mankind will make
Comparison, when next they would acquire.

Suffice, that now they full acquittance hold,
And if they still incline to everpay,
Who would restrain their prodigality?
Perhaps thou wilt object: "What gained mankind,
In casting bigotry for tolerance?
The massacre of Saint Bartholomew
Is but exchanged, for that of barricades."
'Tis true, the very sun, which from its nest
The squirrel charms, uncoils the serpent too;
The tiger also couples in that spring,
Which heats the fulsome hare, and on one spot,
The wholesome juniper with fungus grows,
The bella donna, where the herb beneath:
In brief, there poison and rapacity
Are rankest in the stem and bone, where earth
Is most prolific in the good she yields;
The deepest valleys also there decline,
Where highest mountains loom; so densest dark
Alternates there, where flashes brightest light;
And whilst the oil, that from earth's bosom welled,
Illuminates our present conference,
It flames destruction, like a fiend from hell,
Upon the monuments of modern Art.
Yet thou hast seen, paraded through the streets,
That striped terror of the Orient,
As docile as a kennelled mastiff dog;
Thou, in amazement, hast on serpents stared,
—Which, either with their wiry sinews crush,
Or strike to certain death, with venomed fangs—
Upon their charmers' limbs so harmless coiled,
As they were eels in hand of fisherman.
That electricity, which, in the clouds,
Is forged into the crashing lightning-bolt,
Behold, how willingly 'tis chained with wire,
To bear thy message as alacriously,
As 'twere a mandate from its God Himself.
Yet of the universe, mankind alone
Should own such passions, and such essences,
As are beyond the reach of daunting Man?
But oust from thee this fear of Ignorance,
For not thy friends, thy foes assure thee thus,
That they, secure, may raven down their spoil.
Thus, as in vill, which from the highway lies,
The children flee the stranger meeting them,
Whilst, in the city, they not notice him;
So Ignorance mistakes the good for ill,
Whilst Knowledge seeming Evil will convert
To better use, than seeming Good would yield,
When crushed by blundering Stupidity.
Yea, Ignorance in Eden loses Man,

Whilst Knowledge in Sahara wins the world.
When once Intelligence prevails with Man,
Then Might shall never press, save where it ought,
And none so poor, but he shall have some home.
For know, O Man! what has been true from first,
Will be to last, that of all governments,
Regardless of their form, but that is fit,
Where, by its system, every Man inclines
Into that station in the commonwealth,
For which he is inherently designed;
For if yond spheres from out their orbits rolled,
This universe were into chaos thrown.
Where Worthlessness is to the front advanced,
Man's Merit needs must sicken in the near.
It is the violation of this rule,
Which heaves a nation into civil throes,
For Man must still design his government
Upon the pattern, Heaven set to him
In all its creatures, in the elements;
There Man sees order: every species fares
According to its given qualities;
There usurpation, by the lower grade,
Can never shift the higher from their sphere,
But due obeysance is instinctively
Accorded by the lesser to the more,
Who, in their turn, forbear to vex the weak,
But let them, in their way, pursue their bent.
Let Man adopt this order for himself,
And then leave to Humanity the care
Of weaning him from his brutality,
When, after, no more than in animals'
Shall, in his realm, be known conspiracies,
Disturbance, civil war, rebellion;
And though, no time shall ever know mankind
Confederate in one, yet Man to self
Shall do the justice, that he relegate
His Rulers, be they such by choice or birth,
To draw their human war material
But from the willing, not unwilling kind,
Both for offensive and defensive strife,
Since, by his nature, Man for government
And nationality will sacrifice
Himself precisely to that extent,
Which either, in its worth, deserves of him.
As we have issued from Antiquity
Upon the threshold of thy proper Age,
Like entering a city, we remark,
Among its looming monuments, these three
Located in the memory of Man,
Who, most of heroes, instrumental were

In giving to this Age, the cast it bears.
Behold the first in time: As drink two men
Put of one spring, wherefrom one parts refreshed,
And, with like benefit, still plies the draught,
Whilst in the other, by the shock provoked,
The pois'nous humors into fever break;
So from that modern philosophic stream
Imbibed that hero, Frederick the Great
His spirit's recreation, whilst the French
Were phrensied by the brain arousing draught.
In probity and punctuality;
In education and in tolerance,
He through their consequent intelligence
Has disciplined his people to that growth,
Which, aided by a hardy aptitude,
Soon ousted from their stock the baneful slip,
Himself, mistaken, did inoculate,
Although, not in his time, the symptoms showed
Of what it after in disasters bore:
What marvel, that the Spirit of the French
Its bastard in the Germans then subdued?
The hero stands, without a peer, in that,
With scantest means, he wrought to fullest end.
No pageant were his conquests, as are those,
Wherein most victors grant their countries but
Precarious tenure, or a life estate,
Which, on their death, relapses where achieved,
But permanently he enlarged his land
To twice its size, and left, instead a debt
To press, a purse to buoy his people's toil,
But, most of all, that training, which has been
So teeming to the world's astonishment:
Thus, like a glass, the Present magnifies
His own achievements, glorious in themselves.
The other thou wilt know in Washington:
Not he, nor ever hero yet, who lit
The flame of freedom, for it flashed from erst;
Nor he the first, who bore it on the earth,
For thousands have done so, and will again;
But he achieved far more, in that he taught
How it may further, and not scathe mankind,
And how a people through the crash of war,
And stunnings of defeat, may yet be, like
An infant from its burning cradle, borne;
For, as his soul, when by disaster struck,
Was but illumed, not shattered in the dark;
So, when last borne upon fruition's heave,
He moved but with his own impelling force.
Thou, rightly Father of thy Country named!
Thy mettle gave to freedom's sword an edge,

And still thou leadst, but art now followed where?
Thy deeds are to thy soul a crystal case,
That shows the contents to the studying mind,
And still thy country, great beyond thy dreams,
From log-school to the university,
Is with thy virtues' teachings redolent,
For they're fast rooted to the growing tongue:
But what inseparable from thy soul,
As breath from life, made thee a demigod:
Thy rectitude and conscientiousness,
Where are these lacked, save there, where most in need?
The third behold in great Napoleon,
Who through the gamut of Man's criticism
Is tugged and tossed: now heaven's peans' thrill
Is deemed for praise to low, and now for blame
Too high the blast of hell, to win, or wean
The prejudice and bias of mankind,
Concerning what that hero, and that heave
Of revolution, teeming with its own,
As pregnant with his might, have wrought to Man.
As well might Man condemn, or for all that,
Applaud the thunderstorm of yesterday,
Which is as like, to be succeeded now,
By one as fell, to mock him even whilst
He rails or lands, as that he overween,
By commendation or disparagement,
To alter what is past, or to prevent,
Or further what the womb of time conceived:
If good and evil were to live, or die,
By approbation, and by reprimand,
Mankind could long ago have spared their tongues,
For they were labelled from the very first,
And will continue, as earth's counterwheels
In their designed, antagonistic roll,
To move mankind, through all eternity;
But Man can care—'twere ill could he do more—
That still the good shall be the moving cog.
Both slave and hero, when indulged, but deem:
"First care to have, the right comes in its train."
And not the greatness of Napoleon
Exacted more of what he owned, than in,
Their littleness, mankind on him bestowed.
When Man could scarcely say, he owned himself,
The earth was cheap through her misgovernment,
And yielded, with herself, her strength to him,
Who had the gust and faculty to take;
For in the strife between the mass and one,
The rule will hold, until all struggling cease:
Ten individual Pompeys cannot cope
With single Cæsar, though but two in one

Consolidated, were his overmatch.
Rude minds gape on such hero, as they would
Upon some miracle, whereas, he is,
Within the scope of Man, as fitly placed,
As is the mountain in its stretching chain.
Thou marvelst, how that hero blundered on
To that catastrophe in Russia?
Thou needst no clock, to time a hero's course;
His shadow's stretch is his chronometer;
For know, that he did enter that campaign,
Without his chief of staff, whom he forgot
In Swedish Charles, the twelfth's, experience;
Since, from the past of nations, as of Man
He, by near guessing, might have well foreknown
The Russians' shifts, for though the Spirit's vast
Teems ever with originality,
Yet nations, like the individual Man,
Instead of grasping from its boundless fill,
Prefer the easier reach to imitate
Their own, or other people's first success.
How fair the reason, that the Past had borne
Another Now, there is a better still,
Why it eventuated as it did;
And bootless 'tis, for our discourse of Man,
That hypothetically we suggest:
Had this been then, how would the Present be?
Since all the actual fabric, which the Past
Transmitted to this living Age for use,
Is such an endless stretch, as never soul
May live the time, to scan, much less to con;
Yet since it runs to mind, we will suppose,
Napoleon had instead, with greediness
Of pregnant dame, and injudiciousness
Of nibbling child—who in green fruit will eat
The kernel death—sedate, like ancient sage,
In Elba tarried, but one half the years,
He scarcely could contain himself in months,
And had in Europe patly reappeared,
When nations, of their liberation's fruit,
Were retching on the murk allotted, whilst
Their dynasties and aristocracies
Obliviously revelled in the must,
How would the quarrel, then renewed, have stood?
But no philosopher, nor prophet he:
The fifty years, to his prediction giv'n,
Are past, and what, had it been realized?
Sure, Liberty, and what thereto pertains,
Are from republics not inseparable,
No more, than is the liquid from the cup,
Wherein 'tis held. That nation is but duped,

Which makes the form of government the end,
Instead the means, of utmost happiness :
Of all alternatives, the Cossack rule
Has never been the worst, and much less now,
Since it has given freedom to its serfs,
And its abuse is in the Autocrat,
No more assassination limited.

CANTO X.

CONTENTS

The present Age. Poland and the Turks. Austria: Metternich's Policy. England: her Church and Poets. France, Italy and Germany: their Present and Future.

As with a well stocked purse, th'exultant youth
From foreign land, or with diploma from
Domestic, distant university,
His pace accelerates, as nearing home,
Upon his heart the church's steeple first,
And then the schoolhouse' turret loom in sight,
Whilst on his breast, the native lanscape swims,
And he in soul the opened heaven clasps,
Now greeting, with a kiss, the very stones,
Mute confidants of Hope's still muter dreams,
As thrills within: it all is realized!
Then onward flies, with arms instinctive stretched,
To owning press his prize upon his breast:
His childhood's playmate, now the village queen;
So Tristian, in his ecstatic soul,
Approached the purlieus of his living time,
When, as his wont, the spirit thus resumed:
"Ere to the Cemetery of the Past,
We bid farewell, amongst its nations' tombs,
Our lore's devoir is to the latest due,
Whose epitaph's the song of sympathy:
Yea, Poland! as thou wast among the last,
To be evangelized, so thou the first,
To grant the boon of tolerance to Man,
Whilst he endured the stake, as heretic,
In lands, that boasted to be freedom's ark.
In Sobieski, thou gavest Christendom
A hero, than a greater it had none;
For thou too wast, of nations, fabled blest:
Yet, bond of Nature, surest thou of all!
When thy own hour of tribulation struck,
And signalled to those Christian Powers: 'Seize.'
Thy cry for rescue struck the instinct ear

Of but those Moslems, erst the vanquished foes,
Who now, in common dread of kindred fate,
With thee made common cause, while Creed was deaf,
To even gratitude, for what thou didst.
Yea, better merit'dst thou from stranger Man,
Than what thou compensatedst to thyself.
If there be aught, however small relief,
In fellow misery, then be it thine,
Since now thy woe, for hundred years unshared,
No more's peculiar to but thyself,
And other bosoms also shrink to breathe:
Our nationality is not yet lost!
For fear the very wind repeat that scoff,
Whose hurt no soul may know, save that which felt.
But then alas! how can a nation live,
Who, in herself, is dead to her own stay?
Who, blind in overweening ignorance,
Is self sufficient in her deadly wrong?
Yea, that fell veto-bane, and bribery,
Worm like devoured the marrow in thy stock,
And only left behind Corruption's filth,
Which threw thy body in that fever state,
From which thou mightst have yet arisen cured,
Had not thy guardians, by thy foes suborned,
Administered to thy undoing most,
In bidding them, to strangle, hack and pill
The patient fallen to their sacred care!
Yet through Man's pity breaks the sullen truth:
No nation ever fell by accident,
Nor has there yet been one, though seeming dead,
But she revived to her own merit's call;
For matter never can subdue the soul,
And where the Spirit, soon its body forms.
The fish that snaps, and feasts upon the worm
Is by its kindred, in its turn, devoured.—
Since deed suggests the actors, from the dead
Unto the living nations, be our bridge
Among the victim's spoilers, Austria,
Since she but people, but no nation owns.
Yea thou! that ever obstinately war'dst
Against the living Spirit—Once defunct,
Thou too shalt own remembrance on the earth;
But it will be among thy quarreling heirs,
And them, whom thy descent, into their tombs,
Shall therefrom to their resurrection wake;
For, unlamented by the living tongue,
None but the middle Age's fallen jaws
Shall mumble to the world thy requiems.
As incoherent, as an idiot's wail.
And yet, a richer opportunity

No country ever, than thyself has owned,
To be eternized in the love of Man!
How long hast thou not owned Germania,
Who, to the outside world, was passed thy spouse,
But was, at home, degraded worse than drudge;
In her best aspirations hindered, cramped,
And persecuted in her intellect?
Nor yet lack'dst thou a factor for thy weal,
For still thy second Joseph, Emperor,
Wooed, with a lover's ardor, for thy good.
Naught could be tendered more, than he proposed:
The abolition of all feudalism,
The fixing of equality in Faith
And the adoption of a cultured tongue
Wherein to dress his country's genius;
But thy frustrating Spirit interposed,
That t'was too soon, and soon it was too late!
While thou wast prodigal in ignorance,
A rival, frugal in intelligence,
Arose against thee in Borussia;
And yet, O patient Teuton trustiness!
When he proposed, he was repulsed by her,
Who struggled, like domestic cat attached,
Against her shifting, whence she was abused!
The sequel, Austria, thou but knowst too well,
For now thou sendst it with thy messenger,
To compliment the German emperor!
Yet heed thou this, for thou art not past cure:
As mercury corrodes the human bulk;
So Craft worms through a country's stamina,
And as the subtile mineral substitutes,
For temporary ail, a chronic ache,
Which Science only, with the help of time,
May haply from the withered body purge;
So Craft, inoculated in a State,
But temporizing with the ills it soothes,
Entails on it those lingering complaints,
Which only candid Statesmanship can cure,
Assisted by the people's innate strength.
Thus, part, to ward the dangers, which he feigned,
And, part, to pamper his own vanity,
Thy Metternich, dubbed by a thoughtless world
The most consummate Statesman of his age,
In imitation of those fashion queens,
Who, for their sway, resort to arsenic,
Administered to thee his rankling bane,
That he might boast to Europe: Lo, behold!
In the boquet of my diplomacy,
So grateful to aristocratic sense,
My Austriais the centre-flower still!

The fair'st in life, are foulest in decay :
Another summer brings another bloom,
And thou well knowst, thy present is but weeds.
Yea, there was never need, thou shouldst forbid
Thy praise from subjects : States, that so incline,
Already are no more commendable ;
And Learning, driven during peace from home,
Will from abroad return, in time of war.
But let thy Emperor still persevere,
And he will yet regenerate his State.
Yea, if the Rock, in undisputed rule,
Could keep all lands in equal backwardness,
He might adopt its policy, and let
It further, still, the mass's ignorance,
And the oppression by the few, that it,
As erst, might be the pander 'tween the two !
But since this is not so, and Oxenstiern's
Curt precept to his son's but valid then,
When all the States are by no wisdom ruled,
Let him, as he would his own palace close
Against the pestilence, still shut the door
Of Cabinet and College 'gainst the Rock ;
And of unfitness purge bureaucracy,
The pampered fondling of that minister ;
Let him crop down the sap absorbing shoots
Of rank Nobility, and graft instead
The Spirit's fertile scions ; for the rest,
The stock will cure itself, for though composed
Of diverse trunks, it innately is sound.
Let him concede, wherever they may come,
To all demands, save those of Ignorance,
And Austria regains her pristine flush.—
With knowledge, that a stall, well groomed, will soon
Show purer than a chamber, roofed with stars,
When of its filth unbesomed, and unaired,
We, in our course of Man, now come to thee,
Oh merry Albion, blessed in that King,
Who, for the getting of his second wife,
Became adoptive father of thy Church !
Thou Land, where Grace abides personified,
And scores of Lords devout, to namesake pray ;
Let not thy freemen, lay and clergy both,
When proud tney give their reasons for their faith,
Forget—since 'tis its due in rank of time—
To name as first, its origin in love,
Since, had not been that royal sting of—well,
Still be it by the name of conscience known,
Their Anglican, high Church were yet unborn,
And they, unslivered from the Rock, were still
Those slaves of Rome they so abominate.

Yet, Albion! hadst thou still owned the Rock,
It would have taught thee more humanity,
Than to have smirched, with that soul sick'ning blotch,
This generous Age's cheek, when thou, of lands
The wealthiest on the globe, deniedst to dole,
In stress of Charity, a pittance of
The sustenance, thou from thy sister wrong'dst,
From that dependent, poor Hibernia,
When doomed, and helpless she endured, to have
Her children clinched by famine, nay, thou God!
When thousands of them daily starved to death!
Yea, Charity's immortal, else she would,
In thy forbidding selfishness, have died.
But 'tis no wonder, since thy ethics thou
Receiv'st most through a Church, which, in the main,
Is but an imitation of the Rock,
And that a base one, since but few approach,
Who are not heart chilled by the ice block's freeze:
Yet may she last, as if on North-Pole fixed,
Still growing in her temporalities,
And may she ever go, where Wealth refined,
Politest invitation sends: 'tis meet,
Her heaven's gate should readiest open swing,
To those, initiated to its joys,
By having had their fill in body here.
Let her, still louder than before, inveigh
Against the Pope's infallibility:
Is't more absurd, than is in England's law,
The fiction, that the wearer of its crown,
Who also, in its church, stands for the head,
Can do no wrong? Is't more preposterous,
Than was thy friend, Napoleon's subterfuge,
That France might put him in, but never out?—
Enough of Church! We relish not that Sting,
More than the savor of its mammon breath;
Nor care to ken, how souls were juggled with
By those base parliaments, whose yeas and nays
Would raise, or level, any road to God,
So it but led to royal patronage:
Sure they're omnipotent, for, since they fix
For thee the laws of God, can they not too
Suspend them for—a duke's convenience?
Let still all countries grant thee privilege,
To drumbeat for recruits around the globe,
But for the future, take this warning now:
The Spirit, for that nation, in advance,
The traitor's brand affixes to the brow,
Of, be he emperor, or minister,
A noble, or a commoner, who 'gainst
Thy merchants' gold, will score his country's blood,

When thou and he would in alliance mate.
Yet Albion, as mankind thy pulpit shun,
So are they ever to thy closet drawn,
To meet thee in devotion to thy Muse :
Great Shakespeare, Pet of Fancy, Heaven sired!
Immortal thou to Memory of Man,
For thou wroughtst from the everlasting store,
And, as thou drewst from Nature, and from Man.
Thy faithful copies will be recognized,
By Man and Nature, while they last to feel;
Yet be not rash to deem, that thou mightst vie
In thy creating with the Deity,
For but bethink, that thou wast made by Him,
And thou couldst never make thy other like.
To Tristian too, as dear that proper name,
As, in the common, 'tis indifferent,
Of him, who speaks the raven's sober sense,
In voice melodious as the nightingale's :
He, who, in noble effort, Man essayed,
And who, however be his fancy ranked,
Will ever live, a prince in authorship.
Whilst Spirit vibrates 'tween its cheer and gloom,
Man lists that swallow, on the dome of life,
Who owned his cradle everywhere on earth,
Save where it stood, and who, in dread, atoned
For more transgressions, than his life had known :
Yea, they'll insinuate, and damning charge,
Who cannot know, that he but feels the pang
Of malefactors, who's incapable
Of soul, to ever perpetrate the crime.
Thou too rever'ert that earnest, blind, old bard,
The more, since not from him, thou tookst that Sting,
Nor hadst it driven deeper in thy soul,
Howbeit, from the loss of Paradise,
He owns more glory, than from its regain,
And there is but that doubtful love between
His heaven and Olympus, as exists
Between the lender and the borrower.—
Thou rueful France ! 'Tis from the Spirit far,
That he, with Man, should triumph over Man,
And to accuse thee, where thou hast atoned,
Where fiendish, as the frenzy thou'st endured :
Yea, thou hast on thyself a vengeance wreaked,
For which the stranger were too merciful;
Yet, all thy punishment has been in vain,
If from it thou wilt no correction take;
Yea, heed, for as by instinct, even now
Thou prickst thy ears again, to catch afar
The echo of thy syren wether-bell !
Woe hangs o'er them, who still, oblivious, tramp

In that civilization, which thou ledst ;
But thee worse shall befall, than thou'st endured,
If thou again embrace, what still thou ruest.
What though, thou yesterday, wast in the wrong ?
To-day, thou canst be right, if thou.so choose ;
If of illusion thou'lt divert thyself,
And once, forever, cast thy vaunting phrase,
Whose emptiness thou ever fillst with blood.
But dress thee in the Spirit's seriousness,
And pass with him thy troubles, in review :
Thy first of revolutions overwhelmed
Thee with monstrosities, as afterwards,
The stranger nations with its prodigies :
Thy second from their rest those people roused,
Who by the first's recoil were lowest cast ;
But now, thy third has all judicious warned,
To halt, reflecting, ere they headlong plunge
Into that dread abyss, wherein thou howl'dst,
And which thy pitied children have escaped,
But through that direful stress, wherein are two,
Who, wrecked upon a plank, that bears not both,
The one the other slays, to save his life.
Remember, France ! and lay it to thy heart,
Thy phrases can undo none but thyself ;
For, whilst th'erratic orbit of thy star,
By Man was studied, he has happ'ly spied
Another firmly fixed : Intelligence.
Know, though thou hast forgot, the world has not,
Thou, too, becamest one of the holy ones,
And wast constrained, to swallow thy own words,
When thou, in Spain, against thy better self,
Wast basely used, with hundred thousand arms,
To help tramp out that seed, thou ever vauntst
Thy nursery alone could propagate !
In this, behold thy retribution, France :
It was that Spain, from which thy deadly Lie,
On thee recoiling, 'mongst its kindred burst,
Which shattered thee into thy elements.
Thou griev'st the Spirit, and he'll mourn for thee,
When long, in thy oblivious levity,
Thou'lt be relapsed again. The havoc, which
Thou wreak'dst upon thyself, as 'twere thy doom,
Has staggered Man, so he mistrusts his state,
As 'tis thus horror mirrored in his kind,
And where there is a heart, it prayed within,
That thou mightst find a savior in thy stress :
Thou sympathetic Chord ! too late thou soundst :
Not when the harvest is to market borne,
Can its defects, inherent in the seed,
Or brought on by wrong tilling, be repaired.

Yea, help's precarious : scarce will it avail,
To cloudward point, upon a mansion's roof,
The charming magnet, to abduct their bolts,
When they already crash upon the earth ;
Yet France, while fiercest raged thy crazy storm,
He, who sat in thy loft, could have affixed
That death averting lure, had he but willed.
Yea, Tristian, had thy like been in his stead,
Not human nature had been demonized,
To ply those horrors, Man would fain disown.
Though frail that country's stay, which would depend
On single Man, whose thread is quickly cut,
Still be in foreign, or domestic war,
The hero welcome, as a demi-god :
Yet, France, with other nations know, that most
In peace, thou needst the saving genius ;
For greater is the profit, to prevent,
Than quell disease, though no physician yet,
Has, by preserving health, acquired a name.
No need to ask, how hang the Mischief's scales
Between those Communists and Versaillists :
France suffered it, and now may take her ease
In that, the happiest far of all the calms :
The one which on disastrous storm succeeds;
Yet by its memory, France be thou adjured :
As certain as the water, that has purged
Thy Paris' gutters, pooled with human blood,
Again, has through the clouds returned to earth ;
So sure, that blood exhaled, will visit thee,
Directed by the very God, who guides
The swallows home from the antipodes,
Unless thou wilt the Spirit's warning heed.
As Man will never be an angel all,
So, at all times, no Man has been a fiend ;
And there's no need enquiring, why it is,
That Man ignites upon the sunny Seine,
Idealizes on the castled Rhine,
Philosophizes on the sandy Spree,
And realizes on the turbid Thames ;
For, as yond orbs, without an atom's waste,
Draw up the humors, they evolve from earth,
And fuse through air, their scattered elements,
Into such missiles, as their essence yields ;
So, as a nation, in her heaven, wills
Her lights to be, shall be the qualities,
Which they elicit and distil beyond,
To bless, or blast that nation in return.
Thy center orb has been the dazzling Lie,
From which all others took their baleful glare :
Unsphere it, France, and substitute the Truth !

And with the wholesome sheen, 'twill cast upon
Thy love of honor, glory, liberty,
It will develop candor, honesty
Self-knowledge, confidence, sincerity
And conscientiousness: their all in one,
In thy society, and government,
Which latter shall reflect on thee the like.
Then thou, no more, shalt own an emperor,
Who self-undone by Perjury's recoil,
Will whine the prostrate desperado's wail,
That he had basely been betrayed by Fate!
Yea, when thou knowst no more Delusion's goal,
Thou'lt not be crazed, when 'tis not realized;
Tnen in an even dealing rectitude,
Thy office holders, and thy clergymen
Will shame to reap beyond their labor's due,
But understand, they own no sinecures,
And that, to govern, is an onerous charge;
Then with the ire, the flow of blood shall cease,
And with the lapse of spoiler and of dupe,
That communism's nonsense falls defunct.—
The Spirit gratulates thee, Italy!
That now, at last, that goading tantalism
Is at an end, and thou hast realized
Regeneration, to thy utmost hopes.
What thou'st endured in those insensate reigns,
Which but, like apes, for their diversion toyed
With thy undoing, is to the Spirit known:
Most arduous thy struggle for the light,
For of thyself, that cavern had been made,
Where thou wast bidden to abide content,
By them, on whom its darkness fell relieved
By other light, which in their distance poured:
As to the country, summer tourists flock,
And in a week's disport, demoralize
The simple natives there, where lasting stay
Themselves would deem the worst of punishments;
So bend the Catholics their wonted souls
Upon that Rock, but piously ignore
That it has crushed thy breast 'twas founded on,
And when thou restive heav'dst, to cast it off
They'd fain have bribed thee with their Peter's pence!
Yet, Italy, remember, though thyself
Art for thy patient sufferance, well worth
The acquisitions, which thou now enjoyst,
Yet, somewhat, have they been advanced to thee,
Probation like, and thou must yet attain,
Through future merit, to full ownership.—
Germania, hail to thee, Fatherland!
Thine are the laurels of victorious Truth:

As by the wayside stands a tree in spring,
In blossom fair to view, which nearer seen
Affliction tokens in its mildewed leaves,
So bloomed the independence, thou achiev'dst,
By the prostration of Napoleon,
In splendor only of thy favored few,
Whilst in their blighted hopes, thy people drooped.
Man marvelled, how it could be possible,
Thy stock should flourish with its blasted leaves?
Yet thus, unnaturally, 'twas decreed
By that Alliance, aptly holy dubbed,
Which tricked the earth as Eden for the few.
But bade thy mass, if they'd be blest therein,
To seek it in their hopes, beyond the grave!
Yet though those Congresses were plenary,
They were not full, for there was lacking still
The Spirit, who has never yet been duped,
To ratify, what they agreed upon;
But weaving on his silent loom of Time,
He recked not, whether the contractors were
Mere temp'ral princes, kings and emperors,
Or holy nuncios from the Rock of Rome,
And whether they had chartered their own wrong,
In treaties 'mongst themselves or with the Church.
When in that Rulers' epidemic fraud,
Thy princes had the imbecility,
To fall off from the pledges they had made
Their people in the utmost stress of war,
Then, Tristian, only with that noble old
Bavarian, possessed thy native land's
Illustrious house—the more commendable,
For 'twas itself in power circumscribed—
The inborn honesty and manliness,
To give a body to its promise' garb.
Yet there's no need, that we review thy plight,
Since thou, Germania, madest of it thy school,
And now thy sovereigns have learned, at last,
If not from own, then from their subjects' proof,
That he is strongest to the outer world,
Who by a happy home is strengthened most,
Germania, as thou hast in patience tilled,
So joy in thy fruition now at ease;
For still let nations, as mere private Man,
Remark, that he, whose soul takes no delight,
In noting, how the fruit, through nature's grades,
Turns from its blossom to maturity,
Is too unworthy, to partake its taste.
Yea, Tristian, whilst with her philosophers
And poets, all her mental toilers wrought,
They, drawing on my sphere, partook of me,

And what they have, oft in privation spun,
Has, in the occult factory of time,
Been woven in that cloth, whose bleaching now
Astounds the world, as marv'ling she surveys
The texture of her present Era's garb.
When Honesty, Intelligence and Truth
Attend the Spirit's loom, the Fates return
The fabric in a bolt, whose wrappings less
To sight denote, than its contents unfold;
For to those qualities, which Heaven needs
In governing mankind, itself awards
A premium, for their rarity on earth.
Less than she was, has modest Germany
Seemed to the world, which, with such envious eye
Behold the riches of her mental yield,
As leers the prodigal upon the till,
His poor deemed neighbor's thrift has heaped with sums,
Yet greater than himself had ever owned.
In sooth, it is divine economy,
That Simulation should acquire for Truth,
Like factor gath'ring for his principal,
Who can but handle, what another owns;
And thus Columbia—though in her purse
It only were a superfluity—
Is fated, that she dig her mines of gold,
To pour the nettings in Germania's lap.
Ah, that Columbia would understand,
How, in return, she could be recompensed,
If she the tendered spirit would accept!
As much in sorrow for Columbia
As in rejoicing for Germania,
The Truth must own, that proof is now extant:
The people are with better rulers blest,
In heaven's grace, than they are in their own,
Unless it be, that human governments
Make no exception to the standard rule,
That, what is costliest, must needs be best.
Still tried Germania, keep uppermost
Thy earnest Reason in thy government,
Firm buttressed by the people's Honesty,
Intelligence and Truth, and recollect,
That no material prosperity,
If universal, is a nation's bane,
But only when the mass's means are turned
To heave the few, beyond their merit's sail,
Into the depths of superfluity,
The people stinted in their nourishment,
Will then break open, like a drought rid plain.
Be still thy maxim: 'To each one his due'
For thou its application knowst the best.

Let still thy princes, who approve their worth,
Dwell in the palace, but do not forget,
Lest for the fault, thou pay the penalty,
That, what thence emanates, must penetrate
The cottage in those rays, that cheer not heat·
Remember, to avail, all governments
Must by a certain wisdom be inspired,
Whose essence is not bettered by its source,
Be that a single or a hundred brains;
Hence secondary to the country hold
All parties, whatsoever be their names.
With no precocious innovation e'er
Experiment, but full appreciate
Whate'er the roll of Time unfolds, which can
Be neither forced, nor staid, and when thy course
Turns to Republic, be thou well prepared,
To slide into it on an easy grade,
Not leap into it with a bloody bound,
For then it were not worth thy sacrifice.
But when that spell of license timely comes,
Be thou as honest as in stern restraint.
If then, thy handiest exemplar be
Columbia, let thy Intelligence
First strain her doctrines, ere adopting them.
Heed too, when with Republic thou shalt mate,
That thou restore her prostituted name;
And, as thou wouldst a serpent newly sloughed,
Shun demagogues, for they, that reddest wear
The Phrygian cap, have donned it for themselves,
Or for the enemy. Trust thou no one,
Because he is or poor, or well to do,
For thy own spoliation may supply
The Saturnalia upon a fast,
Or its prolonging, when the own purse fails;
Thus Germany, is, in the present Age,
What Greece was in her own. We'll visit next
Where many fain would emulate the Seed.

CANTO XI.

CONTENTS

The South's Defeat and present Condition. Apostrophe to New England. America in general: her Ailments. Tristian's Ordeal. The Spirit departs.

Thou last in order, yet the first in thought,
Columbia! shalt of the peopled earth,
Be now the parting Spirit's final theme.
As neared his visit's end, he since the last,
Had staid with Tristian, when he thus resumed:
As we're returned to thy domestic hearth,
The Spirit, too, partakes thy closet ease,
To scan, with stranger's ken, thy proper state.
Thine, like the ear of Love, dilates with hope,
To fill with my laudation: futile aim!
Do not expect of me, to spread the board,
Whereon the patient pampers his disease:
Oh, Tristian! be thou assured by me,
As his inhaling his rebreathed air,
In close confinement packed, is quelling to
The vital spark of Man, so ruinous
The inspiration, which a people draw
From praise, they ever breathe upon themselves,
In qualmy fulsomeness, as this thou hearst:
'The best of governments, beneath the Sun!'
'Of nations first, past, present, and to come!'
When thou beholdst such cream upon the tongue,
Then know, the whey upon the stomach sours;
Yea when thou not'st that syren melody,
That partly lures, and partly indicates,
Be warned, the yawning precipice is near,
Whereon, self pulsed, a people fondly rush.
Think of Jerusalem, that horrors' sink,
Whose vaunted name of Salem means: 'at peace';
Of Paris think, which has been, to the ear,
Mankind's Civilization's nursery,
And, in the proof, a swarming hell of fiends;
But even now, before thy doors, behold,

How mocks that isle her ever faithful name!
Yea, Phrase of Praise! thou truly art a fruit,
Which, by oft handling, spoils to rottenness,
And bursts upon the land, a plague, a curse!
If, therefore, thou thy Expectation sendst,
To gather commendation, call it back,
Since bootless only would its errant prove."
"No more in time, were my assurance now,
That in thy lore alone delights my soul,
Who still droops there, where words are sired by wind.
As through thy vision, I've beheld all time,
So now returned into my proper close,
—Unless thou deemst, it would profane our lore—
I'd have thee scan it from the bottom up,
Since, both by contrast and similitude,
We, from below, best judge, what is above.
Yea, show me, Spirit, what Columbia is,
And thou shalt see, how she'll hereafter be;
But so thou wilt, we'll even make our start
This dark, where thou hast deigned, to visit me."
"Yea, dark it is, and darker still it glooms:
The Churches, eased of metaphysics' task,
Have lessened still the little, they have learned,
To only know Redemption from—that Fall!
And thus it comes, the best encomium,
The land knows to bestow on Man, is that
He is, or was a Christian gentleman!
Which praise will for its very looseness fit,
Like to a bathing-gown, all customers;
Whereas, if he in verity had been
A thorough imitator of the Christ,
As well in practice as in theory,
He never would have been such gentleman,
As that he had been praised by tongue or print,
But truly so obscure in name and poor,
That but his relict or a trusty Tray
Had moaned his elegies upon his grave.
Oft have I marvelled, if they'd condescend,
To blazon the obituary praise
Of same humanitarian Gallio,
How they would turn that phrase, the surname now,
That follows, as the cannon's thud the flash,
The patronymic of their cherished dead,
—Esteemed in lore as hero nonetheless—
Who, leader in Columbia's civil war,
At Fredericksburg victorious, forbore,
For very feelings of a Christian,
To wreak annihilation on the foe.
Yea, Tristian, not he has been the first,
Who has discovered, if the Prince of Peace,

In war is followed by the side of Writ,
—Which, for 'tis pastoral, is popular—
His followers will in succeeding calm,
Be less in humor, to own Heaven thanks.
Yet, Tristian, 'tis piteous, that by
That country's wretched plight, for which he fought,
He, big of soul though staid, was worried,
That he died broken hearted, as, alas!
Have thousands drooped, yet droop this very day,
Of them, who cannot juggle with their souls.
Yea, were that land, in metaphysics versed,
It never would have overweened, to own
Peculiar immunity from God,
So stay the Age's growth; then had it known,
If Man's device would from its falling prop
The ripened fruit, wherewith the tree of Time
Forever teems, it needs must burst in blood;
Then had it given freedom to its slaves,
And arming them, would have achieved its goal;
Unless, it false protested to itself,
And to the world, and it was slavery,
Not independence, that it struggled for.
But once upon their wing, there is no god,
To intercept the brood of Ignorance.
Instead controlling now its Africans,
As through humanity it could have done,
That fated country withers underneath
Their stupid and preposterous government:
But, Tristian, it will, to right its wrongs,
To Metaphysics yet betake itself;
Unless content, to use its Reason, like
Those birds their wings, which are for running spread,
Or some fish do their fins—to fly through air,
The while it by that yoked on rule is wronged
Of most the boons, which are this Age's due.
Thou Pilgrim Land! that ever boast'st to be
One of the centres of intelligence,
And, surely, art Columbia's very one,
Of late thy politics are shallowing out,
As erst thy orthodox theology;
Yet being, as thou claimst, intelligent,
Thou needs must know, from own experience,
If from no stranger lore, that to the end,
There is a struggle, which can know no truce,
Between Intelligence and Ignorance.
Equality between them is unknown:
The winner's master, and the loser's slave;
Yea, wrongs press not alone, on whom they're laid,
But, like a capstone on the pillar'd row,
Bear down the whole, of which he is but part:

Dark envious Ignorance, imposed by thee,
Now domineers Columbia's Southern half
Far more in practice, as evinced in proof,
Than ever thou design'dst in theory.
Scarce was that despot Ape installed, ere he
Instinctively, as loth, to bear alone
The execration of his stupid reign,
Espoused Corruption as his meetest mate;
They have embraced: the issue know, when born.
Yea, as the heart-lack marriage state between
The human kind, can only be maintained,
By riotous diversion and display;
So is the tie of this one ceaseless round
Of those vile Saturnalias, that get
Those blues, which being red, are thus misnamed;
For better 'tis, for Peace to fly, than stay
Where she is only as the pander used
By Villany, to prostitute the rule.
Most fell the politician-bandits' plague,
And wretchedst of all hapless lands on earth,
Is that controlled by spoliating rogues:
The highwayman, that bids one yield his purse,
In his romance, makes some, how poor return
To countries he infests; the Chivalry,
Who made their booty where they could assert,
In Europe left their castles' mystic lore;
But as pure milk will heave its cream on top,
Foul water but its scum, what can the pool,
By politician-bandits fouled, distill,
Save pestilential vapors, which will break
Eventually in such horrid gush,
As may wont France, but not Columbia drench?
Yea, Pilgrim Land, take counsel to thyself:
Throughout Columbia, the government,
Whose theory presents to outside view,
Like some stupendous, gorgeous palace' front,
Is vile in practice, like that tinsel kind,
Wherein Society its evil feasts,
And in no part, Abomination so
Unlicensed flaunts, as in that Southern wing.
Yea, as that land is most luxurious
In its exuberance; so it abounds
With noxious parasites, and therefor needs
The most of tending, lest all good be choked.
Be not deluded by the selfish thought,
That caring only for thy proper home
Shall keep thee safe, and that one part the land,
That it be not offended with the stench,
Can with impunity its garbage dump
Upon the other, overfoul itself;

For, never yet, has epidemic been,
That would confine its ravage sweep of death
But to the nest, whence it was hatched and winged.
Be warned in time : 'tis only in the calm
That vapors gather for catastrophes :
These rise beyond thy own horizon's ken ;
The Spirit sees, how they accumulate.
Move thou an alteration in the air,
For any change is better than this foul,
Which is exhaled from the enfranchiseds' rule,
That rottened for its prematurity.
Yea, Pilgrim Land, take the initiative,
And be the only, that the North resume
The sway to conqueror due, for were it not,
That he impose his dictum on the foe,
With whom he stood the ordeal of death,
Then were a flaw in Heaven's primal law,
And merely pastime slaughter were such wars ;
For Might is Right, since, if it were not so,
It never could prevail, which it can do
But whilst itself incorporates the Right.
But never feign, the substitution of
That proved superiority, by worse
Than vanquished's own inferiority,
Can e'er redound to good to any part ;
For now thy boon the sequel overtops,
That in bestowings, which are undeserved,
Three subjects are abused : the giver, gift
And taker, since in this, the first despoiled
Is, by the change or owners, worst abused.
Thou'lt say: 'The suffrage of the Africans,
Though by the present generation spoiled,
Will in the growing educated own
Intrinsic worth' ; Yea haply may it teem,
As does salvation's hope in suicide,
And be as like destroyed in proof! When they,
By that vile training, which they now receive,
Are qualified to judge, be not surprised,
If then the Country its republic loves,
With such emotion, as his coppers he,
Who in's disposal has no better coin.—
We'll from some parts, now pass upon the whole :
Hail, free and generous Columbia!
There is but one emotion, which exceeds
The Spirit's joy at what thou art, and that's
The grief, at what thou couldst be, and art not!
The standard for thy present, in our lore
Shall be the dower, thou got'st at thy start :
Thou wast located in this universe,
Where Man may of this blessed earth take up

A handful of her ground, without the fear,
That he shall disecrate a martyr's dust,
Which animated quivered on the rack,
The scaffold or the stake, reared by the curse
Of either Tyranny or Ignorance;
Yea, happ'ly didst thou 'scape that arm of death,
Fell Persecution, like a spectre, stretched
All Europe over to remotest nook;
And doubly blest thy settlers in their flight,
That then the monster, tott'ring in his age,
Could only strike, who came beneath his reach,
And not pursue, whom he his victims willed.
Thus, in the total, has thy bounty been,
That thy Civilization thou hast got,
Like as in mother's lap the babe is laid,
Laved by the midwife of the gory slough,
Wherein it by the travail had been bruised;
And as thou, nursing, wakest her smiles with smiles,
Thou needst not be remembered of the woes,
Which were endured, ere she was brought to life,
More than the feasting on that dainty root
Reminds the epicure, how rank the bed,
Whence it the substance and the juice has drawn.
Remember thus, thy culture dates not from
Thy settlement, but from the first of Man's;
For though thy pioneer must needs contend
With Indian, he was no savage then.
Thou too, the star of Liberty hadst fixed
Unerring on thy dome: if it is dimmed,
'Twas but by exhalations from thyself;
For thou hadst naught to dread from foreign foe,
And all thy welfare rested in own hands.
Yea, Tristian, although Columbia
Owned, of the nations, first thy love, behold,
What commendation is a people's due,
Whose character in ethics will confound
The base of Smartness with the genuine
Of Wisdom, and for current use will give
The former preference? Where, who adheres
So fixed in honesty, as star so named,
And will not, by a public trust's abuse,
Be extricated from his poverty,
Is dubbed as but an execrable fool?
Where smartness gotten wealth's the goal of all,
And office holding, and aspiring scamps,
Who even simulated virtue lack,
But blazon their successful vice unveiled.
Can from the people's guardian, the Press,
As readily purchase, with their office' spoils,
Their fulsome laud as public savor to

Their rank, corruption tainted characters,
As venal females plying their abuse,
The odors of apothecaries buy,
To quench their foulness, and to give it scent?
Yea, Tristian, it long since had been meet,
Columbia's publicists had pondering paused,
To question, whether they not wronged themselves,
In sounding still those peans, which now pall
Upon the sense? That epoch, deemed so far,
Has rounded in, and for her liberty,
Judicious nations envy her no more.
Let Man reflect, what share of factors' meed
For her prosperity, the country owes
To her vast stretch of fertile territory,
And her rich sources of uncounted wealth,
Which waited tilling by unelbowed Man:
Let him deduct this mass, and then he'll know,
What remnant's owing to the government.
Let him then charge, upon its debit side,
The franchises, and public property,
Which, for the people's lack of confidence
In their own creature, known as government,
They gave away to individuals:
Wise illustration of self-government!
The people make a present of their own,
Rather than trust its ministration to
Their government, for their own benefit!
Yet, though those Corporations have no souls,
Own they not hearts, which for the people beat?
And are their members not the people too?
Does it not follow, what these have bestowed
And those have taken, is the people's still,
And fills the public's, not the privates' purse? —
Yea, if thou canst, tell that Republic's worth,
Where, from disgust, the better portion shun
Participation in the government,
Which, uncontested, to the vile is left
For usurpation and abuse at will?
But let us pause a moment, and reflect:
Since now the government is mainly sought,
And got by them, who are for nothing fit,
And yet all men are to some end designed,
May not, to govern, be the role of these?
It is the country's curse, to teach its youth,
That freedom's tree is grateful, in the main,
In that they all shall have an equal chance,
To pluck the fruit it teems: its offices!
'Tis no such thing! the interest of each
Is less, to own an office, than to see
It filled conducive for the public weal:

That nation could not be, or if she were,
She'd soon to pieces rot, where every one
Aspired, himself, to own a public trust.
Yea, truly Tristian, as surfeited
The Jewish nation on theology,
And retched, to heave off the invaders' yoke,
Until they forced those horrors on themselves,
That ended not with their Jerusalem;
And as the people of the Southern States
Were in their pampered slav'ry so engrossed,
That they forgot, there was aught else on earth,
Until its fall had buried them beneath;
So now Columbia's inherent bane,
And one, that needs must in disaster end,
Is too much politics: one law controls
The constitutions of all commonwealths,
As those of flesh and blood; for as one dish
Will foul the stomach, both of Man and beast;
So one pursuit will sour upon the State:
Hence, in their ethics, States must cultivate
Variety, that thus the mind of Man
Course as diversely as the universe,
And, hank'ring, throng not on a focus spot,
Wherewith the State top-heavy overturns:
Then Ideality will raise the mind
Above the grossness of the body's lusts,
Whose goading will not cease, till worried Man
Stoops to corruption, to procure their fill—
Delusion, thou art never pushed for feints!
Long were the people blinded with the thought,
That, though they ever lost the better part
Of their net earnings, through their trusts' abuse;
Yet, they that robbed them, were but of themselves,
And that their spoils sank not into ground,
But circulated to the people back!
And so they do, but 'tis like water, which
Should irrigate the plain, that for its lack,
Stares bleak and sterile, whilst the stream is let
To flow into the swamps, where it but fouls,
And thence, thro' clouds returns, to whence it sprang:
Though what the evil sow, the good may reap,
No seed plant is the formers' luxury;
And though they must relapse to whence they rose,
Yet class not office holders with the mass;
For when they qualify, with rare exceptions,
Like priests ordained, they are distinct of caste
In deed, though not in form, which recks as naught:
Not 'gainst nobility or foreigners
Has Paris lately raged in horrid scenes;
For they that have evoked the maddened wreak,

Had issued from the people, and so claimed.
This mostly comes from juggling policy,
Which yields some more, some less, than is their due;
For did a country's rivers flow with milk,
If swinish Ignorance and foxish Craft
Are let to lap, and raven on the cream,
Modest Intelligence and Honesty,
The very marrow in a country's stock,
Must be content, to famish on the curd.
As I have intimated from the first,
Predictions are but for an idle head,
Which, in its emptiness of living lore,
Would grope into the murky womb of Time;
Yet, if at times, thou fain wouldst speculate,
Thou mayst conjecture, that will come to pass,
Which thou hast ascertained, has never been;
For but the injudicious vision feigns
A repetition in the flight of Time,
Whose wing, indeed, but even now has touched
That novel theme, which erst was ridiculed:
The suffrage of the fairer half of Man.
Yea, be assured, her cup of liberty
Columbia will empty to its dregs,
Ere she, in lamentation, part her lips.
Has she not, in true womanly despair,
Set Africa, the former servant of
Her erst rebellious daughter, 'bove her now,
To mistress her, that she, secure, might quaff
Her freedom's draught, mixed by that ebon romp?
Yea, all as frail, as she is generous,
Has not Columbia, as in consciousness,
Belike, of her own taint, descended in
Her comradeship, with that facility,
Evinced by females, who do know themselves
Intrinsically less, than their repute,
And who, secure, ignore the very herd,
With whom they troop, when in embarrassment?
Does not Columbia now countenance
Those dignitaries, Africa can boast?
That nameless coterie, but faint redeemed
By some few Reverends, yet greatly swelled
By bandits in the wilds of politics,
And those vile renegades, who since the change
In their estate, fast ply their slimy vows
To the new favorite, as they had first
Incensed their ousted mistress to the strife?
This being stressed Columbia's present plight,
She, in her woman's humor of despair,
Will urge herself, what now is urged from her,
In hope, thereby, to gain her pristine state;

But all in vain: A hundred gross, how sound
They be, cannot refresh one tainted egg,
But only bigger heap the rottenness.
Wherewith she'd quench, will prove but fuel for
Another fire. Thou of reforms shalt hear:
They'll die in their design; corruption too,
At times, shall slack, as epidemics lull,
But only to recruit the force they spent;
She will invoke the spirit; did he come,
He'd stare unheeded. Tristian, be warned,
That those rank weeds, which overrun her field,
And overweening, she not cares to crop,
Much less to pluck, will aye luxuriate,
Till by the subsoil plow of civil war
They be eradicated, and the field,
Left fallow by the turmoil weary mass,
Be then appropriated by a mind,
Whose single hand can sow a better seed:
By one, who'll be his own original,
And will empower none not capable
And honest; one who'll dare, to mar his make,
The very moment when he soils his trust.
Columbia shall no Goths and Vandals need,
For she produces them upon her soil:
Eventful changes ripen in this age
With an electric speed; if not before,
That time will fall, whenever elbow room
The people lack, and from their 'customed way,
They'll deem to need, when really they do not:
This day in that North-West, so vaunted late,
There are localities, that retrograde;
Where settlers fast, as they had risen, drop
Beneath the universal, sloven rule.
Compare the system to a china bowl,
In which, the cracks it sprung, are spreading still,
So when it breaks, thou'lt hear the owner say:
There's not much lost, it was already cracked!
Yet, Tristian, if, like lines on map, I should
Trace out those fissures, what would it avail?"
"Thou doest but see, not make what thou beholdst!
Yet, Spirit, sad, too sad, to contemplate
What thou prognosticat'st: Columbia,
Who made Humanity her Genius
Should by her very choice be thus undone
In having too confiding been in Man,
And letting rule, who still should have obeyed!
Yea, Man owes more to her, than he'd confess;
For she his pioneer on many a field,
Which yearning Europe dared not venture on,
Or having entered, only was too glad,

To 'scape again, for her escutcheon's high,
Where other nations yet but aim below.
Concede, that she at times seemed rude: it was
Inherent to her charge, nor do forget,
'Twas in their liberality, the mass
Have winked at those abuses, rushing now
To that catastrophe, which thou perceiv'st.
Remember, as thou scorest her good and ill,
How, like a mother to her stricken babe,
She bared her bosom of Humanity
Unto her Prairie offspring, that again
It draw the sap, the fiery Horror lapped;
That from her loins, that Heaven's Almoner,
Peabody sprang, whose blest munificence
—When wealth ennobled, he ennobled wealth—
The dreary commentary puts on Man,
That only they, who are unable, would
Be imitators of his heart sprung deeds.
Yea, thou omniscient Spirit, well hast said,
When Man needs nothing more, he has but naught:
'Tis true, for where a lack of need, there's death.
Scarce hadst thou raised that sorrow from my soul,
Before another pang slipt in its void;
For, Spirit, I have never known the time,
I could enjoy a bliss, that was but mine,
And since, whereof I'm part is next to me,
Need I to tell, what thou knowst but too well?
If there be any means, that may avert
Columbia's nearing, dread catastrophe,
And thou art not forbidden from above,
Do not withhold it, but impart it now,
And my life's task shall be, to stay that doom,
For I have in success a confidence,
Exceeded only by my faith in thee:
Yet in Columbia, Intelligence,
Reason and Truth can channel their own course
To where they will, despite Self-interest
That stemes with Falsehood and with Ignorance;
For here the people will not first demand
A Charter from Antiquity, ere they
Advent'rous throw themselves upon new streams."
"Then have thy will, since once thou smooth'st thy hate
Of all that's kin to politics, which like
A slimy reptile through thy bosom creep:
Thou yet rememberst, I commented on
Some sentences, and traced their germs in Writ.
Whereon Mankind have, like on pivots, turned,
For weal and woe: Columbia owns two,
Her own outgrowths, which feed on whence they sprang:
Yet they're exceptions to the well known rule,

That there's no ill, but some of good will yield;
For these are merest evil, unredeemed:
They are two worms, which, in the country's stock,
Bore through its marrow from both ends at once,
As did the miners through that Cenis Mount:
They gnaw and rasp, they blast, delve, pick and scoop,
By gang reliefs, and merging night with day,
The Sunday with the week, conjecture thou,
How soon they both shall in the centre meet,
Directed by a line, as predesigned,
As was that tunnel's by its engineer,
Yea, as yond planets' orbits by their God.
Thou marvelst, what may be these hell owned worms?
And yet, thou hearst them quoted any hour:
But 'tis no wonder, since so many things
Now in their essence but belie their names,
And 'tis the devil's sport, that he divert
With evils feigned, from those, which wax to blast.
But as from first I have enforced on thee,
So also know these reptiles by their deeds:
When one had quickened, Honesty was told,
That Villany had equal countenance
Before the people, to attain the rule,
And that she must cope with the Underhand,
Or leave to it the uncontested field:
What then could modest Honesty else do,
Than shrink from vile contamination back,
And stay away from politics, for aye,
Which thence have sunk into those sorry depths?
Thus know, for name that worm does own the phrase,
That spells: 'All means are fair in politics';
The other crawls 'fore every office' door,
Where it, unlike its fabled Eden type,
Him who's installed, although an honest Man,
Not tempts with words, but in his instinct prompts:
'Thou art a victor, for thou overcamest
A foe, whom now it is thy right to spoil,
And be thou warned, thy harvest lasts not long.'
Who is to be the victim? Surely not
The then defeated, counter aspirants?
When, quick in evil, further prompts the worm:
'Thy office is the spoil, and therein prey
Upon the people, as an enemy,
Regardless, whether thy own partisans;
For thou the people vanquished'st in success,
And they're the victims, whatso party win;
All scruples oust, for had the adverse side,
Victorious proved, they would no better fare.
Yea, it has got, that Man, on beaten side,
Is really more than half an alien,

And truly less than half a citizen.
Needst thou be told, this worm's known by the phrase,
That to the Victor shall the spoils belong?
If ever thou canst crush these reptiles' heads,
Thou shalt regenerate Columbia.
I make no doubt, there is of righteousness
As great proportion in her citizens,
As elsewhere on the peopled earth; but know,
Grain needs replanting, weeds renew themselves:
Their honesty, intelligence and truth
Must be aggressive 'gainst their restless foes;
Not to annihilate, but to subdue
Whatever would of Evil upward strive,
And when that's bent, what struts as master now,
The good no more shall be the vicious' dupes.
Yea, first of all, let them the purity
From private to their public life transplant,
And they shall reap, where vermin raven now!
But, save there's need, I warn thee once for all,
In her devotion to the Lord, do not
Disturb Columbia, though she'll know too late,
That 'tween Cupidity and Turpitude,
By Opportunity, an easy bridge
Is thrown across the direst pains of hell:
'Tis but ridiculous, for fright of lambs,
A scare be fixed before the tempting grapes:
The fox has for the bugbear neither eye,
Nor ear to list the gong of promised feast.
If aught avert her plague, it is thy lore;
And what's thy destiny, thou must pursue,
Which to foretell, would break thy needed goad.
Yet heed my guiding ken: thou'lt build on her
With Doubt and Care; full soon thy Doubt may leave
And let thee, lab'ring, shift alone with Care.
Thus from the first of Man's recorded time,
Have we, with hurried bounds and shortened stays,
Descended to our very time of speech,
And now, what I have broadly stated or
But intimated, gather in review:
Thou through the Ages' misty rise and set,
For coming, as for past eternity,
Hast peered the lasting mystery of Man,
And now thou ownst the faculty to read
The universe, as if she were inscribed
In letters of thy own vernacular,
To answer what thou queriest in this life.
Yet, Tristian, consider thou art like
A verdant rustic, who has sleepless tilled
A strange exotic merely for its buds,
And then is stunned to hear, its precious worth

Lies in its roots, which yield their weight in gold;
Yea, as a yeoman, in his harvest's yield
Already overjoyed, yet strikes upon
A treasure-trove, so thou, who deemst thyself,
More than yet mortal, in my coming blest,
Hast pending over thee the boon of boons:
When erst I charged thee to be serious,
My adjuration's stress compared to this,
As does a dream to the reality.
Now grasp thou back, and in this moment stow
That afternoon, when fell the Fall on thee,
That evening too, thou feltst me on that bridge,
And yet that hour, I raised from thee the Fall.
Now thou art charged, to level with my theme,
Deem those emotions only as mere gulfs
Unto this moment's Main; for 'tis to thee
The pregnant seed for all eternity,
Since on thy choice the Future shall be reared.
With soul fixed on this Present and the Past,
Heed, as thou wouldst thy life, what I disclose:
Thou yet rememberst having charged me erst,
To yield a certain help, because mine is
A visitation, which may not repeat
In thousand and more years. I then adjourned
My answer to meet time: that time has come,
And Tristian it is thou, that art the Man,
Who is the mark for scores of centuries:
This Age's void is, that mankind must own
A new Religion; the invisible
E'er fecund womb of Time teems with it now,
And whether still-born, or alive it fall,
Is for decision given but to thee;
For it is thou, who must its founder be,
Else none, while Earth retains her present cast.
When yet the world was circumscribed to Man,
The Lord of Mose' sufficed, commensurate
With Man's young notions of God's workmanship.
How knowledge of Creation has outript
That of Creator, as portrayed in creeds;
And how these strive, by their Procrustean shifts,
To bridge the gap, that widens day by day,
What needs to tell, since it distracts the world?
As earth to sun, not sun to earth now wheels;
So is the knowledge of mankind reversed,
For they must know, that Providence expects
Else from their ripeness than their infancy.
Whereon the Dispensation rests, but thou,
And not the world does know: suffice, that still
The Christian faith continues slivering
Into more sects: its mission-bounds are touched;

It has converted but one fourth of Man,
And now its force to spread's forever spent,
For though its Holy Ghost abides in creed,
Its Spirit breathes but in Humanity,
Where it will last, coeval with mankind ;
There Indian Trimurti loses caste,
And China no religion owns, or takes :
The Hebrews, even, have themselves renounced
All hope to repossess Jerusalem,
For if they could, they would not there return ;
The Shiite Persians, and the Sonnite Turks
Abhor each other worse, than either hate
The Jews or Christians, and of these last,
The Protestant, the Roman and the Greek
Do one another execrate, at least,
As earnest as the Moslems or the Jews,
Or else, the true believers falsify.
All those spasmodic church revivals turn
But with relapses as alternatives,
And bibles only now contest the palm
With picture albums as an ornament,
Save those, which that Society still pokes
In offices and courts, for that abuse,
Which is correctly by the Writ denounced.
Man for the forum, tribune and the press
Foregoes the pulpit, whose still thinning ranks
Are most recruited through its gratis schools,
Or through that second choice, when first has failed
For those professions, quoted as profane ;
For your true shepherd of the biped flock,
Like veritable tender on the fleece,
Prefers, to couple certain livelihood
With basking ease, to shifts from day to day.
In few, that blood has now outbought itself,
Whilst all mankind are unifying fast
In one opinion of indifference.
My human friend! I charge thee to reflect,
Were not this worse infliction on mankind,
Than mere delusion and credulity,
Since these are ever gusted more by Man,
Than cool indifference and unbelief?
Yea, Tristian, there is the pinch of stress,
That other Dispensation come to Man,
To brand those evils, only winked at now,
Because, in Writ, they have been undenounced.
Thou'dst teach, that Knowledge, Reason, Honesty
And Truth, producing love of God and Man,
Are, all in all, sufficient for this life.
Be disabused, for knowst thou not too well,
The world still holds with those divines of Grace,

That all morality, which does not bear
The trade-mark of a creed, is nothing more
Than filthy rags; yea, that Humanity,
Philosophy are brazen idols propped
On feet of clay; that from their sockets stare
But lumps of paste, instead those lustrous orbs?
What, though the Truth flash on thy eager soul,
Like tropic's noontide sun? Still by the world,
'Tis unregarded, like those distant stars,
But seen by them, who seek their sphres, and thus,
Truth is not Truth, unless 'tis Truth revealed.
In vain shalt thou display its sheen to Man,
Unless thou set up his credulity,
As her reflector: only by that glare
Canst thou attract the instinct of mankind.
Thou'lt futile strive, to raise a monument
Of knowledge, be thine ever so immense,
Unless thou make a creed its pedestal:
Attempt it, and thou'lt but a tombstone rear
To thy own happiness. The loud report,
Thou'dst make of Honesty, will only be
As powder's loose let off: not heard, scarce seen,
And that but in its smoke; whereas, if charged
Within the pulpit's bore, 'twill strike such thud,
As rouses Man from his propriety.
Know, all creation cannot be but head,
But that for body also there is need:
How many brains for meditation are
Incapable! whereas, to but believe
Is easy, as 'tis difficult to think;
Compare it thus: the Truth is uniform,
As is Man's body born in nakedness,
And systems of religion are to Truth,
As are its raiments to the human form;
Yet though the fashion ever change his dress,
Man would not think to act in nature's state.
That, therefore with no freezing tardiness,
The world receive thy lore, thou art constrained,
To flavor it with its credulity,
And if it were, as soda-syrups are,
With but a drop of essence to the quart:
The body of thy lore still be itself.
Yea, Tristian, thy gold of Truth's too pure,
To pass for current, ere it be alloyed;
And do not fear, thou'lt do a wrong thereby,
For when to present creed that mercy-stroke,
Which now impends, has been administered,
Judicious Man shall own to thee his thanks.
For having settled firm his ousted heart,
Which else, through the immensity of space

Were set a whirling, searching for its stay.
Thou askst: but will that Dispensation be
The genuine? Forsooth, it shall be true
To him, who will believe, and false to him,
Who'll disbelieve, for, Tristian, I surmise,
That standard rally of all churches, which
Were founded yet, will be the new one's too:
'Who doubts is damned.' However of details
Myself will not affirm, since not from me,
But through another spirit, whom I'll send
Thou'lt get authority, to promulgate
The new Religion: he'll impart to thee
A thorough discipline from first to last.
Know only, that for thy perfection thou
Shalt need no conference of forty days;
Nor will thy church, when founded once on earth,
Require thy intercession from beyond,
Between her persecutors and herself.
Fear not, that spirit shall that Adverse be,
Who though but one, yet ever holds his own
Against the Three, and all the Saints to boot:
He, who, although ignored, denied in words,
Yet knows, he is the more confessed in deeds,
And that, instead his hold upon the priests,
He has the politicians safe in thrall.
Yea, though he all too fain, would revel in
Another Dispensation's throes, and yearns,
To gloat again on martyrs, heretics,
The Crusades, and the Reformation's wars;
Yet he's aware, that in a change of creed,
He might not fare so well, but likely lose
That tenure of mankind, he held from erst.
No, Tristian, he whom I shall delegate,
Will be a spirit of a softer cast,
Yet so proficient in his craft, that he,
Beyond the reach of forward Science' test,
With reason Reason shall annihilate;
Enough of him: thou'lt know him by his deeds.
Spare thy objections, for they are too nice:
An edge, too finely ground, is but a thread.
Nor underbrave, nor overcautious be,
Lest thou shalt loll between awake and sleep;
Yea, Tristian, though thou heardst from even me,
That for eternity no system lasts,
And that all bodies undergo their change;
Yet, for this only once, be politic,
And thy example from those statesmen take,
Who ever cavil with the government,
Till its portfolio they bear themselves:
Thus be the kernel in our strictures' nut,

That thou the cheapened ground appropriate,
To found a new Religion's edifice:
Hence on that axis turn thy round of thought,
And Disappointment's hissing gibberish
Shall never deafen thy expectant ear,
For Man, harmonious, then shall vie to sound
Thy praises' instruments, as thou shalt tune;
Yea, what were else imputed as thy blame,
Shall be converted to thy righteousness,
As on those unctuous ways, impelled by Faith,
Thou shalt, through life, in one ovation glide,
While the new Era from thy birth shall date.
Then thou the master, not the slave of chance,
Shalt see thy woes endured, sprout lasting bliss.
But wretched Tristian, if thou decline!
Tough in a tissue thou shalt work my lore;
Instead a net, 'twill but a canvas prove,
Wherewith thy sighs shall blow thee to Despair.
Yea, Tristian, then Hope shall blind her eye,
And thou, indifferent in the world's esteem,
—Disgust within thy heart, shame on thy eyes—
Shalt be but Sorrow owned, forgot, or known
To Man in only deprecating shrugs.
Thy soul, now in my stay serene, shall be
Lashed by Remorse as is the sea with Storms;
But brace her now, for this eternal cast:
Or smile on th' unaverted front of Fame,
Or stare for aye, on slighted Fortune's back,
To thee, through life, an ever present grave."
"Still be it more and less, than thou hast summed,
My soul, distending to her utmost stretch,
To scale the grandeur of thy wondrous boon,
Has, by collision with the firm fixed Truth,
Almost relapsed into her normal state.
As positive, as of my life, I am,
That, in the proof, thou'dst make thy promise good;
But, Spirit, no! Not for this earth's control,
And I have taxed its value to the full,
For thou wilt own, mine's not a novice' say,
And that I am not strange to woe, thou know'st!
Yet not, and were it to be deified,
Would I my goal, through Man's delusion scale,
Though it were thinner than a spider's web.
Ommiscient Spirit! better than myself
Knowst thou, my soul endures no stranger graft,
But must content herself with her own stock:
What's there, thou with thy lore didst cultivate,
And what it fruits is His, who gave the seed."
"The Spirit's superhuman ordeal,
Of all that have been ushered through the womb,

Thou only stoodst unflawed, and in thyself
Hast given proof, how potent is my lore.
As yonder clouds beneath the lasting Sun,
So flits Delusion underneath the Truth;
And her no seeker ever shall behold,
But he thy name shall there reflected see.
However indispensable mankind
May deem Delusion for their tie to God;
Of all uncounted ways to Him, there is
But one, which is the straight, and that is—Truth.
Yea, like all others, that Delusion too
Is fair to taste, but to digestion foul.
And he, who sows it, cannot know its crop.
My mission now to thee is at an end:
We part this moment till we meet for aye;
Meanwhile appropriate what was my own."
"Alas! what shall I be, when thou art gone?
Yea, we must part! That thou couldst stay for aye,
Or 'bide on earth, till we together wing,
As kindred Spirits to thy Infinite!
To part! to go! On earth to meet no more!
I have lost them, from whom my heart has sprung,
And who, in life, have been its very core;
I have lost friendship, love, my kinsfolk all,
And now stand like a solitary trunk
Upon the glade, jagged, weatherbeaten, torn,
With but the sprouts and saplings underneath,
Which have been propagated from its shed.
My childhood left me, and my youth is gone:
My manhood, too, will soon extend its hand,
To shake its parting and my use from earth;
But ere this moment have I never felt,
Have never known, how sounds that word: to go!
O Spirit, that thou hadst substantial form,
That I could press my own from out this bulk,
In one farewell, so we'd commingled fly,
Anticipating now that meet again!"
"Fond Tristian, although I leave thee now,
We're yet companioned in thy memory;
And when thou wouldst commune with me, return
But to my lore, and there we'll ever meet.
One final word: as oscillates the beam
On yonder craft, which now departs the port,
And by its motion drives it through the main;
So, vibrating between the Good and Ill,
Mankind impel the life, that bears them on,
And with the motion ceases life and all:
Our separation will be brief: I stand
Thy guardian still; farewell, until we meet!"
"If it be Heaven's will, that I shall die

In consciousness, upon the thought of thee
My soul shall part into eternity."

CANTO XII.

CONTENTS

America's Regeneration. Tristian stumbles on the Hereafter. America's Relapse, and Tristian Return to his native Land. The Spirit revisits him, and sets him right for Life and Death. The Mission of Tristian.

As if his essence had escorted back
The Spirit whence he came, so Tristian,
Though moving on, no longer seemed of earth;
For listless he, like one who walks in sleep,
His senses but in inner function owned;
Yet like a pioneer in Western wilds,
Who 'tween his logs with Desolation sits,
When by Disaster's snatch his all is plucked,
And then, as by a sudden turn of thought,
Is jostled from the rack of revery
To consciousness of what, and where he is:
So Tristian, upon his Mission's rouse,
Shook from himself his hemming lethargy,
And with: 'I must,' as by the push of fate,
His soul dilating with enthusiam,
He summoned but Discretion to his side,
Then sallied forth, as eager to let out,
As he before has been, to gather in
The lore, the Spirit had in secret taught.
For his debut he chose Columbia,
And her Regeneration as his theme:
Without a consultation quickly he
The diagnosis of the patient made:
He glanced but on her tongue, and then he knew
What ailments were denoted in its coat;
Yea, from the odor of her breath, he gauged,
How he should purge her to a healthy state.—
As first the sun peers on the mountain tops;
So broke his lore first on those knowledge' spheres,
Where Man's Intelligence the highest dares.
It were as bootless, to relate at large
Where it was welcomed, and where closed against,

As it would be to tell, what doors and blinds
Are shut or opened to the radiant orb.
Suffice, as well the world already knows,
A house or church, that's built against his beams,
Is seldom incommoded by the light;
Yet even such, how else obscure, all turned
Their onslaught from that snake of Paradise
Now 'gainst those worms, the Spirit had denounced.
Not boisterously smote his lore on Man;
But steady as the roll of time it wrought,
And waked at first no echo, save the bruit:
'Whence did the Spirit come, and who was he?'
Some answered, that it was the Holy Ghost,
But when reminded, that this came on earth,
In function only to beget a god,
And that the issue was no deity,
They fixed, it was not he, but wondered on.
His lore fast coursing through Columbia's ranks,
—Although more wholesome to digestion, than
Delightful to the palate, proved the Truth—
These meliorations were the principal:
All those theologists, who would not flee
Congenially into parrot's form,
If transmigration of the soul were true,
No more their noddles stroked, to indicate,
How they could solve the doctrines' Gordian knots
Of Trinity, Predestination and
God's Forfeiture to Satan of mankind;
No longer, in their pulpits, Reverends,
With feelings less, than actors on the stage,
Did simulate Man's sorrows, feigned or real;
But now in earnestness bethought themselves,
Instead, to sponge the features of the dead,
How they should heal the wounds of living time.
And adequate consideration give
Unto their congregation for their hire;
And now all fairs of Sects, for this and that,
Aired to the sense of Charity but foul,
For she no more distinguished creed from creed.
Amongst the children, in their nursery,
The Serpent was no more allowed to creep
And smite their spirit into wretchedness;
But for their pleasure, at the Sunday Schools,
In bonfires crackled all the legend woe,
That, like a mildew, touched their tender souls;
And though, old Franklin's homespun axioms,
Unworthy him, his country, and his Age,
Were still misplanted, they were also taught,
That, since he daunted Lightning with his rod,
No more, as such, from heaven Satan falls.

Even the Missionary Brotherhood
Enjoined on its Evangelists, that where
They could not Christianize, to humanize;
For all, who taught the Truth, were held inspired.
The published meetings, to protest against
The Dispossession of the Church of Rome
Were countermanded, for the callers now
Remembered, 'twas no heritage from Christ,
Since even by the Papa 'twas confessed,
His proper seat would be Jerusalem.
The Protestants too from their *Schema* dropped
All articles, save that of right and due
Of private judgment to construe the Book,
And that, which the offender relegates
Unto the Spirit, to redeem himself.
No more, like spiritual cannibals,
If Moses stood not sponsor at their font,
Professors of their offspring made a mess,
To feast with self-invited Ignorance;
Sleek counsellors, also, for the first time blushed,
As they reflected, with what sorry grace
Themselves could serve on Reason through the week,
When, on its first, they at her slighting winked.
No more the rich objected to be taxed,
To humanize the offspring of the poor,
Aware, that Man's Intelligence not dropped,
Like heaven's dew, to bless his earth's estate,
Which draws its value, not from brutes, but Man.
And then, as high beyond that Paradise
The Pennon in the Empyrean bore
The legend: 'Through Humanity to God,'
The rich no longer feigned, in their bequests,
The grave's credentials to the world beyond;
But on compeers now smiled the Shade of him,
Who, like the moon, stands dearer to mankind,
For being nearer, than those greater lights,
Which, for their distance, are not cared of Man;
And with Peabody, Conrad Poppenhusen,
James Lenox, Peter Cooper, Robert Burns
And Benjamin Richardson now through their boons,
As lasting niches, won the heart of Man.
Yea, then—O, Bond of ease to parting souls!
The parents' hearts broke not before their eyes,
With dread, their orphans would be castaways.
Thus wrought his lore, and then no soul so light,
But she would gravitate to equity:
In his own deeds Man found the hidden spring
Of failure and success, and conscious now,
That he must shoulder his own proper load,
No more did simulate humility,

And strut in sanctimony; then Religion,
Instead consoling Man but for his death,
Taught him, to look upon God given life
As no atonement, and no sacrifice,
But as a blest enjoyment of the All,
Directed by that Reason He bestowed;
Hence the inscription: 'To our children' waned
In frequency upon the graveyard slabs;
Nor more that crime of fashion outraged God,
But children were once more the household gems;
Then Man, ere speaking, questioned with himself,
If what he would express, came from within?
For in the ecstasy of honesty,
Man with his fellow dealt, with present thought,
That both hereafter might confront again,
And all, who had been promised, pondered well,
That though the City, New Jerusalem
Be paved with gold, yet even in its streets,
The passer may need help of stranger Saint.
Thus individual Conscientiousness
Bore her reflexion on the nation's whole,
That felt, such fate would fall, as it deserved:
All parties for the country's happiness
And glory strove in concert, and diverged
But in their course, to vie, which could do best;
Yea, then those worms—miraculous to tell!
For want of nourishment, though not all dead
Were shrivelled, as they were but skeletons!
Then too, that public Tongue, so sloughy erst,
Had turned as ruddy as Aurora's sheen,
And owned no more that blushless hardihood,
To palter with the people's confidence,
And realize from lozel candidates
And brazen peculating officers,
From charters and from bribe won patronage;
But truly now the people's Sentinel,
It would accord to every honest Man
Opposed in politics, an equal praise,
It erst reserved but for its party friends,
Aware, the country could no more afford
Detraction of those rarest public men;
No more, the President did bolt his door
Against his very friends, who charges of
Corruption brought against his partisans;
But conscious now, he was a nation's head,
Not mere purveyor of a party pack,
He spurned the slav'ring tongues of parasites,
And patronaged no more for second term,
But trusting to the Country's gratitude,
He, through a circular, had notified

All his appointees, both the old and new,
That first of charge, vouched by an honest Man,
Would hear its echo from their vacant place.
Then he remembered, not on gravelled course,
Did nations run their race, for even then,
Germania with Columbia strove and vied,
To gain the foremost in the nations' lead:
Yea, t'was a noble struggle to behold!
All others, that were entered on the list,
Had fallen lag, and from competitors,
Became spectators of this champion test;
Then through those Shades, who wrought for Man in life,
The great Congratulation made its round,
That Man now harvested, what they had sown;
The Manes too, of Greece and Rome looked on,
And whispered: 'These shall both excel our time!'
Divided was the gaze strained Universe,
Which one should finally bear off the palm:
They, who judged more by heart, with lusty cheers,
Inspirited youth flushed Columbia;
While they, who arbitrated by their head,
Would nod to sturdy, staid Germania.
With Tristian the predilection hung,
In even balance, as decision erst
Between his mother's and his grandam's love;
Although he rather cast, that force of youth
Would to Columbia secure the prize,
The more, since now was cured that Southern boil,
Which, with its blackened flow, had helped to speed,
The turning of her body's blood to pus.
Then too, as on those meadows in the West,
The fire, in autumn, overleaps a creek;
So 'cross the sea the lore of Tristian
To Europe sprang, and of its countless fruits
These are but specimens: In Albion
Its block of ice was broken into crumbs,
To mix invigorating draughts for them,
Who, chilled by Rank, were patients raving in
Their fever, Indigence; In Germany
The people and their governments were one,
The latter yielding where the former asked;
Her phrase was dropped by France, who now had found,
That, though domestic blood might irrigate
Her Freedom's tree, 'twould so imbue its stock,
That it could teem with but abhorrent fruit.
Unwonted, too, from Austria was heard
The 'Present,' as by Time the roll was called.
In few, though arms were not to rest for aye,
No nation would her rival trip through war,
But on the equal footing, Peace vouchsafes,

All those, to rearward, sought to gain the head.
But why relate, what has affected all?
And yet these wondrous feats were brought about,
By naught of effort to exterminate,
Nor even to expel, the Bad in Man,
But merely by subordinating it
To Good; first in the individual Man,
And then, through him, within the commonwealth;
For deem not, Tristian had overweened,
To tamper with that first dividing line
'Tween Good and Adverse, through creation drawn.
Thus Tristian's mission rose on what he reared,
And Man waxed true, as he conversed with Truth.
But oh! for that Perversity of Man!
They, who in sorrow for that Eden Fall
Had broke their hearts, now them again, with grief,
Together heaved, because there had been none!
And though, by not one drop of martyr's blood
The Truth was stained, and neither *Mater* broke,
When strained by Reason, which its lore evolved;
Yea, though of spinsters not the most devout
A moment sooner cut her thread of life,
Because this earth was not a vale of woe,
Yet do not deem, the strokes, which raised his work,
In one harmonious echo sounded back:
For often Discord groaned from grated Wont,
Whose dissonance from these few clamors hear:
'Flee Youth! a serpent lurks amongst the herbs:'
Here Tristian thought, how blest that Roman bard,
Who never knew that worm in Paradise;
'We boldly challenge this Man, Tristian
To tell the world the cause of growing grass.'
To which he chuckling answered to himself:
Though, when the germ was planted first in earth,
I was not more, than that essayist there,
Yet do I know, what seeming he forgot,
That bigger blade will spring from fatter soil;
'We greatly question, whether Tristian
In heart believes, there is a bodied God!'
Then he lamented in that very heart,
For in that theologian had been spoiled
The great'st anatomist, that could have been:
For he'd have told, how long and thick the arms,
That rounded off this earth, the sun and stars;
'There stands in his defiant attitude,
Cased in the sev'n times sev'n fold panoply
Of incredulity, that bold, bad Man.'
But hold, the *bold* was writ, the *bad* was thought,
For he, in being, to the world was known;
Yet still ignored Delusion's trick of phrase:

Such cries, he felt, knew not eternity,
And what was writ, was scribbled but on air.
Yet of all missiles, from all quarters aimed,
There was a one, which ever hit his soul,
As open still to thought, as fixed therein:
It was, that though his lore was adequate
For all requirements of Man's present life,
Yet there it dimmed, and left him in the dark
Of what there was beyond! This in his lore,
Else perfect, bared a flaw, whose ceaseless draught
Blew on his fiery soul a fitful chill,
And he resolved to staunch it, once for all.
Alas! essaying it, he felt too soon
His Mentor's lack, and sore repented then,
That, like a gladsome schoolboy sent to fair,
Who lost his errant in its novelties,
He was diverted by the early ken
From urging on his guest, at large, that quest,
For whose disclosure sore, by fits, he yearned;
Yet though his chief was gone, his lore remained,
As part of him, and he intensely felt,
It owned the clue, but how to glean it forth?
Still try he must, when, in the method taught,
Thus groped the student where he was not shown:
'I've got so far in lore, that were this earth
Of His creation all, I could outline
The Deity like in a silhouette;
But, as she is thereto, what sandgrain is
Unto the beach, my adumbration fails.—
I now own life, yet if I were endowed
With length of years, to be earth's oldest Man,
There comes the time, when I must give it up,
And in exchange shall get, what Death may yield!
It now is night, and how, were I to die—
This very moment? Then, what in the next?
There lies the line, as narrow as a breath,
And yet as wide, as that Eternity!
I now am here, and in the body thus;
But where, and what, when ousted of this hold?
Naught recks that nice incline, by which a soul
Is tossed to heaven, or slid down to hell;
The Resurrection of the body, and
That Judgment Day! What comfort can they give?
What can they answer, granted they were true,
And not a fetch, to substitute for thought?
What, though I feigned, the world shall come to end,
That, then, this soul and body shall rejoin?
Yet, where and what, the gap unknown, between
This certain Present, and that doubtful Then?
My soul, I cannot palter with thy quest:

Thou wilt be quieted with nothing less,
Than knowing, when thou from this body shift'st
What then be thy location, and thy state!
Thy shell stays here, a ghastly, crumbling hulk,
Whose ribs, my bones, perhaps a factory
Shall grind, to fertilize, where now I stand!
This do I know, or else know not I live;
But Soul! Shalt thou, too, fall to nothingness?
Or canst thou, substance loosend, being own?
Yea, if thou canst, not I shall reck its miss,
Who crave not being for the body's sake.—
My brain is, as it were, to lightning bound,
As it, Oh Soul! explores thy after state,
Thy fixed abode, for all eternity!
All too contracted is this narrow earth,
To room thy like, who through the Portal pass;
And in thy migratory, star bent flight,
—At giddier distance, than thou car'st to scan—
The nearest station is yond friended Moon,
Which can but, as an inn, accommodate,
Not harbor, as a home, the 'lighting guest;
And then the Sun—were even he not fire—
The fixed and wand'ring stars—though rooms immense,
So far away, that only Hope can scan
The ciphers' row, but not the distance' stretch!
Yet, even, Soul, if thou hadst laid behind
That drear, stupendous void between this old
And other home, canst thou, for second life,
Then slip into a ready, native form;
Or if yond spheres are also peopled rooms,
Will not the sev'ral bodies rather have
Their own congenital pre-occupants?—
Here, like a Steamer on the Western Streams,
Which in proud onward strikes a sudden halt,
And then is pased, by what it overrid;
So Tristian's presentiment of death,
That had so far coursed smoothly, stopt abrupt,
And fast was pent, by what it compassed erst.
Relief he would not seek for well he knew,
That never one, of all who made the flight,
Before or after sketched the route he went,
And that no chart the Where, that staid him, showed.
Had then that Anchor steadied his heart,
It would have dragged, and snapped its sheeted flukes,
Which would have sunk into that Bottomless:
But, if he erst did for the Spirit yearn,
He now for him did groan; yea, had then been
The Spirit, or himself, else than they were,
He would have wished, he had for ever staid,
Or had not come at all! then, he'd have prayed,

That Faith, not Thought had filled his soul; ye, he'd
Have feigned he'd try to learn how to profess,
Though 'twere, to worship the Divinity
In cat or ox, ay even in that Kneph;
Or, all these failing, still to trust a Man!
But sooth to say, in her eternal stress,
His soul would never with distraction shake,
For she too firmly in his lore was held;
And still he hoped, therin to find that clue.
But, when self silenced to the world he hushed,
As crows, upon the ebb, will dark again
That beach they fled, before the trumbling tide;
So now, from their prostration, rallied forth
Most theologians, who had erst succumbed.
Had he retracted, or had he renounced?
No—for he had not even qualified,
Or, modulated, by a semibreve,
That tune, wherein this Age her echo heard.
And yet, his enemies trumphant sent
These tidings through the circuit of the globe:
"Woe has befallen him, who dared to shake
His puny arm against the Lord himself!
Old Satan, bodied in the form of lore,
As he was trapping for the world once more,
Has been detected in the very act
Of bagging, thief like, our ancestral faith!—
Columbia her grand Centennial
Of Independence will anticipate,
And merge it now into the Jubilee
Of her Redemption from a second Fall,
And she invites, throughout the universe,
The poor in Spirit, and the trodden down,
Her Celebration to participate.—
The Lord, now in our Constitution, stands
Acknowledged, and devoutly we expect,
That he, in turn, will own the compliment,
And will, with his divine legation, bless
Us in the person of the Holy Ghost,
Who now is looked for in the Trinity,
Or in that little, round the corner Church:
When we have got him, we shall let you know.
From Behring's strait, down to the Rio Grande,
When Man meets Man, the only two salutes
Are now to 'Watch and pray', and 'Feed my lambs;'
Send all the shepherds you can spare, the crooks
Grow on our soil, the hounds we raise ourselves."
The staid throughout the earth remarked: "'Tis plain,
Columbia has gone, to gather wool;
She to Confucius and Socrates,
Has had the third, and thus she dresses him."

But Tristian fully understood, what meant
The Spirit, when he called Columbia frail;
And hoping only, in her case, Relapse
Would lack its doom, loth with the crazy din,
He knew, that elsewhere was a sober calm,
And seeking that, he gave his soul's farewell,
But took no pass-port from Columbia.
The Continental Universities
Saluted him, and said, he came in time:
That in the middle Ages, Germany
Had only by Rome's inspiration moved;
But now, when she was dominant once more,
She was resolved, her Genius should rule,
And now, the issue had been made with Rome
On dogma of Infallibility;
That he the host of her Intelligence
Should lead against the might of Ignorance.
They urged, that Bismark and the Kaiser were
Upon that sea by policy becalmed,
And if but from his quarter blew the breeze,
They both could for the homeport make again.
This fell upon the mind of Tristian,
As would the sad request on General,
That he establish peace in civil strife,
Amongst that very foe, he had subdued.
But Tristian to these pastors then returned,
That all their flocks were straying, not indeed
Into the corn, but even to his lore;
As to their chieftains, he reminded them,
'Twas counter to the eagle, he should sing.
They understood his hint, and then confessed,
That, by his lore, that strife was won, ere fought;
And that it hence, should be the supplement,
If not the substitute for something, which
They designated in a language dead.—
Then, for the restoration of himself,
Who felt Time's tread, as 'twere upon his head,
Of all the spots on earth, he sought the where,
To his beginning he would join his end.
But Oh, how throed his breast, for what it missed!
Yea, loudest clamors that, what's never spoke:
Thou, Man, who now beholdst the universe,
Imagine what it were without the sun,
And thou shalt ken, how in the Spirit's lack
That Soul was dark, which else had been a light.—
How Man's Within, and all the world's Without
Are like two mirrors, standing opposite,
Reflecting, each in each, their portraiture!
How, when the soul is misted, but a blur
Shows Nature's face, though by Midsummer flushed;

While, to the halcyon mind the pebble glints,
As diamond! But now, as Nature's hand
His turmoiled breast, into composure stroked,
He through his spokesman, Memory, communed
Serenely with all, his eyes beheld,
As restless he acclomb that watershed,
Which Europe's currents parts, to East and West:
There, where his Childhood feigned, the highway ridged,
Whereon Fame's pageant passed in cavalcade.
Like blast-capt Mounts, still westward hung those clouds,
Which erst had typified to him the broil,
Whose fill was lately emptied to the dregs;
And though he kenned, what then they sucked anew,
Their shadow passed his mind, where only staid
The contemplation of that Power, who
Had taught the bee, that buzzed by him, to know,
When she must urge, and when withhold her sting.
Yea, as he scanned the ants, who sundered 'most
Their sectioned bodies, tugging to secure
Their heavier eggs, for but to give them life,
And then thought of the hosts, who, in like file,
Had toiled along that road, with battleax
Or slumb'ring Death, that waited but for touch,
To roaring rush, he asked: "For what is this?
For what is All?" but answer found he none.—
A little from that highway, now so grown,
That happy raven pair owned it their home,
Still stood the pine, beneath whose cosy spread,
He had espied the yellow hammer's nest,
When, jogging with his mother to the fair,
He scarcely was to Man of worthier note,
Than was that sprout: now, by his lore, his name
Was quickened into universal bruit.
Upon a juniper, across the road,
The gilded songster poured his plaintive throat,
Which prompted Tristian to meditate,
How like he might have been descended from
That happy progeny, which nestled then?
But quick, officious Sorrow broke upon
His revery, and warned, that they were dead,
From whom himself had sprung, and he forbore,
When neared two knapsacked, wand'ring journeymen,
Who, from his portrait, extant everywhere,
Quick recognizing Tristian, doffed their caps,
And, when beyond his hearing, whispered one
To other: "Comrade, how the fatherland,
In peace would yet outdo her war's exploits,
Did he but speak!" These did not know, that he
Learnt silence there, where too much speech is taught.
But do not marvel, as these wand'rers did,

To find him isolated in those wilds,
For they, who would their recreation quaff
From Nature's breast, must to the nipple take,
And here was Tristian's original.
The summer's vesper sun now weirdly streaked,
In fitful glimmer through that forest dome,
When, inly moved, he trod its solemn aisles,
Until arrested by the ice fresh fount,
Whose wooden stock, and basined rock still stood,
To cheer his manhood, as it often had
His infancy, and as he then, so now
For cooling, shyly neared a rustic child,
Which, like himself, when he was of its age,
Through gath'ring sticks, did on bilberries feast.
As he his childhood there reflected saw,
His Then and Now were blended into one,
And all the Interim seemed but a blank.
Like he was then, he gladdened now the child,
And had already asked its father's name,
When he was startled by the flutt'ring up
Of ravens near. He questioned it what drew,
Of them such flock, rare there, where they abound,
But did not see the poor child choke with grief.
When eased in tears, he from its stammering gleaned,
Its father failed his trust, in manner like,
As erst that Parish messenger had done;
That he, an outlawed fugitive, had sought
A refuge in that forest, where itself
Had smuggled to him what of food it could,
Until detected by the officers;
And that, thus hunted down, its father starved,
Where yonder ravens gnawed his skeleton!
He asked his name: It was his gooseherd mate!
He from the stricken infant dried the tears,
Assuring it, it should no father lack,
And then, alone, relapsed into his wont,
As he remembered, that his fated mate
Had sat beside him, in that afternoon,
When first that Shadow fell upon his soul,
And asked of him, how long the Serpent was?
He mused and cast, where now abode the soul,
Which animated once yond comrade's bones?
Yet as before, he now was balked again;
Then seemed to him his lore, like to a house,
Which, for the lack of roof, is but the sport
Of th'elements, to tear and wreck at will.
He blamed himself, that in his eagerness
To know this life, he learnt not what's beyond.
Thus goaded by the sting of self reproof,
He hastened fast to the alternatives,

To let his life its circle there contract,
Or that he'd marshal Man, throughout the globe,
To shout one universal shriek to God,
That tantalized, Man would conspire and stop,
To procreate, for his creation's end,
Unless He through the Spirit deigned to give
A Revelation, positive, to Man,
For fixed assurance of his after state!
Like nearing thunder in his soul it rolled:
A Revelation, Revelation give!
As like resembles like, yet is not one;
So similar was the sensation, which
Now of a sudden quickened Tristian,
To what he felt upon that visit erst;
And, as aroused by Nature's pristine touch
His soul was braced for her eternal cast:
"That I am here, apprises Tristian,
All was provided what has come to pass,
For of thy destined whole, 'tis but a part,
And Revelation's not thy sum of all:
Behold! Where art thou? Recollect thyself;
Not gotten of this forest, nor thyself,
This epileptic Phrensy fell on thee;
But, as the virus from infected soil,
Once in the body lodged, yet nonetheless
In healthy land, breaks into pestilence;
So thou the *semen* of this revery
Hadst gendered in thee by Columbia,
And here it is developed, as thou seest.
But now it recks not, whence thou took'st this fit:
Enough, that seeming, thine's that common plight,
Which hankers for a Revelation still.
I'll say, that like a craft, my lore has been
Far too unwieldy for thy pilotage;
Thus, in the sheer it took, thou ranst aground;
But doff the novice, and the master don,
Then heed, as I delineate thy chart:
The start conditions, whether onward is
A forward too: reverse an engine's arm,
And it moves backward; turn but as thou standst,
And all is then before, what was behind;
Thus with the Reason, which I taught to thee:
Hadst thou but started right, instead returned
To thy first setting out, thou'dst have attained,
Where Reason would have shown thee, that it is.
Against God's Reason, that mankind from Him
Should have the Revelation, which they crave:
If Man must needs, let him believe, and hope
Beyond his Reason's reach, but never aught,
Which counters to it; for upon it turn

The Maker and His All. Hence let mankind
—If else, they'd still insist— compassionate
Their own Creator, that not even He
May be unreasonable. Never fear,
That thou thy Reason couldst abuse, for what
Thou'dst feign as such, were Reason then no more.
As neither her abuse, so her nonuse
Not Reason knows. God never makes a gift,
Without the fixed condition of its use;
Of whose fulfillment He assures Himself,
By giving Man the spur to use: take heed,
The gift is simulated, when this lacks.
I will not palter with thy studious soul,
By telling thee, that God would give to Man
His Revelation, were it good for him;
Nor shall I cram with plausibilities
Thy hung'ring soul; but, as I shall not force
What seems propitious, so I'll neither shirk,
What is by Man as adverse held; and thus,
As by her own accord, I'll guide thy soul
To the conviction, that, for Man to have
A certain Revelation from his God,
Were 'gainst that very Reason I have taught:
Behold the sky: Imagine, thou readst there
In letters, manifest, as yonder sun,
What Man would know, and then reflect at will,
For what, upon this earth, he thence would live?
Not for his soul, which, having naught to seek,
Could but decay, since idleness is death.
To pamper but his body, then would be
His only care, which were no more than sleep.
Yea, were All known, then Time itself would cease;
For there were nothing left for Time to do;
But think: wouldst thou ascribe less wisdom of
Economy to God, than to a Man,
Who will not run his mill, when lacking grain?
Thus well reflect, there follows, every hour,
A whole Eternity, which would be wrought.
The gap thou madest thyself, and fellst therein,
Was, that thou in my lore forgotst the hints,
Which I intended, as it were, for seed,
And not as shot-up plants. Hadst thou but conned
What I of change and motion erst have taught,
Thou wouldst have owned the key, that can unlock
All temporal and spiritual lore,
Which wanting, Knowledge stays a mystery,
That but resounds the voice, Conjecture speaks.
Infer not, Tristian, although thy kind
Have risen to this present culture's height,
By slow gradation, and with many slips,

From brute's condition, that there was a time,
When his Creator's eye was turned on Man,
Now more averted, or now more inclined:
Thou understandst, why individual Man
Is ushered into life a helpless babe,
Instead as an adult. This principle
Is with the species all identical,
Which, also, in an infant state has been
Created, and not in maturity,
That 'tween the two, it cultivate itself.
Mankind have not yet known, and shall not know
The state, they highest deem, but what beyond
Still lies another one: If they could halt,
In what is fabled as their golden Age,
Then change, which would undo it, needs must cease;
But change is the condition of mankind,
Since Man, without it, would be nothing more,
Than an eternal, palsied idiot,
Who could not stir, in body, or in soul,
Since least of deed or thought effects a change.
Thus, Tristian, as divining thou conceiv'st
The hights of progress, Man shall restless scale.
Thou needst not sorrow, that thyself canst not
Be thither borne upon those Ages' heave;
For if thy Spirit's freedom thou maintain,
As well within, as outside of the pale,
Which every Age has staked for its domain,
Then thou, preceeding, shalt be there at home,
Where yet those after Ages must attain;
For, as from first of all accounted time,
There have been souls, to whom the present time
Would be familiar, as was their own;
So, in a hundred centuries past thine,
There shall be some, who in the world will be
As closely blind, as in their mother's womb.
Yea, Tristian, more than I teach thee now,
The first knew not, nor shall the last, that lives.
This argument, as pertinent to All,
Gainst Revelation proper, too applies:
If Man had promised him another life,
He, by neglect, would wrong this present one;
Then, furthermore, would have to be described
The soul's abode, when parted from this life:
Say, Man, what warrant canst thou give thyself,
That, with they Future, were it known to thee,
Though it were Heaven, thou'dst be satisfied?
And though at one, how at all other times?"
"Yea Spirit, thou but speakst the primal Truth:
Had I but thought of New Jerusalem,
And all that nonsense in th' Apocalypse,

I should not have for Revelation called."
"God's work is real, and so stupendous vast,
As thou in thousand lives couldst not exhaust;
Hence there's no need, to feign that which is not.
Revealed, or not revealed, no fabling makes
What God has not provided for mankind:
Of gems, Man fabricates the base himself;
The genuine are but in nature found,
And Man's no beast of burden to be lured.
By painted fodder to perform his task.
See, thus preposterous it were, if Man
Should be diverted from this present life,
By contemplation of another one,
For which, thereby, he were indeed unfit,
As he for manhood is least qualified,
Who did anticipate its state in youth,
And he's most blest, in his senility,
Who, in his infancy, lived but as child.
If Man, to-day, did his to-morrow know,
And, in his teems, what is his sixties' state,
So were he sure, in life, of what's beyond
Man would be gelded of his spur to do.
Know thus, how for His own economy,
God must forbear, to manifest Himself
In manner, as sheer Ignorance implores;
But must allot its working out to Man,
Who, what he feels and fancies of his God
Imparts to Man, which thence, is called revealed:
What he of truth declares, himself makes not,
More than the Jurist does that equity,
Whose principles he but enunciates.
Man the Unknown but from the Known can learn;
The Future from the Present; hence the gifts
Of Inspiration and of Prophecy.
That God permits the founders of the creeds,
Which have prevailed at various times on earth,
To call themselves His Prophets, Servants, Sons,
Reveals His magnitude, and to what height
He gives his license unto Man to climb.
But Tristian, Man might as soon return
Unto the breast, that nourished him, a babe,
As deem, to draw the knowledge of his God,
But from what Ages taught, that only knew
The million and a half time larger sun,
To be to earth, as lantern to a house:
No wonder thou couldst never own a creed,
Which cannot even fill this petty earth,
Since not the universe too big for thee:
Or do I overcredit thee in grasp?
Wouldst thou, to comprehend them, have the sun,

And countless stars be less, than what they are?
Yea, wouldst thou, Heaven were so near to thee,
As is the canopy above thy bed?
Thou knowst, mere puppet Man would be, if God
Were his immediate Sovereign—and yet
Thou'dst have, that He, in person, ruled the earth?
Doest covet to be of his Courtiers one,
Thou who, by nature, shun'st all coteries?
Consider how this were, and then compare,
If the creations of that ancient Greek,
And modern Briton were more dear to thee,
Were they portrayed more in biography?
Thus, Man, as from their books, thou best knowst these;
So con thy God, but from His Work and Rule:
From these thou canst attain His magnitude,
As from the Shadow thou the substance scan'st.
Then if, to understand thy God, instead
Belittling Him, thou doest expand thy soul,
Thou'lt own, that not this universe, nor He,
Who owns it, could be less, than what they are.
But who take God, as He by Man is feigned,
Will never know, or feel Him as He is.
Yet thou wouldst know of thy eternal life?
Though there lives not upon the earth the Man,
Who better comprehends eternity,
Than thou, who art not like the frivolous French,
To whom, in banishing their dynasties,
Eternity means but some twenty years;
Nor like the multitude, who speak the word,
Whereas, their soul partakes not of its sense:
Yet hast thou ever scanned, how frail a base
This life affords, to found eternity?
I pass the right of Man, to ask for it,
Reminding thee, if but a ghost should chance
Across his way, Man would not try on him
Solicitation, but would fain obey
Whatever courteous waft he'd deign to him:
Yet thou, my human friend, wouldst overween,
That God can either be constrained, or won,
By whatsoever Man may do on earth,
To give him life, for all eternity,
If not in His design? Or doest thou deem,
That He will give it thee, by special grace,
As Kings were wont by their: 'We will it so'?
Thinkst thou Him fickle, as mere mortal Man,
To waver in opinion, or to change
His first decree? But Tristian be eased:
As thou hast found this life correct—and 'tis
But Ignorance mistakes it otherwise—
Thou hast assurance of thy after state:

Yea, Tristian, all, what I've so far adduced,
Is but, as 'twere a semblance to my next,
From which depend all Faith and Doubt, for aye;
It is this question, which we'll now confront:
Are the Creator, and the universe
A Fraud upon mankind, or are they not?
Behold! and see the answer with thy eyes;
Yea, in thy inward, the solution feel."
"Thou, Benefactor, indispensable!
Had I no sight, and only heard one tenth
Of what, in they return, I have been blest;
Had I the power to design or change
The physical and spiritual All,
As I reflect, with Reason's utmost stretch,
I would not make it else, than what it is."
"Then do not fear, where All's provided well,
That but to Man default should have been made.
Behold God's work, and tremble in thy hold,
With ecstasy, that thou art part thereof;
And ever do remember, when thou diest,
Thou shalt not pass from out this universe,
But still remain in thy Creator's hands:
It is as naught to Him, if He sees fit,
To give thee life, through His eternity,
As it has been, to give this present one;
Life is a substance, not a shadow: know
Thou art! Life must be, and, as for this life,
Thou wast unaiding, thy assistance too
Will not be needed for the future state.
Perform the duty, which thou ow'st to God:
It is to pay, in what thou'rt held to Him,
For giving thee this life. How this is done,
None asks who means to do, but only he,
Who'd juggle with himself. This life does teach,
That, as the path unto the parents' heart
Leads through their children; so the up to God
Lies through the kinkness to our fellow men:
Thy God, thy kind and His Creation love,
And thou art blest for aye; for be assured,
As Man shall audit thy account, the Father
Thy voucher shall acknowledge. He has tied
With his Creation this Religion's bond,
And 'twill outlast the change of Church and Creed,
Which are proportioned to Eternity,
Less than the seasons' fashion to thy life:
The vestment falls, the Spirit will remain.
If instead loving, thou didst deprecate,
This goodly earth, as part the universe,
—Whose friendship is not enmity to God—
Thou either wert a fool, or hypocrite,

And equal worth of pity through thy life.
God's Justice thou hast proved, whenever tried:
'Tis but the Adverse gives to Good its worth;
Yet there is on this earth but part the Bad,
Of what is feigned, and of the latter's bulk,
The most arises from diversity
Of times and things: Celibacy, to day,
To morrow, Marriage is an evil deemed.
If Man were angel, still, the first were best,
The lowest but the worst. That what thou lik'st,
Is ever good, what varies from it, ill;
Yet, if his humors Man could realize,
A hundred others by the change were wronged.
Again, there is antagonism 'tween
The individual and fellow Man,
For every one must for himself provide:
Though Man of Man's shortcomings still complain
Yet, in his haste to charge, let him bethink,
If Might would answer Will, Man would not be
In promise rich, and in performance poor.
Nor yet Necessity an Evil deem,
Which to Man's weakness is indigenous,
As Virtue springs from strength of character;
But, of all crimes, which Man on Man commits,
The main pricks grow from his brutality,
And his dishonesty: It is the care
Of Discipline to raise him from the first;
And that he not into the latter fall,
He has his Conscience for a guardian,
Unless he cut his tie with God and Man.—
If now for Revelation still thou yearnst,
Then of thy Reason dispossess thyself,
And take thy fill, of what shall offer first."
"Oh ask me rather what I would not crave,
So thou, thereon, wilt deign to come again!
Yet, Spirit, more, and do not aught withhold,
For now thou'st lighted my immortal flame."
"Yea, Tristian, even therefor I've returned,
And yet for more, since now the time has come,
That I thy mission should impart to thee:
Hadst thou been ripe, and had not lain between
That errant, I'd have done so ere I left:
It is, that thou shalt promulgate my lore,
Throughout the globe: Such is the Spirit's will,
And thy authority, know, Tristian,
Is even such, as better none has owned.
All what thou didst, has but a prelude been
Unto that epoch, thou'lt inaugurate.
Thy stay shall be myself, for I'll abide,
And in this forest shall commune with thee.

Too long has Man for but Delusion died,
'Tis time, that now he should live for the Truth!
As an estate, delapidated by
Mismanagement, is entered by its heir,
Resolved to press a better husbandry;
So is this passing Age succeeded by
The nearing one, whose Genius is fixed,
That it shall not assume the old's abuse.
Yet, that thyself be not unconscious, like
A wheelarm, knowing not, to where shall tend
The charge thou forcest on, hear once for all,
The burden of thy mission is, to fill
The gap, that steep divides the Atheism
That nears, from the Delusion which recedes:
For though, thou well conceiv'st, how even God
By some of Man may be disowned, denied;
Thou understand'st, without my telling thee,
That for the kind, such is not His design.
Without ado, address thee to thy task,
And in its carriage hence, until thy death,
Thy prototype in yonder eagle know,
Who hither, at his ease, soars from the Alps,
But ne'er descends, save for necessity.
Thou'lt gently open the hostilities
On Error, by projecting in its fort,
This question: 'Did the Savior know that Fall
In Paradise, to have been real, or feigned?
And then, as Man decides, let him deduce.
This cast will raze the false excrescences,
Whilst stays its stock of Truth, to lasting bloom.
Thereon, who now oppose, shall be thy friends:
Take heart! Thou bear'st an Era on thy soul;
We part for now; thou'lt find me ever here."
"So thou uphold me, be the world arrayed!
For more than thou, no Spirit yet prevailed.—
Though, where he shall be born, no Man may choose;
He may elect where he shall breathe his last:
Yond where I entered, I shall pass from life,
And here, where we did meet, my lasting Rest,
Which I approach as mariner his port,
Who's more contented, as the more he nears."
As never noon to midnight opposite,
That soul, which to the forest bade farewell,
Was to that soul, which had the welcome heaved.
Then to the world again spoke Tristian,
And Man, to hear him, on his tip-toe stood.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page	4	Line	37	For	*which*	Read	*while*
"	5	"	14	"	*Then*	"	*Thou*
"	12	"	2	"	*muark*	"	*murk*
"	18	"	24	"	*fail*	"	*fall*
"	18	"	41	"	*rapid*	"	*vapid*
"	21	"	22	"	*vanguished*	"	*vanquished*
"	21	"	43	"	*distination*	"	*destination*
"	23	"	10	"	*thew*	"	*they*
"	31	"	22	"	*the*	"	*thee*
"	32	"	10	"	*althought*	"	*although*
"	32	"	27	"	*relive*	"	*relieve*
"	33	"	7	"	*Whence'*	"	*whence*
"	33	"	37	"	*attritutes*	"	*attributes*
"	34	"	20	"	*snn*	"	*sun*
"	34	"	28	"	*thou't*	"	*thou'lt*
"	34	"	37	"	*righly*	"	*rightly*
"	34	"	45	"	*bnt*	"	*but*
"	35	"	34	"	*landation*	"	*laudation*
"	36	"	9	"	*sponses*	"	*spouses*
"	40	"	46	"	*wherewith*	"	*where with*
"	42	"	11	the comma *after through* place *before it*			
"	43	"	24	insert *have* between *would* and *deigned*			
"	46	"	29	put *comma* instead *period* after *afar*			
"	46	"	48	For	*had*	Read	*hand*
"	47	"	25	"	*wave*	"	*wane*
"	47	"	30	"	*mandkind*	"	*mankind*
"	49	"	19	"	*whenn*	"	*when*
"	50	"	34	"	*were*	"	*mere*
"	51	"	7	"	*stench*	"	*stench*
"	51	"	46	"	*whe're*	"	*who're*
"	61	"	13	"	*Remonst'ring*	"	*Bemonst'ring*
"	62	"	19	"	*Sove*	"	*Love*
"	62	"	20	"	*Its*	"	*It's*
"	63	"	6	"	*art*	"	*ant*
"	63	"	43	"	*ungatory*	"	*nugatory*
"	66	"	12	"	*whose*	"	*who's*
"	66	"	14	"	*Our*	"	*One*
"	69	"	44	"	*his his*	"	*his*
"	72	"	59	"	*then*	"	*thou*
"	73	"	32	"	*fell'st*	"	*felt'st*
"	77	"	42	"	*more*	"	*mere*
"	79	"	39	Place quotation points at line's end			
"	80	"	5	For	*is*	Read	*its*
"	86	"	45	"	*vigor*	"	*rigor*
"	90	"	23	"	*how*	"	*her*
"	94	"	2	"	*descend*	"	*descent*
"	102	"	49	"	*hervic*	"	*heroic*
"	105	"	19	"	*so the*	"	*to*
"	114	"	40	"	*trnnsformation*	"	*transformation*
"	118	"	2	"	*everpay*	"	*overpay*
"	120	"	3	"	*Put*	"	*Out*
"	121	"	25	"	*land*	"	*laud*
"	129	"	31	"	*rever'ert*	"	*rever'st*
"	129	"	42	"	*Where*	"	*were*
"	136	"	29	"	*vannted*	"	*vaunted*
"	143	"	34	Insert *thee* between *into* and *ground*			
"	146	"	38	For	*stemes*	Read	*stems*
"	151	"	10	"	*Sphres*	"	*spheres*
"	156	"	18	"	*has*	"	*had*
"	163	"	9	"	*loosend*	"	*loosen'd*
"	164	"	12	"	*trumbling*	"	*tumbling*

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